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The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

With its first issue in July, which will mark the beginning of its thirty-eighth volume, The Christian Union will go to its readers in an entirely new dress of type, which has been specially cast for its use. Every endeavor has been made to insure clearness, attractiveness, and beauty, and neither time nor money has been spared to secure a style of typography which will give the paper a form worthy of the purpose of its managers and the admiration of its host of friends.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Republican Convention is in session at Chicago as we go to press, and the result of its deliberations will probably be known to many of our readers before these words reach them. It would be useless, therefore, to indulge in the prophetic mood which is very prevalent at such times. We count it one of the good omens of the situation in Chicago that so much uncertainty will prevail up to the moment of selection. A National Convention has rarely assembled so entirely free from ring dictation or from evidences of concerted machine action. There have been at least six candidates seriously urged by their supporters, and concerning the qualifications of each of these leaders there has been the freest possible discussion. It is not at all unlikely that the prize will fall to some one whose name has as yet barely been mentioned in connection with the nomination. In any event, the choice of the Convention will be free from dictation of any sort. All indications point to harmonious action, and to that more substantial enthusiasm which follows rather than precedes action.

The friends of the Indians will accept with regret the resignation of Commissioner Atkins, and will look forward with some apprehension to the appointment of a successor. They hardly expect from Secretary Vilas as active and genuine an interest in the welfare of the Indian races as was manifested by Secretary Lamar, and they will recognize the difficulty of obtaining as good a Commissioner as Mr. Atkins has been. At no period in the history of America has so great and so wise progress been made toward a permanent solution of the Indian problem, or so much been done toward discarding the old-time method of treating the Red man alternately as an enemy and as a ward of the Republic, or so much toward delivering him from the anomalous position of a prisoner and a pensioner and giving him the prerogatives and responsibilities of freedom. And although this progress is primarily due to a change in public sentiment, brought about partly by moral reformers, partly by the rapid development of our Western territory and a growing impatience at the spectacle of vast tracts of land consecrated to barbarism, from which civilization was carefully excluded, and especially to the organization of public opinion in definite demands by the Lake Mohonk Conference, yet it is also partly due to the fact that Commissioner Atkins has cordially co-operated with that progress in public opinion, and has so administered his Bureau as to promote, not impede, it; while, on the other hand, he has been constantly impeded by the sluggishness of an indifferent Congress. The two gravest defects of his administration have been the famous vernacular order, and some of the removals and appointments which he has permitted. We say permitted, because it is an open secret that these have been largely, in our judgment too largely, left to subordinates. Yet we do not believe that, on a fair and judicial examination, the last four years will show a deterioration in the service, though they may not show any great advance. And as to the vernacular order, the best thing that can be said for it is that the Commissioner's object, the Americanization of the Indian races, was admirable; and the worst thing to be said for it is that the method adopted to secure that object was bureaucratic and un-American. We hope that the President will not allow Commissioner Atkins's resignation to cause a halt in the progress of the Indian work, and that he will give us in his place, not a politician, but some one already interested in and identified with Indian progress in civilization. Cannot such an one be found, with requisite administrative abilities, and in harmony with the Administration in its Indian policy? We hope so.

The Indian Appropriation bill has passed both Houses, with various amendments for carrying out the Land in Severalty Act and improving facilities for education and civilization. One among them wisely provides that the children of Indians taking their lands in severalty shall not be excluded, as there was question whether they might not be, from the benefits of the appropriations for education. We are glad to see that the Carlisle School gets an additional appropriation of $18,000 for a new building, and the Hampton School an extra thousand for the transportation of an additional number of Indian youth, to be trained and supported without further expense to Government, at the School, or among Eastern farmers. Senator Blair took ground in the Senate discussion which will be disappointing to the friends of education, and indulged in remarks which we believe he must himself reject in afterthought, especially a fling at all "the twenty or thirty Eastern schools" in general, as feeding on Government funds at the expense of the Indian and the public when they would otherwise be bankrupt. While he said he regarded Hampton and Carlisle as "blessings," this and other remarks coming after were decidedly of the nature of a wet blanket, and will hardly be approved by the people in New England and elsewhere whose interest makes the Eastern and Western work possible, and creates that public sentiment which is behind all Government aid. In what direction the Hampton School will use its extra thousand-dollar appropriation we do not know. Why not bring up some of the Apaches now all gathered at Mount Vernon, Ala.? Most or all their children of school age are well provided for at the Carlisle school. But there are about three hundred and fifty women, children, and older men who might well be placed on the Hampton School "Hemenway Farm," where lands could be allotted to them in severalty for a term of years, and all be trained in agriculture and other ways, fitting them to make a living anywhere. Their condition was recently examined by a very capable committee of two ladies, who report them as extremely promising material. The failure of the War Department to do anything with them calls for remark. Their friends are ready to help.

From the Hampton School's annual report, and a comprehensive little pamphlet-volume just issued by it, called "Ten Years' Work for Indians"—and, indeed, from personal acquaintance with and visits to the School—we learn that the experiment of educating the two races, Indian and Negro, together has amply justified itself. The interesting medical report of Dr. M. M. Waldron, the school physician, shows that "there is abundant evidence that the general health of Indian students improves at the School." What is still more encouraging is the record that "as a rule, the health improves after the second year. If health fails, and pulmonary symptoms appear, it is almost invariably in the first or second year. After this, which is for many a great transition period in all respects, the health becomes more firm. Up to the present school year the health of every student who has returned here for a second term, or who has been at the School for over three years, has been unexceptionally good. There has been no death among the Indian students since February 2, 1887—over a year and a third." Leaving out the Indians from one agency which has been given up by both Hampton and Carlisle because of the bad physical material there, of 360 received from all other sources but fourteen deaths have occurred at the School, or one in twenty-five and seven-tenths, in the ten years, which is, as the Doctor justly remarks, "an excellent record for any Indian school in the United States." With every advantage of skilful medical care and nursing, and a climate whose salubrity gives outdoor exercise all through the year, and makes the place a well-known health resort, one would indeed expect such a record. The good report of Hampton Indian students returned to the West, which is the final test of its work, has been more than once put before our readers. Miss C. M. Folsom, who has been for eight years in the work, and has visited all the Agencies,

gives in the pamphlet the latest condensation of all statements from every reliable source; from which it appears that out of a total of 210 returned, 186 are doing well, from "fair" to "excellent," and twenty-four are doing badly. We wonder what white college could show a better record! Strong—perhaps to some unexpected—confirmation is given by the entirely independent official reports furnished by Agents to the Indian Department at Washington, shown by the courtesy of Commissioner Atkins, and published also in the pamphlet. We recommend a careful reading of the record to Senator Blair and all who are doubtful of, or interested in, the question of Indian civilization.

The President has signed the McCreary bill for the calling of a Pan-American Congress at Washington. Delegates to this gathering are to be invited from all the Spanish-speaking countries of Central and South America, as well as from Cuba and Brazil, and its declared objects are the promotion of friendly international feeling, with arbitration advocated as a means of settling all disputes, agreement upon a uniform system of weights and measures, and upon a coin or coins for common currency, and the proposal of reciprocity treaties. As to the heartiness with which the foreign Governments will respond to the invitation there can be little doubt. Very frequently of late years, and particularly in response to the inquiries of the South American Trade Commission of 1884, they have declared their entire willingness to meet in such a convention. It is another question, however, whether anything tangible will result from the plan. To agree upon uniform weights and measures, for example, would seem almost impossible, unless accomplished through the adhesion of the United States to the metric system. To harmonize the existing silver coinages, or to provide for a new piece under proper restrictions, would be a work of great difficulty. As to reciprocity treaties, the Mexican representatives will probably ask why the one pending with their country is so delayed, and those from Chili and the Argentine Republic will say, as they have said for years, that copper and wool must be added to our free list if they are to enlarge their own for the benefit of our exporters. There seems little prospect, in fact, that the Congress will effect much beyond the interchange of expressions of good-will and mutual admiration. There is no harm in that, and it will seem a small outcome only in comparison with the more pretentious results aimed at.

After a brief reign of three months and six days, the Emperor Frederick III. died at Potsdam at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. It is now definitely known that the throat trouble from which he has been suffering was cancerous in its character, and that the physicians have known the fact almost from the first, but for reasons of state have concealed the precise nature of the disease from the public. Rarely has great suffering been borne with greater fortitude, and rarely has a reign so brief and so densely overshadowed been so conspicuously devoted to patriotic and arduous labors. The last three months have increased, if possible, the profound admiration and affection of the German people for one who has long represented to them the ideal of manly heroism, of high character, and of noble purpose. The reign of Frederick was looked forward to with the most eager anticipations by the Liberal political thinkers of Germany, and with delight by the whole mass of the people, so great was the popularity of a Crown Prince upon whom the common voice had bestowed the more endearing title of "Unser Fritz." The universal and genuine expressions of sorrow which have followed the death of the Emperor have testified anew to the truth that a noble character allays antagonisms, dissipates prejudices, and awakens admiration as no other form of achievement can possibly do. France grieves for the man whose skill and courage told most heavily against her, and grieves because she recognizes the just, generous, and high character of one who was late her foe.

Germany has been fortunate in the examples of two rulers who were born to be kings; men of entirely dissimilar temper and methods, but set apart each in his own way to bear the burdens and direct the fortunes of a nation. The Emperor William, believing profoundly in the absolute right of the monarch to govern as well as to reign, believed also that his position imposed upon him the greatest of all burdens and responsibilities, and that while he held his right from God, he held it for the good of his subjects. The Emperor Frederick, believing thoroughly in constitutional or parliamentary government, believed also that the one function of a ruler is to serve his people. If all kings had been like these two, the advent of republicanism would have been long delayed. Born in 1831, Frederick III. had seen the growth of the great modern German Empire. No ruler of modern times has had a finer or more thorough education for his work. From the beginning his training has been committed to the care of the best men, among whom was Dr. Ernst Curtius, the author of the famous "History of Greece." Entering in his eighteenth year the University of Bonn, Frederick added to his previous studies a thorough knowledge of the history of law and of kindred topics, acquired under eminent teachers. He early displayed a passion for travel which led him later in life into many countries, and to the study of many different kinds of society. His military instruction was naturally of the most thorough sort, and he grew up a trained soldier, although with the instincts of one who prefers the arts of peace to those of war. His frequent visits to England, his familiarity with English institutions, and his marriage into the English royal family, probably confirmed his tendency toward constitutionalism. This was so marked that so long ago as 1863 he entered a formal protest against the methods which Bismarck was then employing, and disclaimed the slightest sympathy with the most oppressive of them. The Crown Prince even went so far as to declare himself fully responsible for his opinions, and willing to resign his position and retire from public affairs. His first serious experience in war was during the Danish campaign in 1864. During the struggle with Austria two years later his splendid generalship more than anything else contributed to the success of that campaign and to the stability and success of Bismarck's general scheme for the expansion of the Prussian monarchy. At Sadowa he turned the scale of battle at a critical moment, and laid the great Prussian Minister and his country under lasting obligations. His personal character, his amiability, his courtesy, and his delightful companionableness had before this made him extremely popular, but after Sadowa he became the idol of the German people. Their love for him was still further strengthened by his splendid heroism and generalship in the great war against France, from which he returned crowned with every possible honor and recognized as the foremost commander in that struggle. Since that time, largely aided by his wife, a woman of great capacity and devotion, he has given himself to scientific, industrial, and national affairs with untiring zeal; and when he ascended the throne on the death of his father, there was no man in Europe in any rank of life whose training for the position to which he was called had been more thorough and perfect.

The terrible disease with which Frederick constantly struggled did not permit of any serious attempt to make those changes in the policy of the German Government which he would undoubtedly have made if life and health had been given him. His earliest declarations on his accession to the throne emphasized the constitutional rights of all the States which make up the German Empire, the necessity of religious toleration, and his determination to preserve the peace of Europe; amnesty was proclaimed for all socialistic offenders, the Order of the Black Eagle was bestowed on a Jew, and the attitude of the new ruler, as evidenced by all his acts, promised a new era in the constitutional development of Germany. During the past three months there have been recurring rumors of serious disagreements between Bismarck and the Emperor, and these rumors have doubtless had some basis in fact. But the disease under which the Emperor was suffering had already numbered his days and so weakened his power that it was impossible for him to do much more than to make a brave fight for the prolongment of his life and to discharge the routine duties of his position. In his death the progressive party in Germany suffer a loss of opportunity which is not likely to be made up to them for many a year to come.

The new Emperor, who takes the title of William II., is believed to be a young man of very different ideas and purposes. His first words as his father's successor are significantly spoken to his army, and the character which evidently fills his imagination is that of his grandfather, a born soldier. The disposition of the new Emperor is said to be restless, ambitious, and war-loving, and his ideals, so far as the world knows them, confirm this impression. Unlike his father, who cherished no animosity toward France, but who believed thoroughly in the policy of conciliation, he is believed to have a bitter hatred of all things French. It is said that he has been in hearty sympathy with the anti-Semitic movement in Germany, one of those outbursts of intolerance and bigotry which it has been difficult for outsiders to reconcile with the conceded intelligence and thoughtfulness of the German people. His admiration for Bismarck is unconcealed, and this fact makes it probable that there will be no great changes in Europe for the moment. So long as the German Chancellor lives, his policy will undoubtedly be the policy of the Empire. Emperors may change, but so long as the great Minister lives there will be no change of foreign policy.

Mr. Stephen B. Elkins can hardly claim originality for the conclusion reached in his recent West Virginia address, that there can be no settlement of race issues in the South until questions are presented which cause division on other than race lines. It is probably Mr. Elkins's hope that the great development of manufacturing interests in Southern States like Alabama will produce a sentiment in favor of protection, which will inure to the benefit of the Republican party. This is not unlikely, but meantime the news of the day furnishes proofs that Mr. Elkins's view of the Southern situation is more or less antiquated. For example, recent dispatches inform us that the Mayor of New Orleans has appointed forty colored men to the police force of the city, and they have been confirmed by the Council with only one dissenting voice. General Beauregard, who is Commissioner of Public Works in New Orleans, has recently given places to several colored men. These and other examples indicate that the colored race is not wholly ostracized by Democratic officials. Moreover, the Prohibition vote in Georgia and Texas, the results of local contests in New Orleans, and in Florida and North Carolina, have shown strongly marked divisions upon other than race lines. Northern political orators are apt to ignore the fact that the "color line" in the South has been frequently disregarded of late years, and is rapidly becoming difficult of determination. At the North "solid race votes" also show signs of disintegration. The Irish vote is certainly not to be counted upon as solidly Democratic, nor the German vote as solidly Republican. The formation of an "Irish-American Anti-Cleveland Club" in New York, and of a "Colored Democratic Association," are among the signs of the times, and on general principles such signs must be regarded as encouraging, since they indicate the growth of freedom of thought and independence of action. The mere fact of race certainly furnishes no ground for political action.

The bill, of which we have already given some account, abolishing hanging as a means of execution in New York State, and substituting therefor death by electricity, has received the approval of the Governor, and after the first of January this will be the method of executing the death sentence in this State. We are unable to understand the objections of those who complain of this bill because it makes the execution less barbaric than under the old system. There is only one justification for capital punishment; namely, that the condemned has forfeited his right to be protected in the community, and that the community is not bound to bear the burden of maintaining him and run the risk which his continued existence inflicts upon others. This being the case, if society is to put out of existence at all, it is bound to do so in the quietest and simplest manner possible. History has abundantly demonstrated that the spectacle of a public execution does nothing to hinder and much to beget crime, and that the more barbaric the method of punishment the less effectual it is. Quite as important as the provision of the bill substituting electricity for hanging are its provisions insuring privacy of execution. The court delivering the sentence is to name merely the week within which the execution is to take place, the day being left to the discretion of the principal officer of the prison. This execution is hereafter to take place in one of the State prisons, not in a county jail, and therefore under the supervision of an official of experience. Only officials, clergymen, physicians, and a limited number of citizens are to be allowed

to be present; and the readers of newspapers are to be spared a recital of disgusting details. The provision of the bill in this respect is especially noteworthy. It reads as follows:

"No account of the details of any such execution, beyond the statement of the fact that such convict was on the day in question duly executed according to law at the prison, shall be published in any newspaper. Any person who shall violate or omit to comply with any provision of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

We especially welcome this clause, not only for its inherent value, but also because it is a sign of the effect beginning to be produced by the public agitation against the newspaper sensational reports, of which its elaborate descriptions of executions were particularly odious examples.

The great International Missionary Convention, of which we already have given our readers some brief account, is at this present writing assembled in London. The daily papers are so full of party politics that they can find no time to give any considerable information respecting this great gathering, at which nearly one hundred and fifty missionary societies are represented. The gathering is certain to be the most notable religious assemblage of the year, and one of the most notable of the decade. Its value will depend upon the freedom and thoroughness with which missionary topics are discussed; upon the question whether its promoters and directors attempt simply to use it to stimulate enthusiasm for missionary work and missionary organizations, or whether they make it available for a thorough discussion of such missionary problems as have been recently presented to thoughtful minds in the pages of some of the English Reviews. If these questions—the relation of Mohammedanism to Christianity, the relation of the preaching of the Gospel to the promotion of civilization, the relation of distinctively missionary work to educational work, the extent to which native helpers are to be used and an indigenous religious life developed—if these and kindred questions are thoroughly and freely discussed, the results in missionary enthusiasm at home and missionary activity abroad may transcend the anticipations of the most sanguine. If, on the other hand, the Convention confines itself to an attempt to stir up enthusiasm on the assumption that the methods of the past and the present are not to be criticised, the effects of the Convention, however great temporarily, will only be transient. We have made arrangements for a very full report of this conference by a special correspondent upon the ground, and hope to give our readers as full and comprehensive a report of the entire proceedings as they will care to read.

The English Parliament is dealing with the question of the liability of employers for injuries sustained by their workmen. On this question the English and American law is singularly illiberal. If a stranger is injured through the negligence, carelessness, or drunkenness of an employee, the employer is liable; but if a fellow-workman is injured there is no redress. It is assumed that the workman accepted all the risks when he accepted the employment. If the workman is unwilling to take the risks he should give up his situation. The injustice of this reasoning is apparent the moment one considers the financial condition of most workingmen. It would certainly be just as fair to assume that the passenger on the railroad has accepted all the risks when he applied for his ticket as that the brakeman has accepted them when he applied for his position. Public policy certainly dictates that the liability for injuries sustained should rest with the employing corporation, since it alone has power to guard against them. This is a position which Parliament took in 1880, when it passed the act holding employers liable for injuries resulting from the defective conditions of their works. That act aroused even greater hostility than the proposed one, yet its workings have been singularly satisfactory. The former bill was most bitterly opposed by the employers on the ground that it would depreciate their property by one-half, would give rise to one hundred thousand mining actions alone in one year, and would make workmen give up their work to watch the course of litigation. In the light of history the prophecies of these professedly "practical" men seem ridiculous. In the course of seven years, in all kinds of industries, the number of actions which have arisen has been but eighteen hundred. The new bill is proposed by the Conservative administration, and does not entirely do away with the difference between liability to strangers and liability to employees, but it is a long step in the right direction.

A crisis has been reached in the development of co-operation in England. At the recent Congress there were the usual orations in glorification of what co-operation had done; but there were misgivings on the part of many as to whether the co-operative societies had not lost the co-operative spirit, and were not becoming merely joint stock companies. At the outset the English co operative societies carried on retail trade alone, the co-operators getting rid of the services of the middlemen. Later on wholesale societies were added to the distributing societies, and of late years the wholesale societies have been tending more and more to manufacture all the goods which the distributing societies sell. In addition to building up these great societies, the co-operaters have compelled retail dealers everywhere to lower their prices in order to prevent the starting of new societies. The benefit thus conferred upon the lower middle classes has been enormous. In some of the societies the purchasers have had the advantage of a reduction in prices, and in others of a distribution of a bonus upon their purchases. All this is as it should be so far as the consumer is concerned; but where it fails to be true co-operation is that the influential shareholders in the great wholesale societies refuse to give their workmen any share in the profits of the business. In their new factories they engage the men for the longest possible hours at the lowest possible wages. This, of course, is not true co-operation, and the progressive party in the recent conference was unable to obtain an indorsement of a change in an altruistic direction.

We call the attention of our readers to a letter from Long Beach, California, giving an account of the constituting or recognition of a Congregational church in that place. To Congregationalists this will be especially interesting as affording an illustration of the way in which the assumption of ecclesiastical authority comes about in a body organized for the very purpose of protesting against all ecclesiastical authority outside the local church. We shall not undertake ourselves to sit in judgment on the creed of the Long Beach Church. Although it is somewhat peculiar in its phraseology, it appears to us to be substantially in accord with that faith which is held by all evangelical churches. In not requiring those who unite with the church to accept the creed, the Long Beach Church follows the example of some of the largest and most influential churches in the East. This is the rule of Plymouth Church; of, we believe, the Congregational Church of Orange, N. J., and, if we mistake not, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church of New York. In undertaking to require the Long Beach Church to modify its rule in this respect, the Association has set itself against what is recognized as a legitimate practice in many of the Congregational churches of the East, and what was distinctly approved by the recognition of the New Creed Commission, which advised that no other statement of doctrine should be required of applicants for admission to the church than an acceptance of the Apostles' Creed.

A correspondent complains that The Christian Union has done an injustice to Dr. Adams, the prosecutor of Professor Woodrow before the Southern General Assembly, in stating through its special correspondent that Dr. Adams put the whole matter upon a personal basis, and asked the Assembly to judge between Dr. Woodrow and himself. Our correspondent says:

"It appears to me there is an injustice to Dr. Adams in this statement. It seems to me it would have been more fair if your correspondent had informed your readers that Dr. Adams occupied, before the Assembly, the attitude of respondent, and his speech was in reply to an opening speech of Dr. Woodrow in which the latter occupied two hours in the delivery, and in which he made a sharp attack upon the motives of Dr. Adams."

Our special correspondent who gave the report of the Woodrow trial is an unprejudiced and catholic-minded man, and we have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of his report. It is very possible, however, that there were imputations upon the motives in speeches on both sides: if so, both sides were in error. It is one of the evils of ecclesiastical trials that the personal element cannot be easily excluded, and that the discussion of a great principle is always liable to degenerate into a personal controversy.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—While the Republican Congressmen are at Chicago the discussion of the tariff bill has been set aside and the appropriation bills have taken its place. There is no quorum, but as the point is not raised, the business proceeds as usual.——The Naval Appropriation bill which the House is now discussing appropriates $6,000,000 for an increase of the navy, four millions being for construction and two millions for armament. Strong efforts were made to induce the committee to provide for a lot of small vessels which would afford more places for commanding officers, but the committee insisted upon the construction of but four ships, and these good ones.——In the discussion of the Army Appropriation bill amendments to increase the appropriations for fortification have been defeated. Mr. Randall very sensibly explained to the House that if the last fortification appropriation bill had become a law the money expended would have been completely wasted, owing to the advance which has been made in the science of fortification.——The Civil Service Investigating Committee has called for a statement of all removals from the classified service since March 4, 1885, with a special reference made to those in the patent office. Commissioner Oberly says that the Administration is glad to have the investigation made. He adds that it is probable that the Civil Service rules will soon be extended to the Indian Bureau.——Senator Chandler has introduced a resolution for the investigation of the fraud, violence, and intimidation employed in the last election in Louisiana.——Senator Cullom has introduced a bill amending the Inter-State Commerce law. It imposes the penalty of imprisonment for violation of the law, requires three days' public notice of reduction in rates, and prohibits underbilling with severe penalties.——In the discussion of the duty on steel wire before the Senate Committee last week manufacturers appeared on both sides; the small manufacturers demanding a reduction of the present tariff, the large manufacturers demanding an increase. The reason for the difference was that the large manufacturers furnish their own raw material and the small manufacturers do not. The latter claimed that the former, by using a patented process, manufactured the steel rods more cheaply than in Europe.

GENERAL NEWS.—The law reducing the charges of grain elevators in New York State has gone into effect, and is arousing active and organized opposition among the elevator firms. The law reduces charges from seven-eighths of a cent per bushel to five-eighths. It is a radical step in the way of State interference against an alleged combination.——Dispatches from the Congo country express anxiety about the safety of Stanley.——The Diss Debars have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for conspiring to fraudulently obtain money from Mr. Marsh.——The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a resolution favoring a treaty with this country providing for the settlement of possible disputes by arbitration.——The Inter State Commerce Commission has begun the investigation of the charges made against the great trunk lines by the Produce Exchange of this city.——Senator Jonathan Chace, of Rhode Island, has been re-elected by the Legislature of that State.——General Sheridan has held his own during the week, and strong hopes are entertained of his recovery. His aged mother died at Somerset, O., on June 13.——The election in Ayr, England, is a great triumph for the Liberals. It is the seventh seat gained by them since the beginning of last year. The Liberal candidate received a majority of 63, while two years ago the Unionist candidate had over 1,100 majority.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

THE United States Senate, which has bred many statesmen of the first order and set its seal on many acts of the highest statesmanship, has done nothing nobler in its history than the passage last week of a resolution authorizing the President to enter into negotiations with all foreign powers for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration. This action is an expression of the country's noblest self, and, if it shall take practical form, will mark a great advance toward that leadership in civilization which is the great opportunity of the nation. We have been content for the most part to do our duty to our own citizens; we have rarely risen to our opportunities to lead society on toward

a purer and higher development. A people cannot be really great which does not play a great part in the general work of the world; which does not make its power and influence felt by action of world-wide significance. The great powers, as they have come one by one to the front, have striven to do this by force; the army has been the messenger which has carried national and racial aspiration and ambition to their fulfillment in achievement. The result is clear in a record of antagonism and struggle which has often made history a prolonged and heart-breaking tragedy; it is clear to-day in the spectacle of civilized Europe a vast camp, draining the resources of a continent to the uttermost, and imposing burdens which are fast becoming too heavy to be borne. Side by side with venerable churches, with ancient seats of learning, with accumulated treasures of art and scholarship, are great military posts, massive fortifications, vast encampments, the whole armory and enginery of war. This is the most terrible enigma of history—this strange and hideous blending of civilization and barbarism; this unnatural alliance of Christianity and paganism. For almost two thousand years the European world has worshiped one who came to write the law of love in all hearts and to put men under the bonds of a perpetual peace; but the worshipers have praised peace armed for war; they have proclaimed the gospel of love with the blare of trumpets and the thunder of cannon.

From this brutal competition we have been saved by our remoteness. We are entangled by no alliances, bound by no traditions, endangered by no antagonisms, handicapped by no great military establishments. We are lovers of peace, although we have shown great capacity for the arts of war; we are so strong, so free, so fortunately circumstanced, that, with small risk to ourselves, we can take the lead in a movement which would do more for common happiness and for the highest interests of civilization than any other that could be inaugurated. We are in a position to serve civilization as no other nation by a single action has been able to serve it. The spectacle of nations employing physical force to settle disputes is as absurd as would be the spectacle of private persons settling difficulties and differences by the arts of the pugilist. That method of adjusting differences of opinion or conflicting claims has been relegated to the barbarism which antedated the organization of civilized society and of the courts of justice. There is, nevertheless, as much rationality in this method of settling personal disputes as in the employment of armies to settle differences between so-called civilized nations. War has become something worse than an absurdity; it has become a crime. The waste and horror of it have become intolerable.

It has been becoming more and more clear of late that Europe cannot long carry the enormous load of great armaments; the peoples are restive, and the situation becomes every month more difficult and unendurable. Europe under arms cannot compete with America free from the burdens of a great and oppressive military system. Sooner or later this fact alone would force the disarmament of the Great Powers, which must also be great and successful producers or fall behind in the race. We have now a noble opportunity to bring about by direct and far-seeing statesmanship that which in the end we shall inevitably bring about by the competition of our fields and our industry. We have the opportunity to take one of those forward steps which register the advance of civilization, which give expression to the soul of a nation, and which reinspire it with noble and unselfish aims. We have an opportunity to realize something of the ideal which Mr. Lowell recently held before us: "What we want is an active class who shall insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as now it does, stir us with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is in us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we; that shall fulfill our own thwarted aspirations when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in a soil trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than ourselves."

HEALTHY DISCONTENT.

THERE is a discontent which paralyzes and destroys, a discontent with one's conditions and circumstances which makes one restless, bitter, and inefficient. This is always a moral disease to be avoided as any other contagion is avoided, and to be cured as any other disease is cured. But there is another kind of discontent which is a spur to excellence and an inspiration to achievement– discontent with one's self. No man ought to be contented with himself, to be satisfied with the work he has done and the place he has secured. It is the prevalence of self content in these matters that gives us so many average men and women, so many commonplace persons who mistake their prejudices for their convictions and their ignorance for their knowledge; men and women who desire no other authority for a statement than that they believe it, and who see no truth in the world which does not belong to them. This kind of self-sufficiency breeds egotism, narrowness, and ends in absolute arrest of development. No man can grow who is satisfied with himself. The open-minded man is never free from the feeling that he has not done as much as he ought, and that his future must redeem by its increased usefulness and activity a past in which he has failed to do the best and the most for himself and others. It would be found, if one could look into the hearts of the men and women whose course through life is a steady progression upward, that a divine discontent is forever present in aspiring hearts. Those who rise are those who are never satisfied with themselves, but who are always finding defects, faults, and failures to humble them and to make them more strenuous in that which lies before. It is a great mistake to be always telling persons and nations that they have attained great things, and that they have made some approach to perfection. The kind of criticism Mr. Arnold gave us is a great deal truer, is a great deal more helpful, than the adulation and undiscriminating commendation which some other travelers have given us. Recognition of work done is a spur and a help, but there ought always to go with commendation, both to persons and to peoples, a clear setting forth of the better things still to be done. "The love of doing and the scorn of done" is the only safe feeling.

WE THINK NOT.

The Third Party (Prohibitory) claim that their political position is the same as the Anti-Slavery party; that was the means to the end of the Republican party and the abolishing of slavery. Is their claim and comparison warranted?

G.

THERE were three great parties in the North produced by the existence of slavery: the first a party of compromise, who wished to leave slavery alone and cared not much what was done with it, so long as the Nation was left at peace to go on with its money-making; another a party resolved to put restriction about slavery, to respect the Constitution and the rights of the States which the Constitution guaranteed, but not to allow slavery to dominate the Nation; the third, a party which demanded the immediate abolition of slavery, regardless of State rights and constitutional obligations. The second of these parties was represented by such men as Sumner, Chase, Seward, Lincoln, in statecraft, and by the great body of anti-slavery clergymen, of whom Henry Ward Beecher and Drs. Storrs, Bacon, and Thompson were pre-eminent examples. It was the triumph and victory of this party, the party which demanded the restriction, not the abolition, of slavery which finally accomplished its extinction. If the Abolitionists pure and simple had been left to fight out the war for the preservation of the Union, slavery never would have been abolished.

The drink traffic has also created three parties, somewhat resembling those described, though not distinguished from each other by such sharp lines. One party desires at once by legislation to abolish the whole drink traffic; one party is really indifferent to that evil, or only mildly opposed to it; while the third party, intermediate between the two, desires to put such restrictions about the liquor traffic as can be enforced to-day, and as are consonant with the fundamental principles of American freedom. The two epochs are by no means parallel, and no conclusive deduction is to be drawn from the one and applied to the solution of the other's problem. But so far as the two epochs are parallel, the lesson of the anti-slavery conflict would indicate that temperance has more to hope from the party of restriction than from the party of immediate abolition.

HOMELY TALKS ON HOMELY TOPICS.

X.—FAITH.

I WISH that it were possible for me to use some other word in what I have to say in this paper than this word "faith," because this word has come so to be a part of theological nomenclature, it is so associated with technical thoughts, that it is by no means easy to make clear the sense in which I desire to use it, and in which I believe it is used in Scripture.

We have traversed together—those of you that have read these Homely Talks—certain steps of progress in considering the elements of character which are essential to success. A good body well trained; pluck, courage, force, energy, grappling with the problems and burdens of life; intelligence understanding the conditions of life, and so grappling wisely with them; self-control, mastering ourselves in order that we may be able to master that which lies beyond ourselves; a good conscience perceiving the great laws of right and wrong, and enforcing them without waiting for external authority—these we have seen to be the elements of character essential to that success which consists in being and doing, achievement and character. All these have their root in faith. Not in faith in the common theological sense. That is not necessary either to nobility of character or greatness of achievement. No man, certainly, who has any broad knowledge of history will, for instance, claim that the Protestant faith is necessary to nobility of character or greatness of achievement. No man that is not extraordinarily narrow will deny that men of Roman Catholic faith have been noble in character and done noble deeds. No man that is not equally narrow will claim that orthodox faith is essential to success thus defined, will deny or doubt that men far separated by intellectual chasms and church creeds have been both noble in character and great in the product of their work. But no man, I venture to assert, has either achieved anything in life or been worthy of the name of man unless he has possessed the faith-power—the power which constitutes the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen.

We live in a physical world, and we must have senses to make us acquainted with the physical world. No less is it true that we live in an invisible world, and we must have that sixth sense which lays hold upon the invisible world. Our homes are not bound together by brick and mortar, but by love, and no man ever saw love. Our Nation is not held together by laws, but by justice and liberty, and no man ever saw justice or liberty. Commerce is not dependent primarily upon ships that traverse the sea or cars that traverse the land, for it existed before ships or cars; but it is dependent on honesty, and credit trusting to honesty; and credit and honesty no man ever saw. We cannot live unless we have the power of perceiving, weighing, measuring, estimating, the qualities and elements in this invisible world of which we are a part, with which we must deal. Progress! What is it Going *from* the seen to the unseen; going from what is to what is to be. And we must have the power to perceive more or less dimly, more or less distinctly, that which is to be, that which is unseen. Achievement! What is it? It is realizing in the visible, the tangible, the actual, that which is as yet only the ideal and the imagined. But we can make no such achievement unless we have seen the thing achieved before yet we have realized it.

This power of perceiving the invisible underlies and enters into all business calculations. Every successful business man walks by faith, though I can hardly add, he does not walk by sight. Business consists in dealing with men, and the invisible qualities that make up mankind the business man must have the power to see. While other elements do enter into success, I will appeal for confirmation of what I say to every measurably successful business man when I assert that his business success has depended upon his ability to read character; and in reading character he reads the invisible. He has the power somehow to see, behind the eye and the face, the character that lies beyond the eye and the face. The successful business man does not measure the credit of the one who wishes to buy goods merely by

his bank account; he takes measure of his moral quality, knows how to weigh and measure moral qualities, and in weighing and measuring them exercises that faculty which perceives things that are unseen. The successful lawyer reads the thoughts of the jury or judge as he speaks, and turns the argument hither or yon, according as he observes that invisible train of thought which is proceeding in his auditor; while the unsuccessful lawyer follows out his predetermined brief, equally careless whether his jury are awake or are asleep under the process. This power of faith, this power of perceiving the invisible, is certainly the great law of moral progress, of all invention, all discovery. If there had not been this power of forecast, Columbus never would have organized the fleet that carried him across an unknown sea to an unknown continent. Stephenson, before a spike had been driven in a single rail, beheld by this power of faith England covered with its network of railways; and Morse, before an electric current had flashed along a mile of wire, beheld the wires, not as we see them to-day, but in smaller measure, carrying communication from city to city and from place to place. Every leader in material progress has had this power of perceiving the invisible, and it is this that has made him the leader of his fellows.

Science is sometimes spoken of in the pulpit as though it were without faith, but there is no science without this power of perceiving the invisible. On every page in your latest scientific book you will find such words as these: "The design of this organ," "the object of this," "the end of this." But "design," "object," "end," are all words that express mental conditions; they all express invisible realities. The scientist does not merely gather together phenomena, and fling them into one heterogeneous mass, as men throw waste paper in a waste-basket. He classifies them; he perceives what we call the laws which connect them. But these laws are invisible. The geologist, by faith, when he has gathered together the stories that are written in the pages of the rocks, reads the history, unwritten and invisible, which those rocks suggest to him. Newton, looking at the apple falling on the ground, beholds an invisible hand reaching up from the earth and drawing it down, and afterward invisible wires connecting all objects of the universe in one common, connected whole. We speak of the attraction of gravitation as if we had solved something, but no man ever saw attraction except with that eye of faith which perceives the invisible.

All teaching processes are dependent on this power of perceiving the invisible—this sixth sense, this faculty of faith. The artist sees the picture before he puts it on the canvas, and, if he be a true artist, never succeeds in putting on the canvas that which he has seen. When he has finished his work he says, with lament, "I have not enabled other eyes to see what my eyes beheld." The poet sees beneath the phenomena of nature and the experience of mankind something that others have failed to see, translates it in his verse, and enables us to see it. It is not the jingling rhyme that makes the poet. He may speak in lines as uncouth as those of Walt Whitman or as gnarled and knotty as some of Robert Browning's, but if there is in him a power to see what common folks have not seen, and to translate it into forms such that they shall see it, he is a poet, though his verses go on crutches. The orator! What is the difference between the orator and the declaimer? Just this. The orator is always a man of faith. Some great thought, great truth, great emotion, has passed in vision before him. He has tried to seize it, and then has tried to put it into words, and then, when he has finished and gone down from his platform or his pulpit, he goes lamenting that he has not said what he would have said, nor disclosed to others what has been disclosed to him. The artist, the poet, the orator, the teacher, always beholds the flaming bush, but, when he goes to tell his fellows what it is, somehow the flame is wanting, and only a part of that which burned before him flashes before them. The teacher—professional teacher—if he be a real teacher, perceives beneath all the symbols invisible realities that lurk behind them, and brings them into the thought of his pupil. He knows that this 2 upon the blackboard is not two, but only a figure 2 that represents the invisible number. He tries to teach geometry, and draws what men call a line, but he knows that no chalk-mark ever yet made a line upon blackboard, but only the bungling and dim representation of a line. The difference between a teacher that is a teacher and one that is not a teacher is just this: In the one is a faith seeing the invisible and somehow making his pupil see it, while the other is a mere mechanical teaching of symbols, never of realities.

This faith-power is certainly the power that has animated, led, and cheered all moral reformers. All men that have ministered to the moral welfare and progress of the world have been men who have seen the invisible. It was this power to perceive the invisible that made Luther the emancipator of Europe. It was this power to perceive the invisible that made William of Orange the founder of democracy upon the Continent. It was this power to perceive the invisible that gave heart and courage and character to Cromwell. It was this power to perceive the invisible, a future country with a flag floating over it, every stripe and star of which should be radiant with freedom, that enabled Washington to withstand the discouragements of the passage of the Delaware and the blood stained snow-prints of Valley Forge. It was this same power, insight to perceive invisible truth, liberty, justice, and righteousness, that nerved the hand that wrote the Proclamation of Emancipation and made eloquent the lips that proclaimed liberty throughout the land long before that pen was taken up.

This is the power that gives cheer and courage in all times of darkness. This is the angel that stood by Moses in the wilderness, David in the limestone caves of Judea, Jeremiah in exile, and Jesus in Gethsemane. This is the angel whose voice enables us to see life entering the household when death goes out of it, and turns the bitterest sorrow first into comfort and then into radiant, deep joyfulness. He that lives without this faith is a drudge in all his work, only doing day by day, without intelligence, that which other men have set him to do, uninspired by hope, unled by glad visions and joyous expectations. This is the power without which all religion becomes superstition and all rites unmeaning. Any creed that has not faith in it is an imposture and a lie. For words that have not in them a representation of real reverence, love, faith, are always lies; and words that have in them the representation of reverence, faith, love, though they are but as the babble of children that know not how to talk, yet have truth filling them.

This power of perceiving the invisible is the very fountain and source of life. He that goes without it is but a bit of machinery, not a man. He who has it knows that behind all the phenomena of nature there is an infinite Wisdom; and sitting at the loom where all threads of history are flowing back and forth there is a Weaver who will bring the pattern out of each man's life, and out of all life. To live by faith is to live in a different world from that in which men without it live. He that has it lives in a palace though he were in a dungeon, and he that is without it is in a dungeon though he were in a palace.

So I bring you, as my last word in these Homely Talks on Homely Topics, this word of faith; not faith in one creed or another creed, but faith in the invisible—faith, therefore, in God and the eternal world; faith that enables us, even here and now, to live as those that look not upon the things that are seen and temporal, but upon the things that are unseen and eternal. "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith valor, and to valor intelligence, and to intelligence self-control, and to self-control patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love."

LAICUS.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE anniversary at Andover has been quiet, and attended by a comparatively small number of alumni. There were no disturbing elements. Dr. George Leon Walker was present, and signed the creed as a Visitor. Readers should bear in mind that Visitors and Trustees, as well as the Faculty, are required to take the creed. If there has been, is, or shall be "breach of trust" in the administration, the responsibility rests with the governing Boards. These Boards are composed of as level-headed, honorable, and highly respected men as New England affords. Both Boards were in session, but no concurrent action was taken, nor anything done touching the "Andover case" now in court. It is an open secret that Judge Hoar, counsel for the prosecution before the Visitors, and also counsel for the Visitors to defend their judgment in the court against the appeal, now counsels peace by taking the case out of court. His proposition, or suggestion, is that Professor Smyth may resign, the Trustees elect him to his chair again, and the present Visitors confirm him, thus putting an end, as he is reported as saying, "to the scandal." It is also known that the court desires a settlement of the case without its jurisdiction. There seem to be very strong objections to Mr. Hoar's plan. If there has been a "breach of trust," as the prosecutors charged, and Professor Smyth has been the chief sinner, so that he was deposed by the most ingenious method known ever to have been devised, a compromise of the kind suggested seems an equally ingenious method to leave the case in a ludicrous plight. There either is a case or there is not, for the court to decide. If the prosecutors are willing that the defense shall drop their case, let it go by default, then Professor Smyth is sustained, and the public will understand that there is no ground for the charge of "heterodoxy" to rest upon him; but if he resigns, with the agreement to put him back into his chair, there are all the elements in the transaction to leave the public confused, and to imagine that the administration is beset by caprice. The bare suggestion shows how futile is the attempt to make the institution orthodox by a Board of Visitors.

The Rev. William H. Ryder, of Ann Arbor, was inaugurated Greek Professor of Sacred Literature. He gave no inaugural address, but read, before signing the creed, the statement which he read to the Visitors before they confirmed his election. He thus has given to the creed a broad interpretation before entering his professorship. The creed "approves itself to him by its orthodox soundness and its broad catholicity," expresses "not a religious doctrine" to which he "cannot fully subscribe," will not fetter him in his "search for truth" nor "embarrass him in opening and explaining the Scriptures to his pupils with integrity and faithfulness." "I am not," he says, "to be understood as assenting to all the doctrinal views which some or all of the framers may have held and taught, but only to those which they included in their creed. I do not subscribe to their psychology or metaphysics, or to all their interpretations of Scripture, but simply to the doctrines of the Gospel as expressed in the creed." The only allusion to the intermediate state was in these words: "The doctrine that there is one and but one living and true God I hold with a settled confidence and a degree of clearness of apprehension which I cannot give to the statement which describes the experiences of redeemed souls in the intermediate state. I assent to the latter doctrine, as I understand it, but I am not so sure that I apprehend the thought of the framers, or that their own thoughts were perfectly clear on this subject" On the Bible, interpreting the creed, he says: "When I affirm my belief that the Word of God contained in the Scriptures . . . is the only perfect rule of faith and practice, I do not affirm that I believe that all souls that leave the world without a knowledge of the Scriptures—and therefore have lived and died without acquaintance with the only perfect rule of faith and practice—are hopelessly lost, but simply, as I think the framers of the creed intended, that, as opposed to ecclesiastical tradition and authority, and to the unaided human reason, the Scriptures alone teach the pure truth of God, and the way to holiness."

The interpretation which Professor Ryder has put upon the creed in advance, as "broadly catholic," leaves him free to inculcate doctrines as broad as those of any of his associates; and he was confirmed by the Visitors while Dr. Enstis was in the Board! The consistency that unseats Professor Smyth, and in a few months puts this new professor into the chair of exegesis, with his "broadly catholic" interpretation of the creed, is one of the unresolvable mysteries.

The examining committee, of which President Brainard, of Middlebury College, was chairman, expressed great satisfaction with the teaching and with the fidelity of the students. I quote a paragraph: "Another feature of the examinations which attracted our attention was the fearlessness with which all questions of an historical, exegetical, or practical nature are dealt with, showing the confidence of both teacher and student in the truth. It was evident that they felt called upon not so much to protect the truth as to find it and to be loyal to it. This absence of all anxiety lest our Christian faith should be driven out of the world by criticism was especially gratifying to the committee; for it disclosed a confidence in the truths of Revelation, and a repose of spirit, of the first importance in a theological seminary. Honest and reverent research in the various departments of study appear to characterize the present work at Andover."

The graduating class of twenty shows the character of the real work done in the institution. All of these young men have opportunities of immediate service, and have been welcome to the pulpits as preachers. The

six who had parts at the graduation exercises acquitted themselves in manly style—some of them being of a high order. The impression could not have been better. This class entered the Seminary a year before "certain of the alumni" began their case of heresy in the Board of Visitors. The work has gone quietly on in their education, and the churches accept them.

A year ago the judgment of the Visitors was given the day following the close of the Seminary year, deposing the President of the Faculty, and refusing to confirm Professor Woodruff, leaving the chair of Greek vacant. In this uncertainty as to the future, it is not strange that only nine students came into the junior class. But now the chairs are all full; the legal counsel who opposed Professor Symth approve of his retaining his chair; the Trustees have just elected him President of the Faculty for another year, this being an annual choice; the Visitors have chosen one of the soundest men in New England to act in its Board; and the coast is free for fair sailing as far as heretical preachers are concerned. Young men may now enter the Seminary assured that there will be no obstruction to the pursuit of their studies, and that the churches will not be afraid of them because they hail from Andover, and, indeed, will like them all the better. They may be sure of finding here as manly a corps of teachers, and as full of the Gospel and the spirit of consecration to their work, as is to be found anywhere. They will find Andover a "first-rate" place to get an education.

Expressions in the speeches at the alumni dinner and in general conversation were emphatic that the day is not distant when young men of the devotion and learning of Torrey and Noyes will not be rejected by any missionary board.

I have space only to refer to the short speech of Dr. C. H. Barrows, of San Francisco, at the dinner. The Pacific slope, he declared, is in sympathy with Andover. He related an instance: a man whom he met, once a church member, but turned skeptic, throwing overboard the church and Christianity; he put into his hands the debate at the meeting of the American Board; and when he met him again, the man said: "One speech in that book has touched me; I do not know as I can go home and pray, but I am going to get an organ and some hymn-books and have my children sing Christian hymns;" and the speech that had softened his heart and revived the hope of other days was the one delivered by Professor E. C. Smyth, of Andover

OBSERVER.

THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE SCHOOLS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

OF course you wish to deal courteously with the Roman Catholic Church, and I am sure you have no readers who will grudge any credit that can be shown by the most generous construction to be its due. But you have lately given it more than its due, and that repeatedly, and directly at the expense of the Protestant population. You have several times alluded to the Roman Catholic Church as an organization which does for a large part of our population, and the neediest part, more than all the other churches are able to do. You have laid stress upon this as a matter of fairness. But *why* are other churches so helpless in regard to that peculiar class? Whatever lack of zeal they may be guilty of, you know that is not the main reason in this case. Every denomination among us would gladly open the Bible to them and give them the fullest chance to judge for themselves. It is the priests who prevent this, exerting all the power which long subservience and superstition give them, to foster prejudices and keep up ignorance, because on these depends their exclusive power. They wish to control their people, body and soul; they persecute in petty ways those who dare attend a Protestant meeting, and teach their relations to do the same. Can there be any doubt that if they had the power they would use racks and chains? The spirit of the Inquisition is in the hierarchy yet; and the thing itself has only retreated step by step with the temporal power, finding its last refuge in Rome. That there may be here and there a priest of milder spirit and teachings, proves nothing but his individual goodness. The spirit of the age and of America may strive with priestly tradition, but the latter always overcomes—or the dissenter goes out. The Pope may utter civil words about our Constitution, being diplomatic, but who does not know that it is the antipodes of all he stands for? Horace Greeley said, "It is impossible to enslave a Bible-reading people." Poor Ireland, from whom the Bible has been kept for ages, does not even yet know her worst enemies! She raves always against England, yet from the day when a Pope blessed the Norman conqueror to this hour Rome has been the real enslaver.

In view of these indisputable facts, is it not an injustice to Protestantism to speak of what the Roman Catholic Church does for morals in this country, as if it were cause for gratitude? Shall we thank her for lighting a few candles after she has shut out the sun? Shall we give her credit for such restraints as confessionals and penances may furnish, while she is exerting every power to keep her people ignorant of any broader bases of morals and deeper motives? Why is this large class needy and dangerous? Just because the priests have taught it to hug its bondage. Instead of deserving thanks, they are deeply guilty toward the land that shelters them, because they have neither taught the best things nor suffered others to teach them. How significant is the fact that our prisons, asylums, etc., are largely filled by such as bear the Catholic name! No Protestant can doubt that if these multitudes had been allowed to freely learn and think, they would not by this time have been so largely a dangerous class—perhaps not a class at all. Is it not true, then, that the power of these all-potent managers is really their disgrace?

It would be easy to dwell upon the ways in which their management harms the country, but I must pass to the second point—the fight about the schools. I am glad you have taken it up, and spoken timely words; but you made one concession that seemed needless and inconsistent, somewhat like the one just noticed. It was in saying that if the Roman Catholic laity really wished us to divide the schools with them, we should be bound to do so, out of the courtesy due to a large minority.[1] Yet almost in the same breath you affirm that it would be perilous to do so, fatal probably to the American idea, which elsewhere you have justly remarked should rule in America. Now, what could make it necessary for a lawful majority to give up its very life and that of its posterity to those who could not know what they were doing? Would they not be bound to keep their trust, having the power? It would be no case for compromise. The duty becomes still stronger if we consider of what different material the two sides are composed. On one are all descendants of the patriot fathers, and all who have imbibed their ideas, all who inherit and carry on their aims, all of the sort who have made and preserved this Nation. On the other would be most of those who have helped disgrace it—an alien-born host, or at least of alien parentage, among whom ignorance abounds, and whose presence is a menace and burden to the country. This is largely true, at the best; in the case supposed it would be true, and less than truth. If, as you believe, even our least assimilated class are too much Americanized to wish all that the priests wish, it is the better for us and for them. But why should we even imagine such a ruinous concession?

Besides, the proposal to divide the school funds in proportion to the number of pupils is not really fair in any sense, seeing that the Protestant citizens pay far the greater share of taxes, while the other side furnishes a disproportionate number of claimants. It would be taxing Protestants to support the Catholic cause—a thing that is done now, in less direct ways. An Englishman lately wrote these words, well suited to our meridian: "These truths are too true to be told. . . . For money, free trade, anything you please that is earthly, you may hold meetings, write books, be 'earnest,' and speak your mind. But for the free Bible—the right to tell what Popery was, is, and wants to be—you must hush to a whisper any voice you have, and still be reckoned a monomaniac. Is it not just possible that our wondrous delicacy is not from love but fear? Rather, perhaps, it is because that sort of tone pays best in general popularity. Nobody is so sure of applause as the man who is 'fiercely moderate.'"

That is true here, however it be in England. We seem to be in danger nowadays of sinking into "a mush of magnanimity." We dare not speak or hear a *hard* truth; if the truth doesn't happen to be soft, it must be manipulated until it appears so. We want more teachers who do not like to say hard things, but will do it if needful; those who really believe that only truth is safe or saving. And the truth about Rome is that she is always the same at heart, however necessity modifies her actions. She is intolerance itself, as Protestantism is tolerance. She is "drunken with the blood of the saints"—not of the openly martyred thousands only, but of those uncounted who are known to have perished in her dungeons. One ceaseless cry goes up against her through all the ages; hers is a wickedness too colossal to be forgiven. These truths ought not to be stifled; it is not the place of charity to hide such deeds, and vigilance is still the price of liberty. No intelligent Catholic ought to object to the truth being told; but then no Catholic is allowed to use his intellect in religious matters. When he does so he is a Protestant.

C. S.

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[1] We do not think that a careful reading of our editorials will confirm this impression of our views. We said: "The Roman Catholic Church is consistent, patient, wise, but absolutely uncompromising The time to resist her demand to control the education of the young is when she prefers the more seemingly modest request to control the education of a single school-room, a single hour, or a single teacher in the schools established and maintained by the State."—EDS. C. U.

PUBLIC SCHOOL REFORM IN NEW YORK.

I.—THE BUILDINGS.

AMONG intelligent New Yorkers the impression prevails that the public schools of the city are extremely poor. Intensely prejudiced in favor of these schools, the writer (a public school boy from the West), at the request of the editors of The Christian Union, began to investigate them, expecting to find that this indifferent reputation was the result of ignorant caste prejudice. He did find that these schools were not so bad as they are frequently represented. But in the end he was obliged to acquit the influential classes of either prejudice or snobbishness, and to hold them responsible, not because they refused to send their children to the public schools, but because they had not long ago made the public schools worthy of receiving their children.

Take, first, the matter of buildings. In a Western city the public schools are almost the finest buildings in the place. In New England, democratic from the start, the same is true. Everybody takes local pride in the schools. Everybody takes an interest in them. To the influential classes they are not the places where the children of the poor are given education enough to fit them for the shop and the factory, but the places where their own children are being fitted for a manhood and womanhood of which they themselves may be proud. The strength of this sentiment shows itself everywhere, and the children of the poor reap the full benefit of it. Even in the poorest districts the new buildings which are being erected are models, not only in external appearance, but in roomy playgrounds and in the cheerfulness, healthfulness, and convenience of the internal arrangements. But in New York City how is it? Not one building in the city which makes any pretense to architectural beauty; not one in the city which makes any pretense to a playground, and not one which makes more than a pretense to observe the most obvious laws of sanitation.

I make these statements advisedly, and in order to prove them I do not care to describe the worst building which I saw (one in the Italian quarter, which merits a special article of the most annihilistic type), but will take an average structure in one of the poorer districts—that at the corner of Rivington and Ridge Streets. One of the principals furnished me the statistics:

Size of lot, 85x100 ft.	
Average attendance boys' grammar department	595
" " girls' " "	508
" " primary "	805
Total average attendance	1,908
Total number registered	2,188

Here we have nearly 2 600 children living for five hours a day on a lot one-fifth of an acre in size! In order to see what this means, compare the air space to each child, not with that in the offices, churches, and halls where the well-to-do complain of unwholesome air, but with that in the tenement-houses themselves. The Big Flat in this city, which was once described in The Christian Union as most violently condemned by reformers because 478 persons live in a building 90 feet front by 150 feet in depth. Yet this "Flat" is one story higher than our school building, has more than half again as much ground, and less than one-fourth as many people! In the Big Flat the cubic air space for each person is less than the minimum required by law. If what some air is impossible in the Big Flat, how about the Rivington Street school? The writer spent two hours in this building, and went away with a headache. How must it be for the teachers and scholars who work in it five hours a day!

Some one may object that when I complain of the overcrowding I am forgetting the expensiveness of land in New York City. Not at all. The public schools in New York are not like the churches, built upon fashionable streets where land is dear, but on obscure side streets, and often in the very center of a block, where the land is as cheap as is possible. On inquiry, I was told that lots 50x100 ft. in the neighborhood of the Rivington Street school sell for from $10 000 to $12 000. Were the purchase of such a lot asked, merely to be the playground for 2 000 children there would be nothing extravagant in the demand. New York now borrows money at three per cent. The annual burden thus imposed would be twenty cents a year for each child benefited. But it is not asked for a playground. It is asked for the sake of the pure air and sunlight absolutely essential to the health of the school.

How so many children can be crowded into so little space will probably be a mystery to those who are acquainted only with the schools of New England or the West. It is easily explained. In the first place, the entire lot, except a very few feet, is built upon; the courts are merely "waterless cisterns;" in rooms that are dark gas is used freely. In the next place, the halls are merely narrow passageways and even these conduct only to the main rooms. In the third place, the hat and cloak rooms are either in the basement or some other out-of-the-way place, or else do not exist at all. If you enter

a public school at noon, you will be apt to see one or two scholars tossing the others hats and coats. In the last place, each teacher does not have a separate room. On every floor the room which is presided over by the principal has five teachers, each governing and trying to teach fifty scholars. The wear and tear of this arrangement can only be imagined by those who have taught. Is it any wonder that young women who are expected to do nervously exciting work five hours a day in such air and amid such surroundings sometimes fail to be representatives of sweetness and light?

This is one of the questions to which the Public School Reform Society just organized must direct public attention. S.

IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT]

THE tourist is an energetic searcher of hidden haunts. There is a shade of difference between him and that class which goes later, to whom the term "resorters" is so often applied. After the maps are all made, he comes and completes the work of exploration, and publishes accounts of mysterious peoples, with all their strange environment, until they become household words. Now it is the Berkshire Hills, with deacons in straight orthodoxy, preserving time-honored traditions by the wide hearths of sequestered farmhouses; again it is quaint Cape Cod, flavored with the romance of the sea, that claims his attention. From Adiron dack to Catskill, from the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire to the coast of Maine, the indefatigable tourist has prosecuted his labors. The multitudes follow, and soon he longs for other fields. Lately he has discovered a new land, which meets his requirements in a multitude of ways. He has found that even south of the thirty-seventh parallel is a region possessing the first essential to his needs—that of a cool summer. It is remote, and yet of easy access. The scenery is beautiful, and he finds much that is unique and strange to please his taste for novelty. Here in North Carolina, then, the tourist is breaking the way to knowledge of a country which was little heard of as a resort a few years ago, and the multitudes, as usual, are close upon his heels.

It is a country of grand mountains, of vast wastes of wilderness, where civilization is suggested by hints so gentle as almost to pass unnoticed, yet through it run chains of towns, where the railroad has brought the manners and styles of the outer world, which have taken root and flourished as if native to the soil. The center of this new vitality is Asheville, a city of nearly ten thousand inhabitants, which has now a national reputation as a resort for health and pleasure seekers. It is pleasantly situated on a plateau among the mountains, at an elevation of 2 340 feet above the sea. The natural beauties of the place itself are few, but at nearly every turn can be obtained some glimpse of the mountains, and from the Battery Park Hotel, which stands on a hill rising out of the center of the town, the view is of singular grandeur. From the south far into the north a line of peaks swings in an arc nearly fifty miles in length, and when the sun sets behind this wall of mountains, the effect of color, almost etherealizing so many peaks in gold and purple, will leave memories which can never be forgotten. Being the metropolis of the mountain region, a representative product of the New South, and being surrounded on all sides by a very extreme type of the *Old* South, Asheville presents a curious admixture of conditions. The modern "Queen Anne" structure flaunts its fantastic gables in the face of the square, unornamented house of earlier days, whose chimney, however tightly it might hug, could never get inside, the outer wall. Gay village carts, and horses with mane and tail of conventional cut, dispute the passage in the streets with mule and ox teams. Side by side will be stores, one conducted according to the methods of Eastern cities, another where the woman from the mountains will get her "domestic" and linsey-woolsey, her tinware and tobacco, in exchange for butter and eggs. "The Square" and Court-House are still the centers of public congregation, where all classes meet and discuss business, politics, and little "nothings;" and during the week when Federal Court sits, the population for forty miles around is represented in the throngs that assemble. But the Southern type is being rapidly replaced by the Northern, and the character of the town will soon be changed by the necessities of the new tide of commerce which has set in. The new-comers insist upon having proper conveniences, and will not rest content with loose ways of business and precarious states of the market. Almost the whole supply of vegetables now depends upon the condition of the weather. If the days are fair and the roads good, all goes well; but if the clouds settle and pour their floods for weeks, as sometimes happens, the country folk are kept at home by an insurmountable barrier of mud, and scarcity follows in town. There are amusing scenes after such a period as this. Scow-shaped wagons, with white muslin stretched irregularly over low hickory bows for covers, begin to appear after the first sunshiny day. The muslin cover is pulled down tightly all around, except in front, where the head of a sallow individual peeps just above the front-board—and I use the term advisably, for a "dash-board" it certainly is not. A yoke of oxen drags this queer vehicle with swinging motion into the town square. It will stop anywhere, regardless of cross-walks, and instantly will be attacked on all sides by the citizens. The curtain will be thrown up, and heads poked in to see what there is for sale. The small boy will climb in over the tail-board, and every wheel will afford a perch for some prospective purchaser. Mean while the proprietor of the establishment will sit with legs crossed like a Turk, and lazily answer questions as to price, and receive money when handed to him. Everybody helps himself and settles up, the mountaineer trusting to the honor of his patrons Presently the white wagon drifts down the street again, and passes out of sight on the long homeward journey into the mountains. Some of the wagons are half full of oats to serve as feed for the teams, the other half containing bedding and camp utensils, with a little fruit or a few vegetables. For the sake of the trifle this will bring they have come thirty and forty miles, camping out along the way.

The mountaineer may seem weak and insignificant among the town people, but follow him to his own home and he proves his manhood. He is a king there, and his great gaunt form and long beard only add to his dignity. He has emerged from the copious blue jeans coat that hung so awkwardly from his broad shoulders, and his apologetic air has vanished. He has no favors to ask, and he welcomes you to enjoy his hospitality with a rude but sincere courtesy which wins your favor in an instant. It may be that he will have nothing but bacon and saleratus biscuits, with a little coffee, to offer you, and no better bed than a mattress of corn husks for you to sleep upon, but such as he has he gives heartily. He will interest you, too, by his quaint views and opinions, not much broader, perhaps, than his little valley, and behind his big, earnest eyes you may well suspect a soul too deep and varied to be fathomed at a single sounding. Though he has not had much "broughtings up," as he terms the educational process, he has lived alone and reasoned in his way upon the facts of life as he has found them, until convictions as firm as the granite of his hills have grown in his mind, converting him into a positivist of a certain sort, refreshing to meet even though his views be wrong. The woman who completes the other half of the social existence of the mountaineer is not so easy of interpretation. She has a sharp tongue sometimes, but there is a tender side to her nature, which appears when you least expect it. Her round of life is not in an easy orbit. She has little to work with, while the duties are many and severe. She still plies the spinning-wheel and weaves the cloth to clothe her family. She remains persistently blind to the virtues of a cook stove, and uses the long-legged pots and spiders of her ancestors in the open fire place. Here she produces fried messes that cannot be called savory, stews and corn bread, biscuits, "leather breeches," and other unimaginable compounds. She discards many usual articles of dress which her sisters in other parts deem necessary, and appears in skirts whose collapsed amplitude gives her a painful look of being starved and shriveled. But she is strong, courageous, and loving withal, qualities of heroism which "Charles Egbert Craddock" has in no wise exaggerated in her stories of the Tennessee mountains, and what applies there applies equally well to North Carolina.

The big mountains lie in Yancey County, to the northeast of Asheville about thirty miles or more Here the Black Mountain range, of which Mount Mitchell is the crowning peak, lifts itself up in solemn grandeur. The faces slope gradually. Successive broad swells of mountain-side, covered with an unbroken forest, dyed by the atmosphere a deep blue-black, stretch for miles and miles without a sign of civilization, and over all the summits of gray rock standing out in bold relief against the sky complete an impressive picture. They suggest a melancholy, as if they were brooding over memories of a still more majestic past. They are, in fact, in their old age, still grand, but declining. Time has worn away and smoothed down the bolder peaks and more rugged faces of their youth.

There are types of scenery of different character, less grand perhaps, but more picturesque. A ride from Asheville to Rutherfordton, over the Hickory Nut Gap, takes one through some of the most romantic scenery of the South. Broad views of mountain country are seen until the top of the Blue Ridge is passed. There the road strikes into a gorge, which constantly deepens, while the stream grows larger and louder. Soon the sides are towering in cliffs hundreds of feet high, with here a waterfall hanging like a white veil from the edge of the precipice, and there a seemingly dangerous wall of rock, draped with vines, bending above the way, while the road plunges down, past mills and villages, toward the valley which appears far away in the blue distance through the narrow opening in the mountains.

POST-GRADUATE STUDY AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

BY THE REV. H. S. BLISS.

IT would, of course, be impossible in a single letter to deal with this subject in any detail. I shall therefore confine myself chiefly to theological post-graduate study with special reference to American students. It is well known that in recent years graduate fellowships have been established in connection with several of our leading theological seminaries. Students holding these fellowships have generally spent their two years in Germany, and the majority of men will probably continue to do so in the future. There are, however, some distinct advantages in spending at least one year either at Oxford or Cambridge, and already several Americans have availed themselves of the privileges offered by a residence at these ancient institutions.

I must not be tempted to dwell too long on the attractions which Oxford and Cambridge hold out on the side of natural beauty and historical associations. No one has visited these places without feeling the influence of both these features. The beauty that one sees in a visit of a day grows upon you as the days extend to weeks and the weeks to months. Curiosity develops into interest; interest merges into affection—and the affection abides as a dear memory and constant inspiration.

"That sweet city with her dreaming spires"

becomes an element in one's life and in one's thought. And what shall I say of the historical associations? Read "John Inglesant;" read Green's "Early Oxford," and his "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century;" read Lang's "Oxford," and the most recent of all, Boase's "Oxford"—and you will feel afresh what you have long known, that this old city has been a great factor in English life and history.

But we are living in the present, and, glorious as Oxford's past may have been, you wish to know what advantages the Oxford of to-day offers to the American theological student. Like all university centers, Oxford is a little world of its own; and a residence here enables a man to see not a little of the forces at work in English social, political, and religious life.

This is no small advantage to an American. The two branches of the English people (to use an idea which Professor Freeman is so fond of emphasizing) are year by year being drawn closer to one another. It is very important that they should understand each other. A knowledge of the religious movement in Great Britain, derived, not from review articles and conference reports, but from a face-to face acquaintance with church life in England, will enable the American to work more wisely in America. His interests, his sympathies, will be aroused in transatlantic religious life, and his will be he strength which comes from a consciousness of reciprocated sympathies in far-off lands. How, then, will our student gain this acquaintance with religious life in England? Let us suppose that he is a Presbyterian. He brings with him a letter from his Presbytery in America, and puts himself in communication with the Presbytery of London, or directly with the Secretary of the Church Supply Committee. He will probably be invited to supply every now and again vacant pulpits in very much the same way in which he has done such work during his senior year in America.

If he be an Episcopalian, he can at once find sympathetic friends at the Pusey House, Wiclif Hall, or among the Cowley Fathers, as his inclination may lead him. If he be a Congregationalist, he will find at Mansfield College a hearty welcome, and through the Principal's influence he will be enabled to see not a little of the religious life among the Congregationalists At the end of a year's time he will have thus come in contact with the religious forces in England, and will be able in some degree to measure the efficiency of these forces. In Oxford itself there are frequent opportunities of hearing the great preachers of the Anglican Church. Meetings and conferences are often held relating to foreign, home, and city missionary work. London is close at hand, and affords unlimited opportunities for investigating the problems of philanthropic and religious work—London, that mighty power for good as well as evil, where true-hearted men and women spend and are spent in their desire to make the world better and happier. These advantages which I have spoken of are general but very real. A man's sympathies are broadened, his knowledge is extended, he becomes a wiser man, a more courageous man. But I must hasten on to speak of the opportunities for *study* which Oxford offers, and the means by which he may enjoy these opportunities. The University does not recognize American degrees, and if a student join the University he must join as an undergraduate. He need not become a member of any particular college, but may join the University as a "non-collegiate student." This gives him all the privileges of the University. If he come as a special student, no matriculation examination is re-

quired, and he need not pay the tutorial fees. The other fees amount to between $50 and $60 a year.

In order to hear the lectures it is not absolutely necessary to join the University, as a man may obtain without difficulty private permission from the Professor to attend his lectures. A non-member of the University may also obtain permission to read in the Bodleian. There are, of course, social advantages in joining the University, and the inconveniences arising from being an undergraduate are very inconsiderable. We will suppose, then, that our American theological student has joined the University. What lectures shall he attend? Let us take this very term. First, he will be interested in the Bampton Lectures, which are delivered Sunday mornings in the spring and summer at St. Mary's. This year's course is on "The Letter and the Spirit," and the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, of Trinity College, is the lecturer.

Our student will wish to hear the Hibbert Lectures which Dr. Edwin Hatch is delivering in the Old Divinity School. His subject is a most interesting one: "The History of the Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Ideas and Usages of Early Christianity."

If Hebrew is the subject in which instruction is sought, the names of Professors Cheyne and Dimeo ought to carry weight. For Early Christian Institutions, Dr. Hatch is admirable. Professor William Sanday is Professor of Greek Exegesis, and Dr. Ederaheim has just completed his term as Grimfield Lecturer on the Septuagint.

If our friend is an Episcopalian, he will attend with interest the lectures of the Professors of Divinity and Pastoral Theology and Ecclesiastical History (Dr. William Bright).

There are some special advantages for students who expect to become missionaries. Professor Legge, who was himself for many years in China, connected with the London Missionary Society, is Professor of Chinese. There is instruction given in Arabic, the languages of India and Persia.

Of course there are many lectures of general interest which are sure to attract an American student. Such men as Jowett, Freeman, Bryce, James Bright, Herkomer, Thorold Rogers, Tylor, and others, although representing a great variety of subjects, will be listened to with pleasure when, for the time being, theological studies are laid aside. I have yet to speak of a most interesting feature of the Oxford of to-day—a feature which has special attractions for the American student. I refer to Mansfield College.

Your readers are already acquainted with the history and purpose of this institution. Oxford will wake up some fine morning to see this Nonconformist theological college occupying most attractive and commodious buildings. Meanwhile the lectures are delivered in the old Union Society Hall, where Gladstone in his undergraduate days is said to have displayed his oratorical powers. Mansfield is purely theological. Its three years' course is to be taken after the B.A. degree has been secured. All its students are members of the University, and attend University lectures. Mansfield aims to supply to University men who are intending to become Nonconformist ministers the kind of education for their special work which the University does not afford. The Principal, Dr. Fairbairn, is too well known in America to need an introduction. He lectures upon Theism, the Philosophy of Religion, the History of Religions, and Dogmatic Theology. A seminar is held every week during term at his house, where theological subjects are discussed and the benefit of personal intercourse secured. During the Michaelmas and Hilary terms Dr. Fairbairn delivered on Sunday evenings public lectures on the great problems of religious and philosophical thought. "The Mystery of Evil," "Pessimism and Life," "Pantheism and the Personality of God," etc., etc., are subjects which indicate the character of these lectures.

In conclusion, I must say a word about the expense of living at Oxford. It cannot be denied that it is more expensive than Germany. But very much depends upon the tastes of a man. There are no boarding-houses or eating clubs as in America. Students in colleges dine in hall; they breakfast and lunch in their own rooms. Students who reside out of college have all their meals in their rooms—order what they like—and so regulate their own style of living.

Board and lodging need not cost much more than ten dollars a week. Some men doubtless live on less; the majority spend more. The price of lodgings varies, of course, inversely as the distance from the colleges.

If I have written with special reference to the advantages of Oxford, it must not be supposed that Cambridge does not also offer attractions to the American student. Without attempting to decide the delicate question of the relative advantages of the sister universities in themselves considered, I cannot but feel that the establishment of Mansfield College in Oxford turns the balance in favor of the City on the Isis—so far at least as the American student is concerned

BOYS' CLUBS IN BALTIMORE.

By Herbert B. Adams,

Of Johns Hopkins University.

I.

BY nature most boys are savages, with instincts for destructiveness, lawlessness, noisy and cruel sports, and with only rudimentary morality. When surrounded by good home influences, of favorable social conditions, the offspring of civilized families acquire with great rapidity the moral lessons of the race; but less fortunate boys are doomed, in many cases, to permanent moral savagery, or at best to moral deformity or arrested development. Newsboys are among the most interesting survivals of juvenile depravity, or original sin, and are worthy of careful study. The efforts of Christian society to civilize these young barbarians, while rarely successful, are deserving of record in all our large cities, for they illustrate at once the difficulties and the limitations of juvenile reform. Primitive instincts, always liable to crop out in growing boys and grown-up men, are seldom completely subdued in the case of these lads, who are allowed and even encouraged by their parents to chase through the streets like wild Indians. The savage instincts of these street nomads often become more or less settled habits, which follow the wild boy into a wilder manhood, and constitute the vast difference between a bad and a good citizen, between social savagery and civilization. Modern studies of the criminal classes indicate that they differ from their fellowmen by a tendency to revert to more primitive types.

Baltimore has long been interested in the improvement of newsboys. For several years a few self sacrificing and accomplished ladies, aided by generous business men, have supported a small club-house for the newsboys and bootblacks of the city. At present the club occupies a little building on St. Paul Street, near the Maryland Historical Society. The Newsboys' Club-House is a small two-story structure, with a few rooms, one of which is sub rented to the Mutual Aid Society. The rent of the entire building is only $300 a year. The current expenses are very slight. The lady managers of the club have for a long time employed a boy to take care of the premises, and, with a strong hand, to maintain order among the youthful patrons of the club. During the past season the ladies enlisted for ten dollars a month the services of a boy who for eight years has been known as the chief of the newsboy tribe. He is said to have established his sovereignty at a very tender age by carrying a dirk, with which he terrorized all the gamins of the curbstone. He now rules by prestige and intimidation, reinforced by a kind of barbaric morality, which manifests itself in a disposition to break up gambling games by appropriating the stakes. Against such high-handed judicial procedure juvenile remonstrance is unavailing, although the plundered boys sometimes threaten to send their virtuous leader to the penitentiary.

The main object of the lady managers of the newsboys has been to interest and improve them in social and entertaining ways rather than by educational discipline. For nine years the club-rooms have been open every night in the week, except Sunday and in hot weather, from seven until ten o'clock. A few ladies or gentlemen are always present, each person having a particular night. The average attendance of boys has been for several years about fifty, although on gala nights the number rises to one hundred and fifty. It is astonishing to see how rapidly the newsboy clan increases on the occasion of a picnic in the park or an excursion down Chesapeake Bay. There is no fee for membership. Boys come and go as they like. They are usually distributed throughout the various rooms, the bigger boys by themselves. The ladies endeavor to group the entire company into little circles, which are entertained by readings, story-telling, or games. Classes in arithmetic and other subjects have occasionally been attempted, but without much success. Most of the boys have been to school, or still attend it occasionally, and vote that sort of thing a bore. Lectures are now and then given to the assembled crowd of small boys, who pay very good attention if the subject and the lecturer happen to catch their fancy. The writer once gave a historical talk at the Newsboys' Club, and found that so long as he kept to his text, which was an Indian ax of stone, he held his audience, but invariably lost their attention by wandering from his Indian subject into American history. One evening an amateur conjurer undertook, by some very ordinary sleight-of-hand tricks, to amuse boys who had taken a graduate course in that specialty in the variety shows of Baltimore. He began in a very patronizing tone: "Now, boys, I have here a bird cage." Quick as a flash came the jeering comment, "Oh, you *have*, have you?" Another boy said to his neighbor, "It makes me sick. Take me home."

Probably the most difficult task the Mayor of Baltimore has to perform, next to gratifying the demands of ward politicians, is to address annually a convention of the newsboys and bootblacks of the city, who, to the number of five or six hundred, crowd the so-called "Concordia" theater and are treated as rudimentary citizens. With the approach of Christmas, club-membership, like the attendance on Sunday-school, begins rapidly to increase. The prospect of presents and of good things to eat is always attractive to small boys. Appeals for tickets to the Newsboys' Festival are made to the lady managers of the club with as much eagerness as that manifested by older "boys" at the City Hall when they scramble for office upon the advent of a new administration. Subscriptions for the festival are made throughout the city. Good-natured people, including newspaper men, usually give altogether about $800 for the object. Three hundred dollars are applied to Christmas purposes, and the balance is kept for the expenses of the club during the ensuing year.

The festival itself is a grand affair. It consists of a good supper for the boys, after which there are Christmas trees, with a basket of sweet things for every boy and a pretty present for every boy's sister or sweetheart. The occasion is enlivened by solos and choral singing in which the boys have been previously trained at the club. Some of the boys sing very well. Songs by the ladies and by little girls are highly appreciated, but speeches by men are not always so much admired, especially if they are prosy and "unco' guid." One or two well-known newspaper men and the Professor of Physical Culture from the Johns Hopkins University have proved most successful in quieting the hilarious mob after supper and in conducting the subsequent services, which are devoted chiefly to music and oratory. A large police force of society people—young men with ribbons in their coats—is usually on hand for this one night in the year to keep the boys in order. Ladies sit at the end of each row of benches to suppress juvenile insurrections. A few genuine policemen stand in the background, ready to capture and eject from the hall any unruly urchin who may be altogether dissatisfied with the nature of the programme. Taken as a mass, the newsboys at their Christmas festival appear to be rather noisy and difficult to manage; but looked at individually they are as bright and good-natured a set of lads as could anywhere be found. To the credit of the Newsboys' Club it should be said that its regular attendants behave much better on public occasions than do the lawless fellows who crowd in at Christmas for the sake of the feast. The regulars always occupy the front seats, and, as a privileged class, wear a ribbon in their coats, and aid in police work, and get the first presents. Some of the regulars affect to be "swells" like the young men of society who patronize the Newsboys' Club. Members of the latter are not without a sense of humor. One little fellow came into the club one night wearing two jackets. Attempting to remove the close-fitting and very ragged outer garment, he said to a friend, "Please help me off with my ulster."

Newsboys are really very interesting lads, and perfectly easy to approach. They show the greatest frankness in commenting on their own habits, and confess their sins with apparent delight. Gambling is the newsboy's special weakness. The writer was one evening duly initiated into the mysteries of "crap," a peculiar form of dice-throwing which the boys practice in all weathers as passionately as Italian beggars play "mora," which is a classical gambling game. Cards are too slow for newsboys. Upon the expression of doubt by the writer whether a very small boy played "crap," the local boss said to him peremptorily, "Show up, young one." And from the pocket of the infant a set of dice was duly rolled out. Newsboys are almost as inveterate gamblers as were our Germanic forefathers, of whose dice-throwing Tacitus says: "Aleam, quod mirere, sobrii inter seria exercent tanta lucrandi perdidendive temeritate, ut, cum omnia defecerunt, extremo ac novissimo jactu de libertate ac de corpore contendant." The vices of our English ancestors linger on among the masses, and are not unknown to negroes, newsboys, city clubs, and fashionable society. The lower ten thousand are always an unconscious satire upon the upper ten thousand. The excellent people who are struggling to reform the masses should reflect that human nature is everywhere much the same. How would society, for example, like to be reformed? How would our city clubs enjoy instruction by lectures instead of whist, poker, and billiards, or things to eat and drink?

To counteract in some degree the newsboys' passion for gambling, they have lately been inoculated with the milder passion for accumulating money in honest, thrifty ways. The newsboys' reading-room has been recognized as a Stamp Deposit Station of the Provident Savings Bank of Baltimore. Boys desiring to become depositors sign an agreement to the rules and regulations of the bank and receive a so-called stamp-deposit card, made of stiff pasteboard, eight by six inches in dimensions. It folds neatly down the middle into the form of a bank book, and inside are pasted stamps correspond-

ing to the amount of the deposit. Nothing less than ten cents is received. When a depositor has enough stamps upon his deposit card to amount to three dollars, he may redeem the sum at the central office of the Provident Savings Bank, or he may there receive a pass-book, open a regular bank account, and become a young capitalist. There is at present great enthusiasm among the boys for saving their money, for a Baltimore printer has offered a prize of five dollars to the boy who will save the most this year.

Newsboys and bootblacks earn more per week than do office boys of corresponding age. From three to five dollars a week are frequently made by Baltimore newsboys. One said that by a combination of selling papers and managing a bootblack-stand upon a good corner where he had a "permit," he had made nine dollars a week. Sunday papers yield especially good profits to newsboys. These little fellows earn quite enough for their own good, although parents are very exacting from sons engaged in this profitable business. Every newsboy with whom the writer talked said that he handed over most of his earnings to his father or mother; and yet several acknowledged the enjoyment of a few "pickings" for "crap," the peanut gallery in theaters, beer, cigarettes, and the new savings bank, which is classed among other luxuries. Professional base-ball games are also a grand passion with newsboys, but usually cost them nothing, for they either sneak in or beg a ticket from some patron of these modern gladiatorial games. Newsboys usually get enough to eat, and are exceedingly fond of pastry, in which they often pay bets. They go ragged and with big holes in their shoes for business purposes, for in such a sorry plight they expect to sell more papers. One boy openly boasted at the club that he had sold a good pair of shoes which had been given him. On cold days, in the early winter, newsboys sometimes appear barefooted in order to excite sympathy and sell papers. As a class, newsboys are as sharp as Greeks, Jews, Scotchmen, or the typical Yankee, and, like all these excellent people, thrive in their own way. They learn to enjoy the busy life of the street, and would not go into a shop or an office if they could. Newsboys are really a very prosperous and industrious class until they grow up and get ashamed of their business. Then, as big boys, with no trade or training, they find themselves left behind in the economic race by former drudges and office boys. There is now great temptation for them to become loafers, or hangers-on for odd jobs that will gratify present wants. Such boys often become the patrons of low saloons, and learn to do the dirty political work in our city wards. While some boys are lent a helping hand and are taught to save their money, learn a trade, or some honest business, too many drift into ways that are wholly bad and incorrigible.

Some good work has been done in Baltimore for the improvement of newsboys. Here and there individuals have been rescued from the streets and started upon a hopeful career. In the city of Washington a systematic effort has been made by the "Newsboys and Children's Aid Society" to get better opportunities for vagrant youth to work and live. Some are secured places in the city, and some are sent into the country or out West. One of the best features of the Washington Society is the sending of lads once a week, on Saturday morning, to Howard University, where lessons are given them in carpentering, shoemaking, tailoring, etc. Of course the boys are first captured by kindness and are then held up to higher impulses by praise, prizes, presents, etc. Twenty dollars a month are paid for the industrial training of about thirty boys. This Washington experiment owes much to substantial aid from good Quakers and to efficient direction lent by Professor William F. Mitchell, brother of Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College. The Children's Aid Society of Washington includes in its excellent work girls as well as boys, black as well as white.

II.

THE BOYS' HOME AND OTHER INSTITUTES.

One evening, after an interesting visit to the Newsboys' Club, the writer, under the knowing guidance of the "boss" of the newsboys, visited several juvenile haunts, and ended what might be called a tour of social "slumming" by a late call upon the Boys' Home. The boss newsboy had never been inside the building, but understood it was a respectable place. Although it was long past visiting hours, the clever little guide, aided by a policeman, ferreted out the rear entrance and led the way through a courtyard into the main building, where the two visitors were shown into an attractive reading-room or library. A group of intelligent-looking young men were there seated around a table holding what appeared to be a committee-meeting. Their talk was very sensible, and one could easily perceive that they had been under good educational influences. Presently the Superintendent of the Boys' Home, Captain Lynch, came in and kindly consented to explain to a university man the objects of his institution.

The Boys' Home, which was organized in 1866, receives not only poor and friendless lads, but such also as poor parents are willing to intrust to it for practical training. The boys were said to be variously employed in the daytime, in different parts of the city, as messengers, store boys, office boys, press boys, errand boys, cash boys, candy makers, cabinet makers, printers, molders, tinners, sheet iron workers, brass finishers, spoke makers, brush makers, sail makers, box makers, can makers, sign painters, nickel platers, machinists, stone cutters, bookkeepers, etc., earning from $1.75 to $12 a week. They pay for their board from $1.75 to $2.50 per week, according to their earnings. After returning from their day's labor they are required to remain indoors after supper and attend a night school for their better education.

Captain Lynch took his two visitors into the rooms where the classes had just broken up. Elsewhere the boys were seen preparing to go to bed. They appeared to be fine-looking boys, not altogether unlike the fellows in a good preparatory school. One could hardly believe that these intelligent, clean, well-disciplined young men had been rescued from the streets and from poverty or drink stricken households. And these young men were not only on their way to a good practical education, but they were actually self supporting young citizens, earning their board and lodging and keeping a bank account long before most college men think of any money except that which comes from home upon plausible demand. The Superintendent then showed his guests the dining-room, kitchen, pantry, etc., where the two visitors saw and examined exactly what kind of things the boys had to eat and drink. Everything appeared to be neat, wholesome, and good. The boss of the newsboys looked at everything with a critic's eye, and allowed that it was not at all bad. Both he and his university friend took in the entire institution that night between ten and eleven o'clock. For the first time in the consciousness of both visitors the idea dawned with perfect clearness that there is actually no reason why any boy in Baltimore should grow up in poverty or ignorance. However poor or friendless, any lad who is disposed to be honest and to make the most of natural ability can find here in the Boys' Home help and encouragement. If he is old and strong enough, he is put at once into a way of supporting himself as an honest wage earner, with the prospect of soon having money in the bank and a good trade, with a useful education. While more thoughtless boys are lounging upon street corners or wasting their time and money in low theaters or variety shows, these young men at the Boys' Home are becoming capitalists, morally and educationally, as well as in industrial and economic ways.

That evening's visit to the Boys' Home was a liberal education to the boss of the newsboys, and a post graduate course in sociology for the university man. The superintendent, who took in the character of his two visitors as quickly as they did the objects of his institution, said that the newsboys and bootblacks of Baltimore preferred their vagabond life on the streets because in that way they could earn more money and have greater freedom in their early years than they could in any regular employment. Not only do the boys prefer street life to home life or business training, but their short-sighted parents aid and abet them in their choice for selfish reasons. "You are on the street," said Captain Lynch to the boss newsboy, "Isn't what I say true?" And the boss said that the Captain was correct. The two visitors were invited to come again, the next time by the front door and in the daytime; but they were very well content with their informal reception, and went away with a better understanding of the juvenile situation in Baltimore.

Besides the Newsboys' Club and the Boys' Home there are various other clubs and institutes in Baltimore for the improvement of the juvenile class. They are not missionary undertakings in the conventional sense, but rather secular societies for educational, social, and humanizing work. While this is carried on chiefly by individual energy and social co-operation, it is materially aided by church patronage, and is pervaded by a Christian spirit. One of the earliest and most successful experiments was a night school for boys, conducted by several young men, with the aid of a good library, in a basement room of Grace Episcopal Church. Another educational and social experiment in the form of a juvenile club in East Baltimore was maintained for several years by a young man connected with the Unitarian church, aided by several ladies. This original idea has lately taken new and better shape in the Guild of the First Independent Christ's Church under the excellent leadership of the pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Weld, aided by teachers from the Bryn Mawr (preparatory) School and other intelligent ladies. The Guild occupies an entire house, 828 East Baltimore Street, in a neighborhood which greatly needs social reform. In fact, the combined energies of the city press, of the best citizens, of Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, have been lately brought to bear upon the city government for the suppression of the numerous "dives" or concert saloons in this quarter. The rescue and education of youth in this neighborhood is the work which the Guild has nobly undertaken. The house is open daily from 9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M., as a free kindergarten. On Saturdays at 2 P.M. the premises are used for a free sewing school, and on Tuesday evening, from 6:30 to 7:30, for a Girls' Club. Later on the same evening, and also on Friday evening from 7:30 to 9 o'clock, the Guild is open to boys. Deposits are received from the boys after the manner described in connection with the savings bank system of the Newsboys' Club. Membership of the Guild is certified upon a stiff card or tag, giving the name and number of the boy who is entitled to admission to the free reading-room at the appointed hour. Upon the reverse are printed four simple rules, requiring the boys to bring their card to the Guild, to come with clean face and hands, to behave like gentlemen, and not to stand around the door of the Guild. The latter rule would be a capital one to apply to the *jeunesse dorée* of Baltimore with reference to standing before the doors of city churches while the congregation is dispersing.

The present membership of the Guild is over two hundred. The average evening attendance is over seventy-five. The ground floor of the four-story building is used for a library and general reading-room. The upper rooms are devoted to drawing and private reading classes, conducted by ladies and gentlemen. The walls of the rooms are decorated with handsome pictures, and the interior effects are very attractive. There is a piano upon the second floor. With musical accompaniment, the chorus singing by the boys has improved wonderfully since the first week, when the exercises were horribly diversified by shrieks and "cat-calls." It has been found best to have the singing the last half-hour of the evening, when the greatest number of boys are present and after the readings have become tiresome.

The general result of the experiment is suggested by the following graphic report of progress by one of the lady teachers: "There is certainly an immense improvement in the order and appearance of the boys. Most of them acted like wild animals the first two or three evenings. The first night, one boy, who is now a model of decorum, snatched a game from my hands, without any preliminary remarks, and rushed across the room, followed by a troop of boys all trying to tear it from him. Every one in the room was shouting at the top of his voice, and it was impossible for me even to hear myself unless I shouted too. We could do very little with them until we distributed them through every available room in the house, and since then the improvement has been much more rapid." *Divide et impera* should be the first rule in the social reform of masses, whether of boys or men. "Bread and circuses" was another Roman principle, but it may be questioned whether mere amusements should be made prominent in modern sociological work. The success of the above Guild has turned upon its educational and moral purposes rather than upon games and picnics. The intelligent occupation of mind and hand, wood-carving and drawing, the reading of good stories, the sight of interesting pictures, the singing of spirited songs, are certainly attractive to bright boys. The sooner they can be taught to hear things worth hearing and to do things worth doing, the better and manlier they will become.

Another flourishing Boys' Club has been founded on the southeast corner of McCulloh and Preston Streets, by a few gentlemen connected with the Eutaw Place Baptist Church. The rooms, four in number, are open every evening in the week, except Wednesday and Sunday, from seven until ten o'clock. The most popular and distinctive feature of this club is a gymnasium, which the boys highly appreciate. There are also play-rooms, a reading-room, and a piano. No regular classes have as yet been instituted, but the forms of entertainment are for the most part rational and improving. Besides physical culture, which ought to be made more prominent in sociological work, there are twice a month musical and literary exercises, to which each boy member of the club is allowed to bring his mother. The club rooms are in the charge of committees, who have their appointed evenings. A few rules of good behavior are strictly enforced. *Order* is a fundamental condition of success in dealing with boys and all other natural anarchists.

Other hopeful experiments for the improvement of Baltimore boys are in progress in various parts of the city. Members of St. Paul's Guild, a secular organization in connection with the oldest parish church in Baltimore, have done good social work among the boys of Canton, a large manufacturing district on the outskirts of the city. Hope Institute is a recent foundation by gentlemen connected with the First Presbyterian Church. It has a library and reading-room near the Hillen railway station, in a densely populated part of the city, and attracts every evening about fifty boys, who behave themselves in the presence of a man who has charge of the premises. Like the Unitarian Guild, Hope Institute has also a kindergarten and a sewing school, and serves as a good basis for temperance meetings, religious exercises on Sunday, etc.

ENGLISH HOMES.

By C. Loring Brace.

IT has sometimes seemed to me, as an old traveler, that the two richest pleasures in nature were the glimpses of an American autumn and an English spring.

We reached the British shores late in May, but owing to cold Arctic winds, the season was backward, and we saw the bloom of that most delicious change—the ripening of an English spring. The first thing, of course, which strikes an American observer, and which is always fresh to him, no matter how often he has revisited England, is the atmosphere. He sees no hard, clear outlines or distinct horizon; all is soft and hazy; one object melts into another, the green hedge into the lighter green of the field, this into copses and shrubbery, and this again into masses of dark foliage far away, from which arises, as belonging to it, a cold gray, soft-shaded spire. The landscape is gentle, subdued, suffused, and changing incessantly with flickering light and shadow of passing fleecy clouds. All is in harmony; the red roof of a farmhouse, the brown thatch and dark green ivy of an old cottage, the gray and aged church with spire mounting above the old elms, the quiet "hall" seen through green lawns and ancient oaks, and the far-away glimpses of soft, dark copses and rich woodlands. Nature seems in its sweetest and calmest mood. The cawing of the rooks in the high trees and the upward cheering song of the lark only add to the repose. The cows lying down in the rich grass seem happier and more comfortable than any other cattle. You note with delight the new flowers, so long sung in English poetry—the primrose and small daisy and violet; you wonder at the bright pink of the may (the red hawthorn), the yellow, drooping clusters of the laburnum, and the gay pink of the horse-chestnut, and envy the English that they can produce such effects so easily in garden shrubbery. "Why should we not have these shrubs in American grounds?" you ask. You ask, too, what is it that makes the great difference between the two landscapes, and you feel it lies in the atmosphere and in the different greens of the two countries and the finish of cultivation; the English leafage being darker and the grass a lighter green than ours. And, if a patriotic American, you will note gladly that our tree forms are more graceful, especially those of our elms. But the finish and care bestowed on all cultivation are so great that a common English landscape seems like that of our parks or cultivated estates.

Twice in recovering health after overwork in this city have I had this delicious experience of delightful invigorating walks through an English country district in the full opening spring. It is a sensation never to be forgotten—a glimpse of beauty and peace and freshening life.

The pleasure was immensely increased by the hospitable homes which welcomed me. In beauty and ease and warm-hearted welcome there are few homes equal to the English. The machinery of life is well oiled; there is more leisure than with us, and the habits of hospitality are traditional and easy. The English houses are not equal to ours; they are more musty and less open to the sun and air, and have not so good arrangements; but the service is better, the life more easy and varied, and, above all, they are kept cooler, though supplied in almost every room with open fires. I am convinced our furnaces are chargeable with a considerable portion of the inferior health of our women as compared with the English women in the upper classes. The service in some respects is more sensible than ours. No waiting is permitted after the beginning of breakfast or lunch. Each person is expected to help himself, or the children of the family wait on the table. I have been at the house of a noble lord where fifteen servants filed into morning prayers, and yet at breakfast no servant was present, and his lordship had to bob up and down, and his daughters run about to get his strawberries, he having to catch a train to town like any commoner. It has seemed to me that the custom cultivates that best quality of an English home—the self-sacrificing habits of the children. In fact, you could hardly see how the poor dears got their breakfasts at all.

The lack of service at the informal meals is made up, however, by attention to the bedrooms and waiting at dinner. A singular accompaniment of the former is the custom of not using slop-pails, the maid being supposed to continually care for everything. The dinner is the grand meal, at seven or eight o'clock, and for that full dress and full waiting are demanded. But numbers of very nice English families fall here into sensible American habits: sometimes putting the dinner at two or three, and having "high tea," and making everything give way to excursions, sport, or outdoor amusements. The heavy drinking which was in vogue when I first visited England thirty years ago has entirely passed away. At many a dinner party now you will see the larger number of the guests not touch wine at all, or only drinking a glass of claret. The greatest anti-tippling custom of the higher class now, and the dearest habit to the true Englishman, is the five o'clock tea.

The greatest contrast which I saw between English and American social life is, not in hospitality, for I think our people in proportion to their means are the most hospitable in the world, but in a certain ease of movement and habit of enjoyment coming from many centuries of experience in social life. People on the whole have less to do, and even the busy live more for society than we do. Men engaged in the most active enterprises derive their greatest enjoyments from the contact of wit, intellect, and sympathy over the table; and the management of society has become an art. There is certainly in the English upper class a greater capacity for friendship than with us. Men are bound to one another by very close ties, and there is a great deal of social intercourse which has no private or public object in it except that of meeting and conversation. On the whole, American social life does not cultivate friendship among men, and therein it is far behind the English. The men of the upper classes in England, especially in the universities, are remarkable for very winning and pleasant manners, and the hackneyed phrase "sweetness and light" would well describe the impression which many Oxford and Cambridge men make upon one. The sons of the wealthy manufacturers and merchants seem often to imitate this manner, but without the masculine vigor which belongs to the sons of the aristocracy.

The homes of England seem to me full of an earnest religious feeling and the spirit of Christ. The essential of Christianity has been taught and handed down in these places—of the habit of self-sacrifice for others. And now through the universities has come a wave among the English homes of deep and true religion—of the solemn conviction that the young belong, not to themselves, but to the service of Christ among the unfortunate of their country.

I have been down among the slums of London, and seen in connection with the "Toynbee Hall" Mission and other charitable enterprises some of the best young men of Oxford and Cambridge working hard for the children of the lowest poor. They receive no compensation, pay their own board in rooms connected with the Mission, and give up their time during months and years to the interests of these poor and degraded people. They make many mistakes, no doubt; too much emphasis is laid on amusement as a reforming power, and sometimes too little on religion, but the motive is the highest; they desire to show the sympathy which should bind the different classes of society together, and to make it clear to the ignorant boys that being a Christian does not keep a young man from any innocent enjoyment. In the evening I visited a school and lodging-house for boys connected with the Toynbee Hall. We found five billiard tables in full blast, one animated boxing match, one athletic game, and the reading and class rooms very thinly attended, But the good feeling and order were very apparent throughout.

I remember visiting a Professor's family in Cambridge, where the lady had gathered ten or twelve homeless girls into her home, and used no other servants, training them as domestics and sending them out to places. This seemed to me the acme of Christian charity, which only those can appreciate who know the habits of this class of girls But this kind of spirit is spread far and wide now in English society, and especially in the High Church branch of the English Church.

TOM ——.

By Henry W. Cleveland.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

I VISITED The Magnolias not long since, and the sight of the old place revised—if I may so say—rather than revived my memories of dear Tom.

If I speak of him thus familiarly, as was our wont at the bar, it was because his kindly nature and lack of self-assertion gave us leave. For in the race toward the invisible goal of all life he passed us easily, and the few who ever ranged up to his side again knew that it was of his permission, not of right.

I was a good boy, who did not smoke my father's cigars on the sly, but was in my place in the Sunday-school when fishing was at its best, and did not question the most amazing propositions in theology. Tom began early to read outside of his Sunday-school lesson—we had no International—and to puzzle the worthy dry-goods man who taught him, or tried to, about the source of light before the fourth day, the family of Cain's wife, the geography of Nod, the arithmetic of the dogma three times one are one, and much more. His pastor read more Hebrew on his account than his whole seminary course had required; and when he arose sophomore at college, and was asked for the first definition in Blair, he, never having looked at the lesson, began one of the finest descriptions of the sensations of the palate upon the excitement, pleasurably or otherwise, of that one of the senses, that I ever heard. The bewildered professor feebly recited the text, "The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art," and received the astounding assurance from Tom—"That is where Mr. Blair and myself differ." I remember that once, in metaphor, there was a battle when it came to the words of King Henry V., Act IV., Scene III., when summoned by the Constable of France, and he includes in his reply the lines:

> "And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
> Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
> They shall be fam'd, for there the sun shall greet them,
> And draw their honors reeking up to heaven."

The great rhetorical authority was defied and scouted by Tom, who almost held to the inscription on Mr. R. Ingersoll's copy of Shakespeare, "This is an inspired book." Blair's charge of "indelicacy" and "gross transgression" of good taste was met by such a sketch of the manners and times of the royal speaker, the latitude and therefore naturalness of the language, and such a fortification of it by parallelisms from Chaucer, Bacon, the King James Bible, as amazed us all and gave even our teacher in belles lettres, the venerable Samuel R. Talmage, some information.

As valedictorian of our class, I realized what greatness in intellectual lines might do when Tom took as his theme "Cotton," and out of dry and essentially commercial material wove up the only talk of such an occasion to which I ever listened with interest. As he pictured the "home of the calico dress," there arose a domestic vision of peaceful love that made old graybeards turn blind with happy tears. Yet in it all I felt that there was a sort of scorn of his theme and of us, with whose sensibilities he consciously played. A beautiful girl with her lids still wet, said as he came from the platform, "How dared you treat us like that, and how *could* you?"

Dr. Rice, the great Presbyterian revivalist and debatant of Alexander Campbell fame, had come to lead a protracted meeting, and Tom, whose father was then Governor, was regularly in his family pew, attracted by genuine piety and unquestioned eloquence. The services of the occasion waxed in interest, and the great revival of 1853, under which Thomas R. R Cobb, the father of the Southern free school system, Secretary Cobb of the Cabinet (later), and scores of others who have since made history, joined or became more active in the various churches—this swept like a tide over the South from that beginning. Even Tom, who could always cause others to weep and remain dry-eyed himself, was moved. Under a call to come and publicly profess Christ, in which reason was mastered by logic and the feelings by tender persuasion, he arose from his seat to leave the house.

A venerable man, a Judge of the State Supreme Court, and his father's friend, took his hand near the door and said, "Tom, don't go out."

"I must," said Tom, whose emotion was manifest.

"Why?" said the old gentleman, retaining his hand.

The younger replied, in a voice only steady under strong restraint, "If I stay I shall join the church."

"And why not do that, Tom?" was asked, in a voice too full of real, loving solicitude to meet with any rude rebuff.

Tom raised his head, drew his hand over his eyes, and answered, "It was before you that I was recently admitted to the bar."

"Yes, yes, Tom. I said then how glad I was to welcome you. Your maiden speech before us in your first case was one I should have been proud to make."

"Thank you, sir. I see my future, and I propose to be honest. I am going to the Legislature, and from there to Congress, and as high as I can go. My father was defeated for the Vice Presidency. I aim at the top. Do not interrupt me. You would say that you and father are church members. By that fact you are much limited in your associations. Neither of you will enter a barroom, or drink with a common man on the true democratic level, for that is very near the bottom. Christians are good people, but there are not enough of them, and social standing and culture leads them to leave the arena of politics largely alone. I intend to meet the people on all planes, and use them as stepping-stones. I cannot be all I wish and be hampered by principles which, however they command my respect, I cannot honestly profess, knowing that it is my intention to violate them."

"Tom," said the old Judge, "this is terrible! God forbid that it should be true, and God help our country if it is true!"

"It is true," said Tom. "Good-night."

"Tom, for Christ's sake, don't go!"

Tom wrung his hand and went out.

I wish to say here that, although for all the time the family had been in America—since 1617, I think—liquors had been a part of the hospitable entertainment it had always displayed, and I doubt if ever the sideboard had lacked its various decanters, there was not, even in the much older traditions of the line in England, any account of a hard drinker.

Every ancestor had used wines and brandies, and those of the best. Every bride that had come into or gone out of the family had blushingly responded to the toast in her honor by drinking fairly, and in no mere sip, from her glass the rare Madeira, worth its weight in gold. Tom took his glass at his father's table as he did coffee and tea, and was none the worse, so far as I could see.

I remember that once the Governor dined the Synod of the State at the Mansion, and the iced champagne was so new to many of the rural clergy that they drank it freely, like a very pleasant sweet cider. The cost of the Mumm's Imperial was a small matter to the entertainer, and really the quantity did not affect him nor those used to the sparkling beverage. I was there as the beau of Tom's sister, and I never heard predestination and election talked of so fast before. No one was incapacitated from going home, but the preternatural solemnity of some of those faces, as they steered down the avenue in a haze, and the wit of others, lingers with me yet. I then first heard delivered the sermon on the text, "Jacob had twelve sons," and, with insistence, "every one of them was a boy.' There, too, the story, now so trite, on royalty: "Now Jezebel was a queen. And what is a queen? It is a woman. And Jezebel was a woman, for she painted her face; and when she looked out of the window they threw her down, and they took up of her fragments twelve baskets full" The narrator was the greatest divine in the Assembly of that time.

Thus Tom began life, and, little inclined by genius and indolence for the labors of a profession, he was at twenty-three in the Legislature, and at twenty-five in the State Senate.

Here it was that he won his wife, the same peerless semi-blonde who had reproached him for making her cry about cotton. He had asked her hand, and her father, the owner of a great cotton mill, had objected that the lover had a reputation at cards almost as great as he had in the forum.

At the session I speak of, a young man had been convicted of murder by the proper court. It was in evidence that he had been one of the most amiable of men, until, on a Sabbath drive, his buggy had been overturned in the runaway of a spirited horse, and he had received a cut on the head from the hoof Since then he had been the same when sober, but under the slightest alcoholic stimulation homicidal mania was developed. He had killed one man, and been cleared, as it was a "fair fight." In the next case he had shot down a young friend for no offense but the inadvertent taking of his usual seat at the table. The jury had not hesitated in deciding that he was best out of the way of such excitements and results. The case had come to the Legislature, on the testimony of more than a dozen medical experts that there was insanity unquestionably at the time of the deed, although, free from liquor, he was sane.

The Legislature passed the pardon bill, and it was promptly vetoed by the Governor, on the ground that if one deliberately took that which he knew would unsettle his reason, he was liable for all the consequences, as if they too had been the deliberate acts of a sane person.

The whole State was excited, for it was a question if the requisite two-thirds in both branches could be had to pass the bill over the veto of a most able and popular Executive.

The House was tolerably safe, but with the dignified Senators there was next to no hope.

Tom —— alone could sway them from their convictions, and he undertook that hardest of all tasks, to convince men that opinions they had openly expressed should be abandoned with all of the deliberation of a vote, and its responsibility to constituents who had not been moved upon by eloquent appeals. The mother of the murdered man had even been persuaded by the murderer's mother not to insist on two lives where one could not be recalled, and had signed a petition that was three thousand strong, and all of good people. The time came, and a great jurist spoke for the veto, and the House adjourned to hear the Senators. Tom got up, and I alone, with the Doorkeeper, knew that, in the ice and water of the small pitcher that stood with a glass on his desk, one-half the fluid was Scotch whisky. Few who heard that speech will ever forget it. The wide gallery was crowded with women, and their sobs sometimes compelled the speaker to pause.

In a discussion of the aphorism, "The worst use you can make of a man is to kill him," he gave a description of the untimely death of a young person, unweakened by disease, called upon to leave the world for an act of which he had no distinct memory—a portrayal realistic beyond all description. There was never any report of the speech. I had sent my best stenographer—myself being editor of the chief daily paper in the section—and when I saw him with stylus suspended over his "manifold," and handkerchief pressed to his eyes in a convulsion of excitement, I did not blame him, for my eyes were streaming too. The picture of a young [illegible] son, too excited and crazed by mingled hope and fear and suspense to truly repent, and who was compelled to face the Judgment unprepared, was awful; and from that hour many legislators became opponents of all capital punishment. Lastly he took in his hands the roll of the petition and the certificates under oath of the medical experts. The women literally choked back their sobs to hear, and from the gray-haired President of the Senate to the Governor's wife there was not a dry eye anywhere.

Said the speaker: "I ask you be calm and listen. You have heard the physicians, with their deep knowledge of the wonders of the body and of the brain, say, without one to dissent, that, in their opinion, this youth when he did the act knew not what he did.

"You have heard the prayer of more than three thousand persons, many of them of our most venerated clergy, and all of them with homes to guard and sons to save—for we asked only heads of households to sign; and you have heard these mothers, with sons to protect from the violent and the criminal; and it is a great voice that declares they believe he was unconscious of what he did, and that prays you to remit him to the men who medicine the mind diseased, and not to the awful rope.

"You have seen the mother of the slain man enter this hall with the mother of him who slew her son, and she tells you in this writing, stained with the tears of both, that before God she believes this living man knew not what he did. Yea, from yon blue summer sky I have a vision of one who leans from the city of the blessed of God, and I think I hear the voice of him who fell that day call down to us from the home of stars—'Spare him! I know that he knew not what he did when he took my life. Forgive, ye legislators who are clothed with the awful prerogative of pardon—forgive as I have been forgiven—forgive as ye would be forgiven!' But" —and in the pause he made the silence grow to be an agony—"but, if ye will not forgive—if ye insist, with the Governor, that this insane man shall meet a felon's doom, there is one more thing for you to do."

He slowly turned, with hand pointing, until we could all see the shining vanes of the great State Lunatic Asylum, two miles away—"There is one more thing for you to do. March in a body from this hall out to that great shelter reared by your generosity for the safe care and possible cure of minds diseased. As you raised it by your votes and means, so pull it down with your own hands. Mind not if your children's children shall be involved in its fall. Leave not one stone or brick upon another. Erect the gallows where it stood, and write on the cross beam—'This is the Lunatic Asylum of the Commonwealth.' There let this first young victim die; and as ye have judged, so live, as best ye can, to meet the pitiful Christ when he shall judge you and me in that greater Day."

He sat down. No one moved. The deadly foe of the family crossed the hall, as the first who did, and held out his hand to the speaker with only the words, "God so have mercy on us all!"

The President said, "Call the roll, Mr. Secretary." But few voted no, and some were silent. The bill passed, and the young man was sent to that asylum, to die there, an old man, in 1881.

A page brought Tom a note, pencilled by the little golden thing the ladies then wore as a watch charm, on the gallery admission card: "Papa says yes."

He had won his wife.

He took no fee, but that night, with her kisses fresh on his lips, he went to a gambling place which he as a legislator had made a law to forbid, and stayed until morning.

I heard more, later. Before he had called upon her, he had gone in a manly way to her father, and, in thanking him, said: "I have refused to make any promise on compulsion, and am sure I could never be driven to do what I know to be right. But your kindness had power where love had failed, and I was touched by this little message in your name. I now voluntarily give up the gaming which began as a college and social amusement, and has grown into a passion."

Only a few knew of that night at the tables, and the family not for long after. He told me of it, saying: "I am a riddle that you may help to solve, if you will take the pains. I would call any man out and fight him to the death if my word was questioned. I know that I prefer honor to life. I had no expectation to break my word, nor fear of it. I went to the place to prove to myself and all others that the game had no more attraction for me. I sat at the table to prove that I could, and not play, and I played just once to prove that the excitement of the actual gain or loss could not draw me to continue. I won—and the thought came to recover my losses, which had vexed father and cost him the sale of part of his railway stock. I won ten thousand dollars, or double my total losses, and the bank declared itself broken. I see that it had means for the next night. I bought double the stock father had sold, and a diamond engagement ring. But—I have told a lie, and did not feel sorry when doing it, and do not now. Is there anything the matter with my head that the moral faculty seems to be asleep?"

I did not know what to say, but heard him make one of the most crushing retorts to a plea of an agent of the place to be "fair," and give them "their revenge," that I ever heard spoken to man. The picture he drew of their fairness when it was the victim and the ruined spendthrift who plead for it, and of the sort of revenge hell might offer to an angel only partly fallen, made me believe that he was saved. What a strange word that is—saved! We use it for provision, and salt or brine or smoke meat to save from decay. We use it when the merchant has mistaken his debtors and his ability, and a little of the all may be saved. We use it of the mariner who is in the storm, and when from the lost ship some are saved. The miser uses it of his hoard, and when, beyond the bare needs of life, all else is saved. We use it when the penitent kneels at the altar, and, with hot tears and contrition and sense of an undeserved pardon at last, the man or the woman or child feels an influence of another spirit—not ourselves—and we say of the now happy one—saved! The radical and entire change we look for sometimes is; but, like the provision, the savings of a bankrupt, the rescued from the sea, the coin of the miser, there are other risks, and the end does not always come with the same five letters, but oftener with four—lost.

The persons in the social grade of Tom —— do not wear their lives so largely on the outside as do Jack of the forecastle, Sam of the anvil, or Will of the plow; and I, an intimate of both households, knew very little of Tom —— and his *fiancée*, Lucy ——.

One evening, however, at a party where wine and cards and dancing seemed to imply the incapacity of cultured men and women to entertain each other by even conversation and music, Tom had refused to play, as he always did now as a social pastime, but said to Lucy ——, as she rested, flushed and lovely from the round dance, "Now, if you are satisfied with having the arm of that ape about your waist, you had better go home! You are as red as a whipped baby!"

The engagement was broken, and the impending duels with her brother and with the "ape" made a winter's talk. Shots were exchanged by the two not likely to be of kin, and the flesh wound of Tom brought Lucy around with messages and jelly under roses, and an offer never to dance with any one again if he disliked it.

Rings were re exchanged, and Tom said to me:

"I did not dislike Dick ——, and he really is a fine fellow. He shoots well, too, by George! I am not opposed to Lucy's dancing with him, nor with any one —why should I be? I like to see her do it, for it exhibits my treasure at a distance that shows how fine it is. I just had a dull feeling that meant mischief, and, like that poor calf I got into the Asylum, I must needs attack the one I loved best."

He smoked awhile and continued:

"When I made that speech, the reflex action was immense. I was more impressed than any one who heard me. To save life, and that life not unlike what my own is at times; to even save a soul—that was what I had never hoped to do since I refused my mother's plea to enter the ministry.

"You never suspected that—no?—Well, even father does not, so you need not feel badly for your lack of discernment. I plead for that life and that soul as I could not for my own. When the veto was overcome, I was happy, and felt redeemed."

"How long did it last?' I asked.

He answered: "Until I had won the first fifty dollars that night, and knew that I was perjured before my own conscience, and unable to do otherwise."

I said: "But you could do otherwise."

He looked puzzled.

"Could I? Maybe you are right. I will not say then that I do the best I can. That seems untrue. I only do the best that I *do*. Do you see? The doer and I are one—the *Ego*. How do you think this doer can be so separated from the I, that knows better, as to subject the doer to the abstract I, and get obedience? St. Paul, in the seventh of Romans, seems to understand the case which I find words unequal to: 'that myself that has a contempt and a dislike to myself, and yet is more a part of it than ever Hercules was of his poisoned robe.'"

I said: "St. Paul seemed to find a cure in the eighth of Romans."

He answered: "I have read it, and do not see it. He rather gushes and is free of words, but the mountain in labor does not even bring forth a mouse that can cut his bonds or mine. Conscience—that is a stronger word than I should have used. I am not conscious of a wrong; I am dissatisfied that I and my ideal man are never the same.—Lend me fifty dollars. I lost all I made on my great land case, at the Blue Pillars last night."

I walked out without any reply to him, too hurt to speak, or argue, or lend.

The Home.

AN ENGLISH HOUSE-PARTY.

By Gwendolin Lloyd

FROM the moors of Scotland to the lanes of Devon the English people are scattered up and down the land in their comfortable country houses. When we busy Americans are flocking back to our big cities, London still keeps its closed houses and half-filled Park. Multitudes, of course, have had their few weeks at the seaside, and are snugly ensconced in their city homes again; but fashionable people, and a quieter set with means and leisure, also professional men who have worked through the summer, are hunting, shooting, driving, and walking in country fields and roads.

The London "season," coming as it does in the spring and early summer, brings the people back to town at an enticing time in country life, but if one is to have thorough enjoyment in London, the spring is the best time to look for it. No American, unless practically coming in contact with it, can understand the gloom and depression of a winter here. Thus it is very natural that those who have no ties in London seek through the autumn and winter to fill their fine old country houses with guests, and make life there as full of outdoor exercise and indoor enjoyment as seems to be only possible in an English country life. Such gatherings of guests are known as "house parties," and, as they occur in the shooting and hunting season, gain much of their pleasure from the excitement and interest of these sports.

Many Americans, through English courtesy, have realized the genuine hospitality that one meets in these parties, and last October I gladly accepted a cordial invitation for a fortnight in Wiltshire. This defining the length of the visits here is a most convenient thing to a guest, and, where people entertain much, is almost a necessity.

My railway journey was about three hours in length, and a well mannered groom was looking out for me on the platform of the station as I arrived. Between his attentions and those of the polite porter no thought of my luggage was necessary. By the way, it is wonderful how soon one adapts one's self to the full, ever-ready domestic service of an English family. These thoroughly trained servants, who appear to consider it a favor to themselves to be allowed to be of use to you are comfortable accessories to a stay in a household. Of course there is always for them the assured fee in prospect, but one never gives it grudgingly, for it is part of human nature to like this "special treatment," and the personal, assiduous service of an English servant has a most pleasant impression on one's mind.

After a dusty journey on the train, a five mile drive through fresh country roads was only a refreshment, and I arrived in a comfortable frame of mind at the old manor house, just in time for the pleasant five o'clock tea. For a new-comer it is the happiest moment to appear. The twilight has, perhaps, not faded, or a few shaded lamps are lighted. People are about the room, but every one is in a lazy, uncritical mood, and one rests fully satisfied that no disarrangement of toilet will be noticed. Before the first cup of tea is finished reserve has vanished and a pleasant understanding is established.

After loitering in the drawing-room, I went up rather early to dress for the half-past seven dinner. The bright fire in the room, with an easy chair by the side of it, gave me some restful moments before beginning the rather elaborate task of dressing. I then found why the key of my trunk had been solicited some time previous. My gowns were nicely shaken out and hanging in the wardrobe, my toilet articles arranged upon the table, and everything else placed in most convenient order. Soon after the dressing gong had sounded, a deft-handed maid appeared with hot water and offers of assistance. My experience had taught me to don one of my prettiest low-cut bodices and a skirt of "slow length" for such an evening dinner. This meal is the *ère de résistance* of the day, and is gone through in a leisurely, formal manner, with much conversation, and such seasoning of wit and humor as the ability of the company can produce. It really requires a little management to keep up an animated conversation at such an affair. I always keep for a flat interval the announcement that I am an American, which fact probably my neighbor has fully realized from the first. However, it serves the purpose of getting up a little apparent interest in the gentleman's countenance. It is also very amusing when, as the highest form of compliment, he rises to the occasion by perjuring himself with the affirmation, "Indeed! I never would have imagined it!"

There are some crude ideas remaining in the English mind of the people on the other side of the Atlantic, but it is surprising how often one meets Englishmen who have spent some time in the United States, either in our cities or in ranch life in the West. Thus we have grown to know each other better, and, though still to an Englishman no greater compliment can be imagined than for us to be taken for one of themselves, there is a great deal of sincere admiration among them for the vivacity and cleverness of their American guests. There may be some innocent criticism behind the scenes of our peculiarities of voice and accent, but whatever gifts of speech or manner grace us as a people have found ready appreciation in our friendly entertainers.

Our dinner the night of my arrival at Erchfont Manor was not a dull one, several enlivening episodes happening near me. I heard an American girl amusing herself by informing her neighbor, a mild, inoffensive young man, that she thought it a very queer fashion they have over here of announcing in church how many times a man had proposed to a girl. The idea of reading out this is the first or second or third time of asking, as it happens! She thought it was too bad.

One elderly lady's face kept growing redder and redder, and as she was drinking no wine, I began to suspect the cause was politics. This it proved to be, as the dear lady confided in me afterward. For an English dinner this is the most dangerous of subjects. We Americans at home wake up during a Presidential election to a certain amount of fervor, but here intense partisanship is something met with every day. The contest for party victory is always going on. A seat in Parliament becomes vacant by the death of a member, and this local election attracts the interest of every one. A rather amusing thing is the spirit and energy with which the English woman joins the combat. There is no feigned interest, but it is all a most vital matter to her; and for inveterate, invincible partisanship commend me to the old-fashioned Tory woman. It was one of this sort whose complexion suffered in the way I have mentioned. On one side of her at the table was seated a Scotch member of Radical views, on the other a curious American of sympathetic sentiments; and it was owing to the latter's opening the subject that sundry political persons and their doings were more discussed than is usual in general society. My friend told me she listened as calmly as possible to some very eulogistic remarks on a certain leader of the House of Commons for whom her feelings were not of the pleasantest, and by great self-control remained quiet till the American by her side turned to her, saying in a matter-of-course, bland sort of way, "And are you, too, an admirer of Mr. ——?" Then, looking him in the face, she ejaculated to her nonplused interrogator, "I *hate* him; he is a madman doing his best to ruin our country!" Thus, of course, the subject ended, but her feelings still go on.

Fortunately for those concerned in this episode, the ladies soon after left for the drawing room, and when, a short time afterward, the gentlemen joined us, peace was restored. I am glad to add that it is "out of style" for the men to linger over their wine in the dining-room; indeed, the general wine-drinking is very moderate. A lady is supposed to take but one sort, and mostly only one glass of that.

With the gentlemen's arrival came music, and among a large party of them rarely fails to be found some one to whom it is worth while listening. Afterward came the billiard-room for some, and for others games in the picture hall. In either of these places, if no lady objects, smoking is allowable.

Before separating for our different rooms, hand-shaking and "good-night" wishes were exchanged. I like the cordial manner the English have of using their hands. It is a definite, agreeable way of making one's exit from a room. When we merely nod or bow, and don't quite know where to finish, their good-by or good-night is naturally accompanied by a friendly grasp of the hand, and that is the end.

A good night's rest made awakening easy, when, about eight the next morning, a maid came in to draw back the curtains, put the bath in readiness, and bring to my bedside a few letters which had come for me by the morning post. Then, asking if I would like a glass of milk or a cup of tea before getting up, she left me with the information that breakfast would be at nine. This gave a comfortable time for my letter-reading and all the incidentals of an unhurried toilet. Part of the attractiveness of country life in England is the regularity with which the mails are delivered. No matter how far from the station the house is situated, every night and morning brings the ubiquitous postman, with his welcome load.

Soon after the nine o'clock gong had sounded, people began to appear one after the other in the dining-room. One hears of the plain English breakfast, but the reality is a very hearty, generous meal; it is the most informal one of the day, and guests and entertainers make themselves equally at home. Du Maurier, in last October's "Harper," gives a vivid drawing of just such a gathering. The gentlemen walked about, helping any one they could, as no servants were in the room. Most of them were in shooting rig, and which of the ladies would join them at luncheon and follow them in the afternoon was left an open question. When the time came I found myself among the number, not without some inward compunctions, however, for if there is anything of which I am shy it is a gun. We drove, with the luncheon, to a pretty eminence about a mile and a half from the house, then, with the help of the groom, opened and arranged the contents of the baskets. The shooters had not made their appearance, but we soon saw them coming toward us in a line stretching across the field; the "besters" and gamekeepers with them. Now and again we could hear the guns and see the smoke, as one or another took aim at a passing bird. The men were supposed to see and know we were there, but if one has not been used to such an advance, I defy them to view it calmly. A certain lady of the party could not, and a hasty descent on the other side of the hill, through brakes and brambles, was the only relief for her, till she was brought to the top again by the amused and then disarmed host. On being asked if she did not fear falling into the range of another set of sportsmen, she responded promptly that indeed she was, for she knew the country was overrun with them. This frank admission highly entertained them all, though they said it was rather hard to be viewed as a pest ravaging the country.

After the pleasant, chatty luncheon was over, the ladies were expected to join the shooting party; that is, walk in the rear and admire the good shots. This form of exercise is certainly a protracted one, but I was far from seeing any pleasure in it. If we of the weaker sex could hold an unloaded gun, carry the cartridges, or even pick up the feathers, some small amount of enthusiasm might be aroused, perhaps in such an uncultivated creature as myself. But just calmly trudging on, over all sorts of rough fields, with the one idea uppermost that a stray shot may find its lodgment in one's self instead of the intended grouse or pheasant, isn't at all comfortable. At last my politeness, of which I had been drawing on a reserved stock, would help me no further, and I was obliged to ask to be left behind, but as this could not be permitted, I am afraid I spoiled part of the afternoon for some of the other lady accompanists. However, between resting at a quaint old-fashioned farmhouse and admiring the country as we walked, we were not long returned before the sportsmen's arrival. Then followed a pleasant desultory hour with tea; some straying about afterward; mild flirtations in the twilight among some of the younger people; a game of romps with the children for their lovers; and, for the horticulturally inclined, the arrangement of some *boutonnières* for the gentlemen, or "men," as they are always called. After this a general dispersion. It is wonderful what a transformation is accomplished in that short half hour before dinner. It is a becoming one to the ladies, and the change is quite as effective among the men, for the more "swagger" the sportsman, the greater his delight in ugly plaids and general unbecomingness. But all this individuality is lost with the dinner attire, and we find an unvarying array of fine linen and broadcloth, which, however, is not a bad set off to the brown and red of a country gentleman's companion.

Thus the days went on, varied by sundry pleasant changes, till my happy fortnight came to an end, and the first fog of the season found me in London, sophisticated enough to have the curtains drawn early, the lamps lighted, and the fire well stoked down for a cozy talk over my late gayeties.

CYNTHIA BROWN AT THE COMMENCEMENT.

GLAD to git home! Of course I'm glad to git home, and that ain't sayin' I didn't have a good time, either. But when a body has lived nigh onto forty years in the same house, and slept in the same bed, I'm thinkin' 'twould be heaven only that would keep them contented. I know I told John 'most every night that the sightseein' was powerful interestin', but when the night came, and the candles was lit—for they've gone back to candles in the city, Marl'—I longed for the croak of the frogs in the swamp, and the cry of the whip-poor-will. There ain't no man what can beat nature yet in makin' music. The rustle of the leaves last night, the ripple of the brook down behind the barn, and the comfortable moo of Jersey was sweeter music to my homely ears than any I heard in their big opera-house or grand church; and ye didn't have to count every note as costin' so many dollars and cents, which I must say spoilt the music for me. It's like their flowers, Marl'. They're finer than the May roses down in the holler behind Deacon Hopewell's barn—brighter, and maybe smell better; but when ye know every petal, every smell, cost money, then ye lose the help of both, and the flower don't take ye up to the very heart of the Father above, but down into the man's pocketbook that bought 'em, and the pocketbook of the one who sold 'em. They're of the earth, Marl'. Of course I know that sunshine and air and water made 'em what they are, but, law! they was all directed by man as to how they should strike 'em; they weren't the free-will offer in's of heaven, the flowers takin' what they needed to

give beauty and fragrance. Well, there ain't no use arguefyin'; ye didn't come over fer that in the hot sun.

When Mis' Lane asked me to come and bring John fer a little rest, before summer boarders and work come on, I thought at first I could not do it. It seemed such a foolish thing to leave home right when work would be a-pilin' up, and a-gittin' all tired out. When I writ that to Mis' Lane she just said 'twere better to come before I was all tired out with hard work, and that John and me would be more ready for the summer if we would visit before it began. You know what a persuadin' creature she is, and so I give in, as I always do with her, and 'most before I knowed it there was John and I in the cars a tearin' to the city, and John actin' like a boy out of school. Law! when I think of the way that man has worked early and late, and the disappointments, I don't wonder he was overjoyed at the thought of gittin' away from home, and I was powerful glad he felt life enough in 'im to be glad of a change. When we got to the depot there was Mr. and Mis' Lane, their own smilin' selves, a-waitin'. Though it warn't but a step to their house, we went in a kerriage that was like a-sittin' plump in the middle of feather cushions. John was that startled when he sat back that he said 'Oh!' but I give him a nudge, and up in our own room that night he said he thought he'd sat in a soft seat, but that took his breath away, 'twas so soft, and he was thankful for the experience, for it prepared him for the cheer in the house. "Law, Cynthia," says he, "what it would be to have a cheer like this in the corner of the kitchen stoop when one comes in from mowin'!" "Beautiful!" says I: "the light blue plush would look so fine at the end of the week." "Just like a woman," says he, "a-thinkin' of the looks more 'an the feelin'!" We'd come to have a good time, and an' I warn't goin' to notice no sich remarks, an' gittin' all riled up.

I could no more tell you all we went to, nor all we sar, than I could fly, and besides I wouldn't know where to begin. 'Twas like a journey on the express; you jest catch glimpses of the country, and it's only the highest mountains that ye see long enough to remember how they looked.

I hearn of college commencements and school commencements ever since I was knee high to a toad, and I've been mightily interested in tryin' to imagine what they was like, and why the endin' was called the commencement; so when Mis' Lane said, "Wouldn't you like to go to the commencement exercises of one of our big schools?" I was mighty ready to say "yes," and John was just as tickled. It was a hot night, but I didn't mind that. People don't generally, 'cept it's to go to church. We got to the house, a private one, just like many others on the block, and found the people pourin' in. We took seats in a room, and then I began to look around. You know, Mari', how we read and read of the awful extravagance of the young girls at this time; how they thought of nothin' but clothes for weeks beforehand, and of all the jealousies and bickerings. But there wa'n't none of it in sight. Everybody was well dressed, but I didn't feel noways uncomfortable in my black silk and straw bonnet. There was a flutterin' and a twitterin' like the swallows in the chimney, but shortly it all settled into quiet. Now, thinks I, we'll see the awful extravagance that is helping to ruin the country. Just as I was a-lookin' toward the platform with all my eyes, the sweetest-lookin' young thing, with such a womanly, dignified way, came in, wearin' a white dress without any fixin'—just such a one as any of our own girls might wear to church. Her hair was combed back from her face, and it just did you good to look at her, she was so sound and wholesome lookin', like a peach that had ripened in the sun. She went over to a gentleman sittin' close to the front, and the look of pride he give her and the look of love she give him made me know 'twas father and daughter. She put her hand on his shoulder in such a lovin' way, they showed they was such friends, that the tears came into my eyes when I thought what we hed missed. I couldn't help but hear him say, "Whose flowers is them?" pointin' to a big bunch of pink roses she carried in her hand. She bent and whispered in his ear. "I don't want you to wear any flowers but mine," he said, a-pointin' to the bunch in her belt—a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley and a big pink rose. Law, Mari', what I would give to remember father as givin' me one flower! He was a good man, Mari', and worked hard to bring us up, and did what he thought he ought to do in educatin' us; but, Mari', when I see that girl and her father, when I saw he remembered to buy her flowers, and cared whether she wore 'em, God help me! I hope I wasn't envious, but I wished—oh, how I wished!—to be that girl, and know that expression of love, to carry to my grave the memory of a flower given by my father. Oh, Mari'! if fathers and mothers would only remember that life is more than meat, and body than raiment! We live in a wonderful age, when this gospel of love is preached to man. That's what made the difference between our fathers and the fathers of to-day; ours knew only the gospel of justice, and they lived by it, but the fathers to-day live by the gospel of love.

Well, Mari', I learnt lots. That one young girl was the only graduate. This school was, so the head lady told us, to teach many things, not taught in all schools. They educated the body, the mind, and the soul. She said some things that startled me, and I ain't got over 'em. That parents were so busy over other things that they couldn't be careful in selectin' a school and knowin' what was taught.

My heart kinder went down when I heard that; but when I remembered the girl with the flowers, I made up my mind there was a little leaven, and the whole lump would soon be raised. She said the girls were in a hurry to be through, and weren't willin' to spend all the time in study they should, and that fashion prevented the schools doin' what they should. But when I heard that there was a society for Christian education, and that this school was founded to make bodies strong as well as minds, and when I saw them scholars, all simple in their clothes and manners, and when I saw the fathers and mothers and children together, and the friendship that there was between them, I leaned back contented, and said the leaven has begun to raise the whole lump.

Goin'? Why, I ain't told ye nothin'! Well, goodby. The rest 'ill keep till to morrer.

THE LEISURE OF OVERWORKED HOUSE-MOTHERS.

By Mrs. C. F. Wilder.

THE great complaint of the day is overwork, and the scapegoat which carries off the blunders, ignorance, and laziness of the world is—no time!

With women this lamentation of "overwork" is often made the excuse for not doing those things in which they have no interest. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the busiest women have the most leisure.

The social, intellectual, and religious work which is being done in the world by women, instead of being done by the women where the cares are few and the means abundant, is done by the mothers in large households, and where there is never quite money enough to go "clear round."

This "overwork," as we phrase it, has its drawbacks; but let the burdened be thankful that it also has its compensations.

Who can really do his best under the conditions of a quiet life with everything to be had for the asking? A man will swim faster and longer for his life than he will for pleasure. Even a dog will run further to chase a rabbit than he would to pass away the time. Under pressure, mind and body work with more rapidity, to better purpose, and the results are more satisfactory, than when time is of no moment.

Of that large class of women who lament over the fact of their having no leisure, I shall dare to assume that those are the ones who have no definite plan in life, or those who lack persistence.

We have often heard how to simplify housekeeping, but of what use is it to make the duties of the household light if there is no definite aim and purpose in so doing? If a woman does not know how to profitably employ the leisure she might gain by simplifying her manual labor, it is just as well for her to go on taking the needless steps about the house, concocting innumerable loads of dyspepsia at the kitchen table, or dusting vases and statues in her art parlor.

Among these women are many who *think* they are anxious for leisure; leisure in which they dream of doing great and grand deeds and becoming great and grand women. But it is only a *wish* for this; they *want*, they *do*, other things. There is a great difference between *wishing* and *doing*. *Volo*—is willing; wishes; desires; has a mind; intends. *Facio*—prepares; produces; creates; brings to pass. Where one simply *wishes* for the leisure, and firmly believes in the creed that "housekeeping is a saving ordinance," the house is spotless from attic to basement; but the wished-for leisure never is found. Or, one looks forward to the time when leisure will certainly come, but just now the highest aim in life is to perfect the jellies and fruit preserves, make "angel's food" which an earthly epicurean would not refuse, and, like one of Dickens's characters, devote all the spare moments to the gravies. These women go through life with the *want* and the *wish*—one part of the nature satisfied and one starved. The time is at last all spent, and this model housekeeper, this excellent cook, comes to the close of life, and stands before the Judge of all the earth. Upon what has she to look back? Where is the labor of her hands?

Children arrayed in elaborate and spotless garments. A house free from dust and finger-marks. Viands upon which it was a delight to feast.

Is *this* all of life?

It may be one looks to what she calls higher duties than these, and the æsthetic part of her nature is cultivated, to the loss, perhaps, of the physical, intellectual, and moral. It is this woman's creed—as Carlyle expressed it, when he entered a church with elaborate altar-cloth, soft pew-cushions, carved reading-desk, and stained glass windows—"By art are ye saved." Her days are spent in rearranging the chairs, rugs, carpets, and light to bring out new harmonies; in endeavoring by constant change to make a more graceful sweep of the *portières* and curtains. Studios and art galleries are visited, and from both all that can be procured is transferred to her home, in the hope it will prove a "thing of beauty," and the time will come when she can have leisure to enjoy it.

It may be that the woman who, in all her younger days, had a hunger and thirst for the really highest good, has allowed society to make such demands upon her time that leisure is a luxury unknown from January to December.

On Monday the calls *must* be made. Tuesday is spent in preparation for the party in the evening. In what of Wednesday she is able to think, she must spend with her dressmaker. Late Wednesday night duty demands that she attend the reception. Thursday her dear friend would be greatly grieved if she was not present at her "lunch;" and her own must not be postponed later than Friday. Saturday she endeavors to sit in state at home, with the exception of short drives with two or three particular friends. This woman simply exists. She has no time to live, much more to have leisure for thought, for rest, for the highest good of her husband and her children.

The women we see about us are a worried class; are wrinkled, eager, anxious—all seem hacks of invisible drivers. With all her lavish expenditure on body, heart, and brain, Nature never intended such a result.

Happy the woman whose aims are higher and not lower; who has learned to take into herself the order and beauty she admires, and finds the leisure to expend it at her will on those in her home and on the friends she meets!

We do believe that many women are really anxious to find the highest and best; but, as yet, a large proportion are groping, "with dim hands of faith," and the altar-stairs that lead to light, to joy, and to God have not been reached.

Blessed is the one who can show us how to slay the Medusa of "craze" and fashion, and live pure, grand lives, with distinct aims in view, and never swerve for trifles!

When this time comes, each house-mother will know what she wants, and not ask how her neighbor lives. If the women of this age want to hasten this glad day, each should honestly strive to solve this problem for herself, with systematic experiments, always with the certainty that *the less important must be left out*. It is for each to decide for herself what is the less important.

Don't make the mistake that only wealth and affluence will bring leisure. They no more bring leisure than they do the true home and true living. Poverty and wealth should be seen for just what they are. The actual poor are only those who feel poor. We have seen an Indian with only a pony and blanket who would not exchange places with a millionaire. "The rich are often the really indigent and ragged ones." The source of true wealth is in the soul, and it must be at all times accessible.

"Until we learn that every day is Doomsday we have learned nothing rightly," says Emerson.

We pass this way but once, and must do, each day, what is of most worth. Each day we must decide which *is* of most worth—house or home, body or soul; and the employment which comes to fill the hour must not be refused for any other. Many look with wishful eyes toward those things not done simply to procure "that which perisheth," and exclaim, "But I've no time for this!"

We have all the time there is. "God works in moments," said the French philosopher; and 'tis because we do not realize that we must do the same, that we have always more to do than we get done.

It is just as easy to do the noble, the grand, work of life at one time as it is at another. The highest point in the heaven of wisdom is alike near at all times and to all peoples. The trouble often is that the work in hand is not as pleasant to the imagination as the work of our neighbor or the work we can do on the morrow, and we go through life thinking the blessedness we do not reach in the present *must* be in the near future. A fatal mistake!

Could a more beautiful spirit have been exhibited than that shown by Lydia Maria Child, the friend of Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley, when, on that little farm in Western Massachusetts, doing her own work and making the actual best of life, she says, "I defy you to make me stay here scrubbing floors and feeding pigs. *I* am off conversing with the angels." How true the oft quoted words—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

One moment in the life of some of earth's noblest souls make them "borrowers of eternity." In the blessedness of one moment in such life is concentrated the happiness which another must live years to obtain—nay, more, he must live a lifetime, and then fail to even catch a glimpse

If we decide that the home should bear witness in all its economy; that intelligent culture—culture of the physical, intellectual, and moral nature—is the end to which it is built and garnished, the leisure hours will come as needed, the whole system of our social living will be corrected. When this time comes, life will consist only in "plain living and high thinking."

Then will come the time when the hands can remain idle and the much-needed physical rest can be obtained. Leisure will be found for study and for reading; there will be time for meditation and thought, and the intellectual and spiritual nature shall receive its due share of cultivation. When this long-desired day arrives, when the great emphasis will not be lodging and table, the guest will be welcomed, and will receive that which he can take away with him, and will bring new thoughts and new life into the home which receives him

There will then be time for motherhood to assert itself. The old fashioned, loving, honored mothers have nearly all passed away, and we now are looking into the future for those who can fill their places. The mothers of to-day do not find leisure for little arms to cling around the neck. Their time has been too much occupied with thoughts of food and raiment for them to keep pace with their sons and daughters in the intellectual life, and a gulf is fixed in this world between parent and child which can never be crossed. The fashionable mother of the present, while selecting the day on which she can be "at home" to her dear five hundred friends, always fails to find a day when she will be "at home" to her little children.

Women are looking, are longing, for a life wherein leisure will have its place; and, knowing woman as we know her, can we not feel sure that when the looking, the longing, the wishing, grow into a felt *need*, a real *want*, the end is already accomplished? Desire, with woman, is like yeast—no matter where it is placed, she gets her "loaf of bread."

If woman wills for higher thoughts in place of lower thoughts, she grows into the woman of intellectual culture. If she wills for pleasure, forgetting there is for her the higher good of joy which must come from within, and is like a spring always bubbling forth, she bends every energy to accomplish *this* purpose.

If it is the garnishing of the house, insensible to the thought that it is the house-mother who is of greater importance than the building which holds her, she literally follows out the order, and makes "cleanliness" *next* to godliness, if she does no worse by falling down to worship it.

If soul and mind are to her more than food and raiment; if common sense holds the sceptre, and the wise house-mother does the best she can, regardless of the opinion or possessions of her neighbors at the right and left; if she looks steadily forward to the goal to be won, and never pauses for the jostle of the crowd, the children find a mother, the husband a companion, the family a home, and worry and overwork are trials of the past.

Our Young Folks.

THE FISHER-BOY'S HUNT FOR HIS BROTHER.

By Edward A Rand

"DAN! Dan! Dan!'

Dan Fuller was crossing a bleak, rocky hill on his way to his home in a sheltered little nook at the foot of the hill. He heard, or he thought he heard, somebody calling. He stopped abruptly. He turned his excited face toward the sea tossing restlessly to the east of the hill

"Seems like Will calling," said Dan, eagerly.

He listened again. It seemed to come once more: "Dan! Dan! Dan!'

Was it that, or only the wind blowing over the white-capped waves in the bay and then moaning through the firs at the foot of the hill? A boy's excited imagination would explain all the rest.

"It is Will!" said Dan.

Will was Dan Fuller's brother. The autumn before, he had gone to the eastward in a Gloucester fishing-smack which never made harbor again. The wild, wrecking sea somewhere covered every trace of the fisher-boy from Gloucester. Will and Dan had had a strong desire to try their luck in a fishing-trip. The mother had consented that Will might go, but Dan must stay at home. Notwithstanding his brother's loss, Dan had an o'ermastering desire to try his hand. Since his brother's death, that pitiless sea somehow fascinated him more than ever.

"I must surely go now,' he said, hurrying home, that gusty day, across the hill.

The Widow Fuller, as her neighbors called her was busy with her preparations for supper in the little red farmhouse cozily tucked into a niche in the hill. Arthur, the oldest son, who thriftily managed the farm, had just gone out to the long barn that snugly sheltered the cattle

"Mother," said Dan, as he entered the kitchen, addressing her very abruptly, "I must go to sea"

"Oh, Dan!'

"I think, mother,' he said, lowering his voice, "I think I heard *his* voice. It sounded just like him"

"His voice, Dan? You mean Will?'

"Yes, coming over the hill," he answered, soberly

She said nothing more. She knew Dan's nature, that hasty opposition would be harmful She asked Arthur's advice

"Well, mother," he said, "you know those two boys were just crazy for one another. Will's gone, and Dan's more restless than ever. I think he has a salt-water trouble that only the salt water will cure. and you might as well let him go now as any time You don't want me to say that, but it's the way I feel."

It was decided the next day that Dan might go He did not tell everything in his heart. He believed that in all probability Will was lost, but we all know that when out of that great, sad mystery, "Lost at sea," there comes neither face, nor form, nor voice to bring any positive intelligence, the heart clings to a very faint, shadowy hope that perhaps some one dear to us may yet be alive

"I shall never be satisfied," Dan would say to himself, "till I go to the Banks where Will was last seen."

When the neighbors knew that Dan Fuller was going off in the fishing-schooner, the "Jaunty," from the port of Gloucester, there were many good wishes expressed. Ben Lovis did not say anything pleasant He was a stout, heavy boy about Dan's age. He had been an old rival of Will Fuller in the days when together they went to school, or swam off the beach below the hill. or fished from a dory that swung lazily in the swell off Rocky Point. The rival had become a bitter enemy. He had said hard, untrue things of Will Fuller. The vessel in which Will went off fishing had not had a good name at Gloucester Ben had seen it, came home one day and maliciously commended it to Will, who ventured his all when he concluded to go in it Dan was not going to try his luck save in a good craft. His chest was packed. His mother had this parting wish for him: "Be a good boy, Dan, and if—you think—that Will called—you—then—then—if—if—anybody wants or—or—you ever want to—to do wrong—you hear his—voice—calling you away—away from—"

Her last words were smothered in the apron with which she was wiping away the tears that glistened on her cheeks.

The "Jaunty" was a schooner built for the fisheries, rigged fore and aft, and rated at "eighty tons." When Dan went down into the cabin, he cried, "Ain't this cute?"

It was a little cabin, tiers of bunks occupying its sides, and in the center was a table that Black Bob, the cook, had set with all the tempting items of a chowder dinner.

"Hullo! There's Dan! Set right down!' cried Skipper Tim Jaffrey in a loud, hospitable voice.

Besides the skipper, Dan did not think that he knew one of the hands at the table, but his stage ride to Gloucester had given him an appetite sharp and strong. A chilling wind was blowing out of the east, and the little cabin was warm and sheltered and homelike.

"Isn't this splendid?" exclaimed Dan, half way through his first plate of chowder.

"Is it?' said a low voice behind him "Wait till ye've tasted salt water down at the Banks."

Dan turned, and there was Ben Lovis.

"You here?' said Dan, abruptly.

"O'course I am! Don't greenhorns need to be told what to do by somebody?" asked Ben, with a sneer.

"Well," replied Dan, "if I am all that, it will be like one sculpin telling another sculpin how to bite at a hook."

The sculpin is one name for a fish that has an immense cave for a mouth, and if its name were changed to "gulping," it would be very appropriate. The men at the table laughed heartily. Skipper Jaffrey yelled out, "Party good!" Ben scowled and looked sullen as a fog-bank He did not make any other attack on Dan that day or the next, but, although he was silent, Dan was very sorry to see him.

"If I had know he would be here, don't believe I should have come," thought Dan

Then he thought of Will, of the great sea which, while covering up all traces of Will, might yet reveal some sign of him or the vessel in which he had sailed.

"I am glad I am here," thought Dan. "I will do the best I can."

Favorite resorts of the Gloucester fishermen are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and also banks known as the "Georges" The fishermen go in small vessels, braving the wildest weather for the sake of the fare that these fishing grounds promise. Peculiar dangers attend these trips. Sometimes their vessels lie in the pathway of the huge iron racers between Europe and America, and down into the ocean may be pressed the daring little Yankee vessel. One method of fishing is that old fashioned way, by hand, and the other is that of the trawl, a long, stout rope from which hang many fishing lines The lengthy trawl is stretched out and buoyed up, and then to the suspended hooks rush the greedy cod, many of them never going away again. The setting and hauling of the trawls may be attended with serious risks when the fogs settle down thick and blinding, and the trawlers anxiously ask "Which way is the schooner?' It may be stormy weather, too, upon the Banks, and the little craft may not outride the gale.

Dan Fuller worked diligently, and every opportunity that he had, when other vessels met the "Jaunty," he asked again and again if anything had been heard of Will's vessel, the "Fish-Hawk."

"Oh, she is lost, sure!" was the answer given more than once.

"Didn't you know that?" asked one skipper. "Thought the 'Fish-Hawk' was given up long ago."

Dan always had a sorrowful face after these interviews

Dan and Ben Lovis worked side by side, but Dan knew that he did not work with a friend. Ben lost no opportunity to show that he was Dan's enemy. This had been specially noticed just before the breaking loose of a heavy gale out of the northeast. How the wind whistled through the rigging of the "Jaunty"! Every shroud, stay, ratline, became the wire of a harp, firm, tense, and resonant in the wild wind playing upon it.

Again and again Dan seemed to hear Will's voice calling, "Dan! Dan! Dan!' Then Dan would shake his head mournfully. The sea was swollen into huge, frightful billows, and they were crested with foam, which, breaking, would be flung down their green slopes till they looked like great monsters, mad and frothing. The "Jaunty" was anchored, but the strain on her hawser was very severe. While one moment there was room for doubt whether she would be kept from drifting, another moment a great sea might sweep over her deck. There was room now for fear that these huge hammer-like billows might seriously pound and bruise her.

"Look out!' cried Dan to Ben.

"Look out yourself!' snarled Ben.

"I mean to!" said Dan, gripping a coil of rope one end of which was fastened to a ringbolt.

"Babies tie up!' was Ben's sneering comment on Dan's prudence.

The next moment, Ben was going over the vessel's rail in the strong, fierce grasp of a sweeping billow! Dan clung for his life.

"Good enough for him!' muttered Dan.

It was then he seemed to hear a voice, "Dan! Dan! Dan!'

He looked up amid the flying spray. "It is Will!" he moaned.

He seemed to hear his mother's voice, too, saying, "If you ever want to do wrong, you hear his voice calling you away from it."

The next moment Dan had kicked off his heavy boots, was climbing the schooner's rail, still clinging to one end of that rope, and then threw himself into the sea. Ben was just ahead, turning now and with ghastly face looking toward the schooner. He could swim, but he was no match for Dan, who was called at home a water-dog. In that confusing, driving sea, amid those terrible billows swelling, towering, Ben's strength would soon have been exhausted. He could now make out that somebody was coming from the schooner toward him. He could make out a face. He caught a glimpse of the rope. It aroused him to new effort. He swam harder. There, in the terrible sea, Dan and Ben met, and Dan shouted, "Hold on to this!"

A dozen strong brown hands were laid on that line to which Dan and Ben clung.

"Easy, boys!" shouted the skipper to his men. "Pull stiddy! Look out for breakers!' Clinging to any chance support as they pulled, they drew out of that maelstrom of death the two young fishermen

A month after this the "Jaunty' sailed one Tuesday into Gloucester harbor. Wednesday Dan was at home in the little red farmhouse, telling about his trip.

"Mother," said Dan, soberly, "I thought I might hear something about Will at the Banks, but I didn't hear a word about Will. I heard him calling me, one fearful storm"

"You did?"

"Yes, mother."

He did not tell her he had obeyed the voice and rescued Will's enemy. Others told the mother of the rescue.

"Didn't pick up anything about Will, mother, but I feel nearer to him," said Dan.

Widow Fuller started, urged by some unknown fear. Arthur was observant. He saw her agitation.

"Mother," he said, at dusk, when they were alone, "guess I wouldn't encourage Dan to talk about Will—"

"I don't, Arthur."

"You see, it lays in my mind jest this way. The boy is crazy to find his brother, and I believe it was the secret of his going away. Don't you see, mother? Now, he thought he heard Will, but it was only Dan's mind a workin'."

She was silent.

"Folks that talk that way about them who are gone will—I don't know, but it makes me shiver."

It did not make Dan shiver. When a fever set in, which the doctor said could be traced back to Dan's exposure to that storm at the Banks, Dan was out of his head and talked about Will, but these thoughts were not unwelcome. They seemed to make a restful music in the sick boy's soul.

"Arthur, he's no better," moaned the widow. "The doctor says he can't be well again, and he's all the time a-talkin' about Will. Can't find him, you see. Hark!"

A summons came from Dan's bed.

"Open the window!" he said.

They raised the window toward the sea, and the gentle, hushed roar along the sands could be heard in that chamber of death.

"Hark!" said Dan, looking up, a soft, bright light shining in his dark eyes. "Don't you hear him?"

"Who is it?" sobbed the mother.

"Hark! don't you hear Will? He's a-calling! He's come! I knew he wasn't lost! Oh, no—no—"

The next moment the fisher-boy had found his brother, and they were joined forevermore.

PRECIOUS STONES.

By F. C. Manvel.

THE DIAMOND.

THE manner of the production of the diamond is to this day one of the secrets of nature's laboratory, and even the etymology of the word itself heightens the mystery surrounding it. Diamond in the English and *diamant* in the French are both synonymous with *adamant*, which comes directly from the Greek word *adamas*, meaning literally "the untamable," or "the unconquerable." It would seem from this that the ancients properly estimated the character of the stone, for modern scientists, with all their increased knowledge, can tell us but little more than is indicated in the Greek. Modern *savants* differ in their theories regarding the origin and formation of the diamond. Some hold that it is formed immediately from carbon, or carbonic acid, by the action of heat. Pope says:

> "Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
> Blush in the rose and in the diamond blaze,
> We prize the stronger effort of its power,
> And justly set the gem above the flower."

Another theory is that it is formed from the decomposition of gaseous hydro-carbons. The theory, however, that seems to have the greatest number of believers is that the diamond is formed from the gradual decomposition of vegetable matter, with or without heat. Sir Isaac Newton was the first to formulate this theory, which has been accepted by many prominent scientists. That this is the true theory is the conclusion of which, after long and careful study, there is no doubt in the mind of Edwin W. Streeter, F.R.G.S., of London, a leading authority of the present day, and the author of several books on diamonds and precious stones, from which quotations have been made in these articles.

The diamond is pure carbon crystallized. This material is one of the commonest things in nature, and very necessary for human life and comfort, being utilized in many ways, but crystallized in the diamond it becomes the purest, hardest, and most incorruptible substance known. It is "sweetness and light" combined in peerless perfection. The diamond occurs principally in regular crystalline forms of octahedrons and dodecahedrons. The chemical composition of the diamond was not demonstrated and the history of its discovery was not completed till about 1771, forty four years after the death of Sir Isaac Newton. Men of note in the scientific world carried on their experiments and ascertained the exact nature of the chemical composition of the diamond by proving that it was combustible; for under certain conditions, subjected to prolonged and intense heat, the diamond will consume just as common charcoal does.

At the present time most of the diamonds brought into the market are from the fields of South Africa. Although their presence in this region was known more than a century ago, yet it is less than twenty years since these fields have been developed. The chief productive localities are near the Middle Vaal, about sixty miles above the confluence of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, although the area from which diamonds have been taken extends a hundred miles in all directions from the place mentioned. The mine called the "Kimberley" has furnished more than any other. It is but a few acres in extent, yet the precious stones have been so lavishly scattered through its rocks that the output of diamonds has been simply marvelous. In washing the sands in some of the Brazilian rivers, for the sake of the gold which they contained, the natives occasionally picked out little, hard stones of peculiar shape, which until the early part of the last century they regarded as of no value, and either threw them away or used them as counters in card-playing. It was not until 1727 that the true nature of these stones was discovered; since which time diamonds have been found in large quantities and in various localities, and until the discovery of the African mines Brazil was the chief source of supply for many years. The diamond mines of India have been celebrated from the earliest times, and are so well known that a description and history of them is not desirable at this time, although to those who are interested the books on the subject will be found very entertaining and instructive. The name of "Golconda" is known to every one as synonymous with diamonds, and to this day stones from that locality, known as "old mine stones," are very much sought for and most highly prized, but they are exceedingly scarce. Diamonds are found in small quantities in the Ural Mountains in Russia, in Australia, in Borneo, and even in some parts of the United States. Diamonds are not found "a splendor in the soil and betrayed, like the glow-worm, to the seeker by the brilliancy they emit." The "sparkling drops of crystal light" as worn to-day have been evolved, by human science and human skill, from dull and incrusted masses of matter, in which only the experienced eye could detect the transparent, translucent, incomparable gems they afterward become. The cutter is the true creator of the valuable diamond, and to his skill it owes its rare splendor and force of fire; and the process by which the natural crystal is converted into the faceted brilliant makes, to all intents and purposes, a different stone of it. The diamond has a perfect cleavage parallel to the faces of the octahedron, which is its primary form. The cutter avails himself of his knowledge of this natural structure, and is thereby enabled, by splitting it, to remove portions damaged by spots without resorting to the weary work of grinding. The knowledge of this curious property of the diamond was known as early as 1600, when De Boot tells that "he knew a physician who boasted that he could divide a diamond into small scales like a piece of talc." It does not appear that the ancients understood the art of the lapidary so well, or, at any rate, valued it so highly, as we do. Although as early as 1290 it is mentioned that a guild of gem cutters and polishers was formed in Paris, it was not until 1456 that Louis de Berquem made known his discovery of a mode of cutting the diamond into regular facets, which increased the play of light considerably, and wrought so thorough a revolution in the jeweler's art that his contemporaries regarded him as the father of diamond polishing and cutting. The diamond, true king of gems, not content with its own inimitable purity, takes a pleasure, as it were, in assuming in turns the proper colors of its subject classes, and again to surpass each one in its own peculiar excellence—blue, green, red, yellow, and black ("a contradiction to the very idea of the diamond: concentrated darkness in place of light"). There is in the Vienna Museum a wonderful collection of colored diamonds. A description of the historic diamonds, such as the Koh-i-Nur, the Great Mogul, the Sancy, and others, must be left for another time.

WHERE THE MONEY WENT.

THE house stood back from the street some distance. The lawn was like green velvet, and was shaded by big elms, whose grace and beauty attracted the attention of all who passed. The house was surrounded by a close hedge of evergreen, which hid the lawn and piazza from the street, and if there had not been a large family, and a very loving one, they would have felt, at times, as though they were Robinson Crusoes, cast away on an oasis in a desert, for their friends all lived at some distance. They had neighbors, but they were poor people. The husbands worked on the roads, and the wives washed and did charwork. It was a strange sight, this handsome house crowned with a cupola, with the little colony of tiny houses, slatternly dooryards, unkempt children. It was to keep the disagreeable sights from annoying his family and friends that Mr. Stannard set out the high hedge that hid the view of his neighbors. On the afternoon my story opens a group of girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age sat on the broad, shady piazza busily talking; as they talked they sewed, making a pretty picture of industry.

"I tell you, Maude, I'm sure we will make at least one hundred dollars," said Alice Gray, a bright, animated girl of about fifteen.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Maude Allison. "You would better be more modest in your estimate, or you will be greatly disappointed."

"Why?" asked Alice.

"Because there are so many things to attract the summer boarders now. The garden party at the Congregational church; the fair to increase the parsonage fund of the Episcopal church; the sale for the library—all planned for this summer. Papa says he's almost ashamed when he meets the summer people in the cars, and remembers how every lady in the village has worked hard, and planned harder, to draw the money out of their pockets." And Maude looked very much puzzled and troubled. The girls were evidently much surprised at the new view presented of their summer plans, and some were inclined, judging by their expression, to sympathize with Maude's way of looking at it. Alice evidently resented this view, for she jumped to her feet, saying, as she arranged a white worsted Tam-o'-Shanter on the fingers of her left hand:

"Nonsense! We don't make them buy if they don't want to; we don't drag them to these things by the hair of the head, or stand over them with a pistol, saying, 'Your money or your life!'"

"No," interrupted a tall, graceful-looking girl, the oldest of the group, Julia Haddon; "we talk and wheedle to such an extent that we make them feel as though it was for them to choose which they would retain—money or life."

There was a ripple of smiles as Julia leaned back, letting her hands fall idly on the beautiful piece of drawn work in her lap, while she watched the white clouds sailing through the skies. Her thoughtful mood affected all the girls. After a few moments' silence she said, musingly:

"It is unfair, in a measure, for I suppose they all have their own church and charitable affairs at home to which they must contribute."

"Well, if they don't want to go to our fairs and things, they can stay at home, that's all," said Alice, indignantly, looking at Julia as though she had turned traitor. "For my part, I believe they will be very glad of the opportunity of giving some of those poor little starved, smothered children in the crowded tenements a chance to breathe fresh air, a chance to see what flowers, trees, and grass look like."

The girls gave a sigh of relief and a nod of assent.

"I believe you are right. There is no law compelling them to come, or to buy more than an entrance ticket," said Julia, as she picked up her work and began to sew, with every cloud gone from her face. Her example was followed by the others.

Mary Brown, an earnest, quiet worker who was full of ideas, broke the silence by saying: "Girls, I wish we could do something unusual, something more than selling the things and a Rebecca at the well, and a gypsy tent, and a bogus art gallery. I'm tired, and I believe you all are, of that sort of thing."

The girls knew that Mary had an idea that was new, or she would never have suggested a change in their plans. As Alice said of her ones, "You may be sure Mary has all her plans drawn and the foundation stones all ready before she mentions her plans."

"Well, Mary, let's hear what it is," cried Jennie Mayfield, throwing herself back in the hammock and clasping her hands back of her head.

The girls smiled as Jennie assumed her favorite attitude, and then gave their attention to Mary.

"Well, I say tableaux—out-of-door tableaux." She looked about inquiringly to see how her suggestion was taken, and then went on:

"You know the hedge down there," pointing to the hedge south of the house, "will make a lovely background. I believe if we should get up scenes from 'Maud Muller,' and have Julia read the poem, it would be a great success." The girls scarcely seemed to breathe, so intent were they. "May would look very natural raking the hay on that broad lawn. We could easily arrange a rail fence. You know how perfectly under control Bob Stannard has his Black Prince, and he could be the judge. The cup and spring are easily managed. A chimney can be arranged in the summer-house, and we can make a very pretty interior there. The audience can sit on the piazza and on these steps, and on camp chairs on the lawn. The whole thing can follow the five o'clock tea; there will be light enough for the out-of-door scenes, and as we were going to have a calcium light for the evening, we might have it arranged to strike on the summer-house for the judge's study, and Maud's poor home and children. We can have the intervals between the scenes filled with appropriate music, and make it a visible dream. People will be sorry to be wakened, and we can give them something they could not have in the city."

Mary's proposition was received with great enthusiasm, and there was great danger that the fancy articles begun would not be finished in time for the *fête*, which was to be given July 15. In addition to Mary's *tableaux vivants*, the girls decided to have tents and dress as peasants, choosing those countries whose costumes were the

most becoming and artistic. They were so earnest and thoughtful that they aroused the interest of their own families in their plans, and their several brothers soon considered it an honor and privilege to be considered an advisory committee with the privilege of using their mechanical as well as musical and artistic genius for the important occasion.

As you have guessed, these young people were working to raise money for the Fresh Air Fund, and were most desirous to raise a generous amount. They had met once a week all winter to embroider, crochet, and sew on articles for a sale which they proposed to hold in the summer, when so many city people were in town. The sale at first was to be a very simple affair, May Stannard proposing their piazza as a good place, being so large and so sheltered from the public. But as they talked and worked, one suggestion had followed another, until it promised to be one of the most enjoyable and attractive affairs ever given in the town. The characters of the young girls engaged in the affair assured that every promise would be fulfilled.

While this planning and happy activity was going on on one side of the hedge, another kind of life was being lived in the tiny brown house that nestled under Mr. Stannard's hedge, as if to hide its ugliness and barrenness from the world under the shadow of its neighbor's luxury and beauty. Sitting in the front room in a cushioned Boston rocker was a young girl about twenty-two years old; she looked tired and pale, but she was sewing steadily on a gingham apron. Her mother, a pleasant-faced woman, about fifty, was ironing shirts.

"It's a blessin' to have ye home, Kate. I've missed ye sorely."

"Yes, mother; but it seemed best to try and find something else to do than washing or living out. I never was a good hand at either, while the needle was second nature. Don't you remember how, ever since I was born, I could cut and make anything I saw?' And Kate looked at her mother with a look of conscious pride

"Ye did, dear, sure enough." And Mrs. Daly smiled as she thought of the little red-cheeked, sturdy girl, who always found happiness in a bright colored rag and a needle. Now, as she looked at the pale, tired face and thin white hands, her lip quivered, and she made an excuse to go to the well that she might wipe away the tears that flooded the patient, soft brown eyes. She did not think Kate was sick, yet she was troubled and worried. She had been such a gay, laughing Kate, and now she was so quiet, and seemed tired all the time Mrs. Daly hurried back, carrying Kate a glass of sparkling water.

"Do you feel better since ye came home, Kate?"

"Yes, mother. But I think I'll see Dr. Black to-morrow, and get a bit of tonic from him, and then I'll feel like myself again." And Kate looked brightly into her mother's face.

"Kate, dear, I've wanted to ask ye, ever since ye've been home, did ye have all ye wanted to eat in the city? Were ye comfortable? Sure, I've thought ye sent home too much of yer money to pay the mortgage."

"No, mother. That was why I left ye alone to earn that money and give ye a home free. I think what I missed was the sunshine and air, and you, mother. But we won't talk of that. The place is free, and I'm content to live on what we can earn here. I've learned a good many things since I've been gone, and will be able to earn a good deal more money than ever before. As I said, I'll see the doctor, and he'll give me some bitters, and in a week I'll be all right" Kate Daly looked so full of hope that her mother went back to the ironing table relieved.

The next morning Dr. Black called, and had a long talk with Kate. He looked at her gravely and asked, "Have you saved any money, Kate?"

"She has, sir, God bless her! Every cent of the mortgage is paid, and it's daylight she's brought us."

"I mean, has she any money to spend on herself, to go away for a month or two, among the mountains?"

Mrs. Daly turned pale. "Why, doctor, what is it?"

"No cause for alarm at all, Mrs. Daly. Kate has worked too hard, and needs a complete change, away from the seashore. I think if you both could go to a place I know of we could have Kate and her roses back at the end of two months. Can you go?"

"No, doctor, we cannot," answered Kate, under her breath, as she leaned back and looked anxiously at her mother.

"Well, well, you'll come around all right, but it will take longer," said the doctor, as he stood up to go. He got into his carriage and gathered up his lines, when a burst of girlish laughter from the other side of the tall hedge made him look up. A light passed over his face, and, hitching his horse again, he walked rapidly toward Mr. Stannard's gate and went in.

"Miss May, come! Very important business on hand."

"A glass of jelly, doctor? a roll of clothes? a can of milk?" asked May, as she walked from the lawn-tennis court toward the doctor.

The doctor took her arm, and turned toward the piazza. After putting May in a big wicker chair, he drew one close to her, and then in a low voice told his errand. When he finished, May's cheeks were red and her eyes shining, though full of unshed tears.

"Doctor, thank you; I know just what the others will say. Put it all out of your mind: what you want done will be done," and May put her hand in the doctor's.

"Thank you, Miss May. I was certain as to how you would feel." And in a few minutes the doctor was driving rapidly toward the village.

Kate Daly and her mother looked at each other for some minutes after the doctor left.

"We'll get the money on the place, Kate, dear, and ye shall go." And Mrs. Daly put her arms about Kate and kissed her.

"No, mother; at least not yet. Let me think," and Kate took her broad-brimmed hat from the peg, and walked down the road. She came back to find May Stannard stroking the cat and talking gayly to her mother.

May gave them graphic descriptions of the proposed *fête* and hoped they would come, and see all the lovely things. And when she was gone two tickets with their names were found on the table.

From sunrise the next day, hammering, laughing, and excitement reigned inside the high hedge. And the pleasant sounds made music for Kate as she sat by the window trimming a last summer's hat of her mother's, for it was her determination to give her mother this outing. Miss Stannard met them so cordially that Kate and her mother declared it one of the most lovely days they ever passed. It was like an introduction to a new world. Kate found herself in a comfortable seat talking to Julia Haddon and Alice Gray freely and frankly of the past two years in the city, and her plans for the future, though she did not refer to the doctor or his verdict. She simply acknowledged to a worn, tired feeling, and her determination to rest for a few weeks. As she said this she looked anxiously toward her mother, who was talking with Mr. Stannard.

The *fête* was a great success, artistically and financially, more than meeting the girls' wildest dreams Maud Muller was most realistic and Mr. Stannard said he did not wonder that the Judge looked back longingly to the day he met Maud, if she were so charming a Maud as his daughter made.

The next morning a happy circle of girls were on the Stannard piazza, counting out money that was in silver and bills on the wicker tables, and adding up bills of expenses.

At last all was done, and Julia Haddon announced, "One hundred and fifteen dollars."

"Oh!" was the only response, to be followed by a clapping of hands, and even a jump off the stoop by Alice Gray.

"How shall we send it?" asked Julia Haddon.

"Put it in an envelope and say, 'From friends.' The doctor will give it to her," said May Stannard.

"May Stannard, you carry that over yourself, and explain the whole thing, and help her plan, and see if they each have what they need," and Julia put the envelope in May's hand.

"I will go now if you will all stay to lunch," said May as she stood up.

"We will never desert thee, dearest; hasten and bring us the tidings!" said Alice Gray, as she waved May off the stoop. "We are thy friends, who remember the oceans of cream left over!"

May laughed as she hurried away to do her errand.

In an hour she came back, her face shining and her eyes full of happy tears. "Girls, we may, and I hope we will, do many things to help others, but we'll never surpass this. We have opened wide the door of hope to two discouraged women. They will both go for one month I left the doctor there arranging details. Come in to lunch, and there I will tell you all."

When May's story was finished, Julia Haddon, in a voice broken with tears, said:

"Girls, I hope we've learned a lesson. Here we were, working and striving to raise money to help those whom thousands are interested in, and our neighbor Kate Daly was dying at our doors, or would have died but for Dr. Black's thoughtfulness and directness. I see, as never before, the wisdom of Nehemiah when he bade every man build the wall in front of his own house. If we each look out for the poor, the needy, at our own door, we will fulfill the second of the New Testament commandments, and leave less for outsiders to do. But this is not going to see Kate, who is so anxious to see each of us."

In a minute five girls were running across the lawn, each with a parcel or a bunch of flowers in her hand.

The same group a week later waved "good-by" to Kate and her mother, as they started on their journey for the North Woods, from which Kate returned six weeks later brown and healthy, and ready to do her part of the world's work.

Sunday Afternoon.

THE TWO COVENANTS.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

It will be instructive, in the study of the lesson assigned for our meditation to-day, to consider the two covenants, the Old and the New, their contrasts and the resemblances between them.

The Old Covenant was constituted in the heart of a mountain desert which for awful grandeur has probably no equal in the world—wild, sterile, inhospitable, awe-inspiring, sublime. Let the perfectly simple and unornate description of Professor Palmer bring it to our vision:[2]

"Two more turns in the valley brought us to the mouth of Wady ed Deir—to the foot of Sinai. Before us lies a narrow valley, between two large blocks of granite mountains, and closed in at the upper end by a conical green hill. The two peaks which form the posterns of the valley are, respectively, on the left the Convent Mount, and on the right the Willow Peak. This last is Mount Sinai itself—the very mountain, in all human probability, upon which the 'glory of the Lord rested in the sight of all the people.' A stately, awful-looking mass it is, rearing its giant brow above the plain, as if in scornful contemplation of the world beneath. What scene so fitting to witness the proclamation of the primeval law as these hoary primeval rocks! Surely it was not accident which determined the choice, but rather that universal harmony of the moral and the physical in nature which attests so plainly the unity of purpose in God's creative scheme."

Here the people gathered upon a great plain at the mountain's foot; hither ascended Moses and his companions, soon lost to sight in the thick cloud which enveloped the mountain top, and amid the lightnings and thunderings which invested it with a sublime aspect. The scene was one which left its impress on the imagination of the people, and reappeared long after, not only in Hebrew poetry, but also in the less imaginative teaching of an unknown scholar of fifteen centuries later.[3]

Here the covenant between God and his people was consummated and ratified by a ceremonial which to our modern taste seems almost revolting, but which to that primitive people was full of a solemn significance. A blood covenant was entered into between Jehovah and his people. Even to-day in the East the intermingling of blood is the most solemn possible method of not merely ratifying a treaty, but cementing a kinship Henry M Stanley thus describes the ceremonial as he performed it repeatedly in his explorations in the Congo country:[4]

"Brotherhood with Ngalyema was performed. We crossed arms; an incision was made in each arm; some salt was placed in the wound, and then a mutual rubbing took place, while the great fetish man of Kintame pronounced an inconceivable number of curses on my head if ever I proved false. Sust, not to be outdone by him, solicited the gods to visit unheard-of atrocious vengeances on Ngalyema if he dared to make the slightest breach in the sacred brotherhood which made him and Bula Matari[5] one and indivisible forever."

Such a blood covenant the sacred narrative tells us, was entered into between Jehovah and those who were henceforth to be his people. Blood from basins was sprinkled partly over the altar which stood as the representative of Jehovah, and partly on the people, or representatives of the people, standing for the nation, the other party to the covenant. This narrative will impress different readers in a different way. Some will see in it only an indication of the inherent barbarism of this just emancipated race. They will see in the parallel between the blood covenant rendered in Exodus and that recorded in "The Congo" proof that the people were little better than African pagan tribes; and the notion that God should have had any part or lot in so primitive and barbaric a ceremonial will seem to them not only incredible, but indeed unthinkable. The narrative impresses me in a very different manner. I rise from reading it with a new sense of the condescension of my God and a new nearness of access to him, who remembereth that we are dust, and adjusts his revelations of himself to our understandings. It does not seem to me unworthy of Henry M. Stanley to accept the method of ratifying fellowship which is in vogue in the Congo country, and use it without reluctance or hesitation, in order to secure the confidence of this ignorant people and access to them. It rather seems to me an evidence, not only of his political tact, but of his moral wisdom. And that Jehovah should, in a similar

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for July 1, 1888.—Ex xxiv., 1-12

[2] "The Desert of the Exodus," by E. Palmer, M.A., pp. 55, 56.

[3] See Psalm lxviii., 8; Hebrews xi., 18-21.

[4] "The Congo," by H. M. Stanley, Vol. I., p. 385. Compare description in Geikie's "Hours with the Bible," Vol. II., p. 276, note 2.

[5] Breaker of Rocks—the name by which Stanley is known in the Congo country.

manner, adopt a barbaric method of cementing alliance between himself and an as yet superstitious and ignorant people, appears to me a wonderful illustration of that which we call condescension in God and tact in man.

The covenant thus ratified, Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, went away up into the mountain, and some vision of the divine glory was vouchsafed them. It must be remembered that they had come from a land in which deity was represented in the similitude of all sorts of unworthy things, the highest and best being the sacred bull. Not to bring down their thoughts from that highest conception of God as a Spirit, whom no eye can see, which Jesus afterward inculcated—a conception which in that child age of the world could not be adequately formed—but to lift their thoughts above those degrading conceptions of deity which are manifested in various forms of fetich worship, this glimpse of an indescribable glory was afforded them. But the vision was, as it were, a veiled vision. They could not afterward give any definite conception of it. It was as though they beheld rather his dwelling-place than Jehovah himself. They saw a floor that was as a floor of sapphire, and a dome that was as the blue dome of heaven overhead. This was all the account they could afterward give. Like Paul, they knew not whether they were in the body or out of the body; like the three on the Mount of Transfiguration, they knew not what to say. Yet, that it might be clear to them, and to all to whom they should subsequently bear witness, that they were in no trance or sleep, they did eat and drink, so also finding a new confirmation of the treaty that had been ratified by the blood covenant in the valley below. Then they all descended to the plain. And Moses returned to be alone with God, and the elders remained with the people.

Fifteen centuries pass, and there is a new covenant sealed, and a new giving of the law on another mount. Christ goes up into the Mount of Beatitudes; his disciples follow him; the multitude follow the disciples; and there, face to face with the disciples and the multitude, Christ gives, in the Sermon on the Mount, the new law, and accompanies it with the new covenant: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." How great the apparent contrast between the two covenants! In the one a sterile, rocky, granite mountain range, sublime but awful. In the other a gently sloping hill, carpeted with grass, decorated with flowers, and shaded with trees to its summit. In the one thick clouds, great darkness, the lurid light of incessant lightning, the awful echoes of perpetual thunder. In the other a flood of sunlight and the sweet singing of birds. In the one an awful and semi-barbaric cementing of the covenant in blood. In the other a simple promise, to be as simply accepted, trusted, acted on. In the one a veiled vision of, as it were, Deity's dwelling place—a sapphire floor and a vast blue dome, a temple of radiance in the midst of the mountain gloom. In the other Deity more completely veiled from the understanding of those that behold the vision; veiled in the person of the Carpenter's Son. In the one a mount that could not be touched and a God that must be worshiped afar off. In the other the whole people gathered close about the Lawgiver, receiving direct from him the law and covenant. The whole circumstance of pomp and majesty in the one case adapted to promote the feeling of awe, an awe full of reverence, and even akin to terror; the whole circumstance of simplicity and familiarity of approach in the other adapted to promote sentiments of trust and hope and joy, and the access of love.

And this contrast will produce on different minds different impressions. To some it will seem that if the one manifestation of Deity be true the other must be false; if one giving of the law and ratifying of the covenant be divine, the other must be simply human; for the two will seem incongruous and inconsistent. They do not so seem to me. Rather each seems to be wondrously adapted to its own time, and the needs of its own time. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but not its end and consummation. When worship was a degrading reverence to material things, it must be first ennobled by awe. When it had been elevated by awe, it must be irradiated by love. The child who does not learn first to reverence his parent will never learn how truly to love him. But the child who never gets beyond reverence never learns love. The revelation of the Mount of Beatitudes would have been meaningless fifteen centuries earlier; the revelation of Mount Sinai would have been useless fifteen centuries later. And, striking as is the contrast between the two covenants in their external circumstance, the harmony of the two in their essential spirit is equally striking. In both there is a law; in both a covenant. In both the covenant is the same—a promise of holy character, of fellowship with God; in both the same condition—that of obedience to a divine law. Here is the Old Covenant:

"If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation."

And here is the New Covenant:

"If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

The seal is different, but the will is the same; the ceremonial different, but the compact the same. In both obedience is the condition, and the fellowship and indwelling of God is the promise.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

GOD had spoken his commandments to Moses, and Moses had repeated them to the people, before our lesson of to-day. If you should read the four chapters of Exodus preceding our lesson, you would find how minute were God's directions to the children of Israel, and how much it meant when they responded, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient." They, by this declaration of their intentions, entered into a covenant with God to live obedient, devoted, righteous lives. They entered into this covenant as individuals and as a nation.

When a foreigner wishes to become a citizen of the United States, the Declaration of Independence is read to him, he accepts it, and enters into a covenant with the United States Government to be obedient to its laws, defend it from internal and external enemies, to support the Government to the best of his ability, and in return to receive the protection of the Government. When a man or woman becomes a member of a church, he or she enters into a covenant to live in harmony with the law of God, and they accept that church as best interpreting the law of God to man. In return they are to receive fellowship and spiritual aid. The children of Israel accepted God as their God, and his law as their guide, without question. They had been brought from slavery by God; they had seen their enemies overcome through the power of God exercised in their behalf. They had been fed by bread from heaven when hungry; they had seen the bitter water made sweet. The pillar and the cloud had led and protected them, and they had seen the thunder and lightning of God's glory, had heard his voice, knew his power, and are entering willingly into a compact with God of loyalty and obedience to him, conscious of the penalty that would come from disobedience.

Of all the great number of people gathered and ready to accept and obey and enter into covenant with God, only one could come into his presence; only one was to hear the voice, and be known as the appointed leader of God's people. The body of the people were to serve. Here is a lesson for us. It is only now and then that one is given power by God to be a leader of men, to give men the enthusiasm to follow in a good cause.

If all were generals planning battles, where would there be soldiers to fight? If all were preachers, who would sit in the pews—who would do the work of buying, selling, building, inventing, teaching? Who would write books? Who would paint pictures? Where would we find statues or poetry? If we look again, we will find leaders in every department of life—men to whom we turn instinctively for guidance for the best in their department of life. Now, we may work in the same profession or business, and we may feel that we have the talent and power to fill the position of the man who leads; but if we are wise, we will recognize that God has need of Moses to lead to-day as he did in the days when he guided the children of Israel by fire and smoke, and with his direct command to Moses as their interpreter. God puts his stamp on men to-day as much as he did in the day of Moses, though he does not call them into his presence and converse with them within sound of men's ears. The stamp of God is success. And nothing succeeds but the right. It may seem to succeed, but it fails, it dies, and the world knows before long that it failed, because it was not right. If a man succeeds in covering up his misdeeds while he lives, death reveals his methods, and those who loved him, and whom he loved, sit in shame and sorrow. If a work is built on a solid foundation of right and wisdom, it will not, cannot, fail, because it is of God and bears his stamp. Moses built the nation of Israel on the law of God. As long as the children of Israel were true to the covenant, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient," it was a nation feared of all men, because they saw that Israel was a chosen people, having a protector, a leader, a guide, who never forsook, but guided them to certain victory. When the children of Israel broke their covenant, worshiped strange gods, listened to other leaders than those appointed by God, they lost leadership, power, strength, and were driven as sand by the wind. No man could gather them together and make them a nation living under one leader, who was a servant of the God who brought them out of the land of bondage; they became again strangers and sojourners in a far country, rejecting him whom God had promised as their King. God chose one, Moses, and made him a leader of the people; but he made Moses see that he could not do all the work; told him he must have helpers. Moses chose them under the guidance of God, and gave them authority before the people; he chose them because of their fitness for the work they were to do, not because he had a personal admiration for them. He knew he must die, but the work must go on; and like a wise ruler, he wanted that it should go on without a break, without confusion.

Here is another lesson for us: Not to value our power, our authority, more than our work. To place our work as the first object in our lives, but to see to it that it is so left, so protected, that it is not weakened or lost because we must lay it down. Whatever we do in life should be a permanent monument that will tell future generations we lived.

God spake the word of the law to Moses; but he wrote it in tablets of stone that it might be preserved. And these were in the possession of the people as long as obedience kept them the children of God and the righteous custodians of this visible evidence of God. When there was no difference between God's chosen people and the heathen nations about them, the table of the law passed from them. God gave the children of Israel the choice of acceptance, and after them all nations. To the world came the law interpreted by Christ, Love the Lord thy God with all thy power, thy neighbor as thyself. Are we responding, "All that the Lord hath said we will do, and be obedient," thus entering into the covenant with God and becoming his children, keeping the covenant because we depend on him to give us the power?

PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

By the Rev. John K. Allen[1]

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Philippians i., 21.

ONE feels a good deal of embarrassment in attempting to speak on such a text as this. It is as brief and condensed as a telegram, and as comprehensive as a volume. It is crowded with significance—a sincere, earnest, passionate utterance. We are afraid of spoiling it by touching it. But if we cannot analyze it or explore it fully, we can go around it and look at it from two or three different standpoints—we can talk *about* it at least.

And, to begin with, I will quote two or three texts from the other words of St. Paul which are in the same line, and may be a kind of prelude for the strain we find in this text: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." "I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake." "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ." "What things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." "I press toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Throw such words together, which you can pick out almost at random from the utterances and writings of Paul, and you must feel that, if they truly represent him, his life is summed up in this little terse expression of our text, "For me to live is Christ." Here is a man whose life is saturated with one thing—a man, in the best sense, of one idea.

Life, we all know, is more than mere existence—to stay here on the planet so many years as does "the century-living crow." It is existence all penetrated and informed with some purpose, some meaning. One man says, "For me to live is to make money." Forbid him, through sickness, to go to his office to buy and sell, and all the light has gone out of his face, all the joy out of his heart. "For me to live is to hold in my arms this loved one," says a member of the household, and when that form is taken from her and put in the grave, life is ended for her, though existence drags on. Paul wrote this sentence in his prison at Rome; this note of joy came up to the surface—as a fresh, bright spring bubbles up out of the ground; but if you had gone to Nero at that same hour and asked that wicked pleasure-seeker what life was, how discordant the answer would have been to this one! Here, at the beginning, we may ask ourselves as we come out of our homes, from our places of business, from following our pursuits, What is life to us? There is something which, if we were to lose our hold upon it, would eat out the very heart of existence for us.

But now let me try to say a few things about this

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text. And, first, I think that when Paul says, "For me to live is Christ," he means to say, for one thing, that he is striving to make his life a reproduction of that of his Master.

Every hero-worshiper does that to an extent, and he does it though it be but a very ordinary hero whom he worships. We are mirrors which cannot help reflecting that which they constantly face. In the life of a man will reappear some of the traits of the great leader or reformer or genius who seems to him noblest among men.

Now, there was just one character in all history that this Apostle thought it worth while to know. He had read of others—as a scholar he must have had a fair acquaintance with history—but since Christ had been "revealed in him," none of these other characters could charm him. If we could conceive him as thinking of his Master only as a man, then there was no man like him. He would be willing to be poor and hungry and suffering in order to live that life over again. But when he recognized in his Master the Son of God, the story became a gospel, and now to tell about him, to follow him, to reproduce him, became a consuming passion. Either way he might have said, and have been justified in saying it, as a very modern American poet does say:

> "If Jesus Christ is a man—
> And only a man—I say
> That of all mankind I cleave to him,
> And to him will I cleave alway.
>
> "If Jesus Christ is a God—
> And the only God—I swear
> I will follow him thro' heaven and hell,
> The earth, the sea and air."

Such devotion is rational, and the halting and indifference and coldness with which we follow him, if Christ is what we say he is, has no excuse.

I may venture to illustrate this reproduction of Christ, this loss of self in Christ, by the stage and the actors on the boards. For a while the player is a great king, or captain, or famous character. Himself is forgotten—the ordinary man that he really is, with his humble living and base desires, and pay of a few dollars a day. He is a king now, an empire at his feet, his wishes a law to all. If he does well he enters into the character, he feels kingly, the present has faded, he is in another age, another land, in other modes of life, and when it is all over he wakes as if from a dream, and is rudely called back to the common scenes, the prosaic life, of his every-day existence. You can conceive of an actor's making a character so thoroughly his own that when you think of that character you always think of him, or rather when you think of him you always think of that character—he is Hamlet—he is Rip Van Winkle; his own proper personality is lost in the representation. Will this help us to enter into the meaning of Paul's words, "For me to live is Christ"? He himself says in one place, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;" and the reference is to just what we have been speaking of. He means to say, Assume that character. If only men could be made to forget their own natural meanness and selfishness and sin; if only they could make their own all that was sweet and pure and heavenly, so that when others saw them they would travel in swift thought from them to the Lord who seemed to reappear in them, what successful and glorious living it would be! This was Paul's panting desire. Oh, if men could only catch sight of Christ, though it were but by glimpses, if they could only be made to forget himself, with his frailties and defects, and be transported into the presence of Christ, his life's ambition would be reached!

And let us not think it was only in the great events of the Apostle's life that this was true of him, or else we shall despair of ever taking these words on our own lips—not merely when he stood preaching, or was bearing a stoning, or writing a great letter. But it was his life—when he was let down in a basket out of a window at Damascus; when he was bearing a tormenting thorn in the flesh; when he was trying to be patient under the slanders that were circulated about him when he made tents in Aquila's shop at Corinth; when he was flung ashore at Malta on a piece of a wreck, and, cold and dripping, helped to gather sticks to make a fire; when he sat waiting for the days to go by in his dungeon at Rome—he was all the time trying to reproduce the purpose, spirit, life, and character of Christ.

But another thing that I think is included in this condensed expression is the sense Paul had of a real and joyful companionship with Christ. We all know how much of life consists in such companionship. Our lives are multiplied as they are reflected, as they are echoed back to us from other lives. And this Apostle lived in the sunshine of Christ's presence. A touching little incident which will enforce the point I am now making took place a few months ago at the meeting of the Brooklyn Presbytery, and was reported in some of the daily papers. An aged minister, a man well known in the church at large, an honored man and one who had been and still was a man of power, rose to bid farewell to the Presbytery. He spoke of his age—seventy-five years—and of the afflictions which had recently come upon him. Two years before he had lost his wife, who for half a century had walked by his side. One year ago he lost his only daughter, who cared for his declining days; five months ago he had lost his only son, and he was left a complete wreck in his family and social life. Besides, in this period he had been twice afflicted with typhoid fever, the last attack confining him to his room for three months, and from which he had never expected to recover. And this was his testimony; in all this he had been led to study all that the Bible said of Christ as never before, and he cried, "Christ is to me as clear an object of thought, of faith, of affection, and a Being to be served as a personal friend, as plain to me as you [pointing to a brother] I lie down with him, I rise up with him, I sleep with him by my side, I walk with him, I know him as I never knew him before."

That pathetic little story seems to me to open a wide door into the comprehension of this strong expression of St. Paul. Christ was not to him a name in a book, as perhaps he is to some of us. He was not merely a character of history, a man who was born in Bethlehem and walked and talked in Galilee, and did miracles in Judea, and died in Jerusalem. But he was the nearest, most personal of friends. In his labors and his sufferings Christ was right there, nearer than Silas or Luke or Mark. When he was climbing the mountain passes of Asia Minor, when he was crossing the Ægean to Europe, when he was traveling among the cities of Greece, when he was tossed up and down in the Adriatic, here and now in his jail in Rome he saw and touched Christ, he lived in his presence. This preacher of the far past ages could say, like the modern preacher, "I lie down with him, I sleep with him by my side, I rise up with him, I walk with him." This surely is part of what Paul meant when he wrote down this little text, whose depths we find it so hard to fathom, "For me to live is Christ."

And from all this I think it becomes abundantly plain that the expression carries with it the assurance that life was full and rich and deep and large for the Apostle. Say the words over in your minds, and see if they do not distinctly say all that. And immediately we begin to contrast such a life with that which so many are living, we contrast the words with the doleful expressions and trite summaries of life which are on so many lips. Disappointed men affirm that it is a mockery and a dream. Life is a bubble, life is a poor player, it is a cheat. Ten thousand hearts say that privately to day. And some ask publicly if life is worth living; they get together in coteries to discuss it; they propound the query in dreadful books, if existence is not a mistake. What contrast there is in these tones with the cheery, hearty ones which we find in this text! And as we look at the kind of man it was who wrote the text, we do not find it hard to ascertain what the trouble is with these people who whine so about the futility and emptiness of existence. They are speculating, they are looking out for amusement; but no man ever talked in that way who had a great purpose he was trying to fulfill, a great love consuming his heart. People of this kind are not found telling their brothers in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream, but to them it is grand and beautiful and inspiring. Ask the explorer who is finding new realms at the expense of toil and hardship, the student of nature who is on the trail of great truths which have been kept secret for ages, and see what his answer will be, in spite of his struggles and privations. Ask the martyr who is driven to his stake by the wonderful, glorious truth which needs his testimony to substantiate it; ask the patriot, like that young hero of our American Revolution who, when he was called upon to surrender his life, regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. Ask a man when a great love possesses him. Ask the mother when she feels the soft heaving of her infant's bosom against her own, when she feels its gentle breath upon her cheek. We know now what is the matter with these people. They are living for their own enjoyment; they have taken no great burden upon their heart, committed themselves to no splendid work. Hence these threnodies, hence these lachrymose effusions, hence these shallow sighs. It seems half like audacity when Robert Browning makes the dying man answer to the question of the minister:

> "Do I view the world as a vale of tears?
> Ah, reverend sir, not I."

Half audacity in its form, but yet a true answer for many a man of whom you would hardly suspect it. Paul would not say it was a vale of tears. I fear that is reserved for some who come out of comfortable homes, who seek for some new pastime, who are weary with the world, and are glad that life is as far along as it is. But ask Paul that question on the morning when they take him out of his jail, and outside the city, and command him to bare his neck for the gleaming sword. Life had ministered little comfort to him. See what marks imprisonments and scourgings and shipwrecks and stonings have left upon the bent and stooping frame! Behind him are no hours of ease, no sweet companionships, no wealth, and no comforts. It had been a series of jails and conflicts and toils and sufferings. And this is the dreadful climax—execution as a malefactor. But ask him if he views the world as a vale of tears, and see how his eye flashes and his frame quivers and his voice trembles as he answers, "No, not I!" Life was such a grand thing, such a beautiful, exalted thing! Oh, it was such a splendid thing to live! "For me to live is Christ." There was in his heart such a strong and happy love of God and brother man that it drove him onward in cheerful, strong, victorious living, as a mighty wind out of heaven fills and swells a sail and drives it forward in a proud, triumphant course over a foaming sea.

One other thing we may observe in this phrase before we go on to look at the other one with which it is so intimately linked in—it is the intensity of the life the Apostle was living. I only need to point it out in these words, for you all see it distinctly. Perhaps that thought is included in what we have just been looking at, but it so often happens that when life deepens and broadens it grows passive. The years bring the philosophic mind. Yet this is a thing we all demand—zest in living. And it is a thing we are in great danger of losing as time goes on. Men grow languid—the eye looks on with indifference at the world's shows, and the things it presents no longer stir the sluggish blood. That must be so as to the animal man, and it must be so as to the whole man, if our relations to the world are superficial and worldly. But I conceive the true life as growing more intense as time advances: it never withdraws from the great interests of men: it never surrenders the world to younger hands. An old man with this spirit will want the morning paper read to him when he is too blind to see, because the great principles which are being wrought out through the ages are dear to him. Here is Paul, writing so late in life out of his Roman prison, that for him to live is Christ. He will not say in cold words that his life was derived from Christ, or inspired or directed by him. He brings all these straggling rays of light together into one burning focus. He is not content to say that he is warm; nothing will satisfy him but to affirm that he is a coal of fire.

But now let us go on to look for a little while at the other phrase of this text, "To die is gain." We all know in what way we are accustomed to interpret these words; how we comfort our hearts in our feeling of loss by the thought of the gain to him who has been taken away from us. We say there is no more pain, no smiting heat or withering cold, there are no tears or struggles or sorrows. The time of rest has come, and the time of joy. Have not we all been accustomed to speak in this way—have not I, as I have taken these words to speak from, to comfort the living when I stood by the side of the dead? And all that is legitimate and true. But it was not Paul's thought, I am sure, when he first used the words. Perhaps there steals into our hearts a suspicion when we talk in that way that we are putting the bliss of the exchange upon a very material basis. Here is one who has gone from the cold and storm where he was acting valiantly, into a room where he will have nothing to do but bask in the light and warmth, away from chilling winds and cutting breaths. Here is one who has left the land of winter where he was bravely doing his duty, for tropical skies and summer balm, where he can surrender himself to unlimited enjoyment. And it is perhaps because this view does not take hold of the highest part of a man that we find after all there are so few eager to go.

Now, what was Paul's idea of the gain there was in death? If I were to put it in two words, I would say, *more Christ*. His thought is precisely in harmony with the one he has been entertaining concerning the grandeur and sweetness of living here in this world. Hear him say almost immediately, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ is far better." That to him was the gain of dying. He had no desire to escape the battles and sufferings of this life, since they gave him such a splendid opportunity to illustrate the glory of Christ, and to give testimony for him. "I am in a strait betwixt two;" he did not know whether he would better choose to go or stay. See him stand in the strait—on the one side a boundless sea of life and joy, and a boundless sea of life and joy on the other. The best thing might be heaven; the very next best thing would be to stay here and suffer. If to live were Christ, the top of this life would be very near heaven's level. When he came to die, his heart was not thrilled with the thought that there would be no more scourgings at Philippi, no stonings at Lystra, no black looks from vindictive men, no more hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness. He paused; he didn't know but he would as soon go through these things again if only he could glorify the Lord he loved.

And yet there was gain in dying; it would be to be

with Christ. That was heaven to this Apostle. Heaven is not a place with Christ in it, but its center and heart are Christ. The oasis in the desert is all owing to the spring. That spot would be desolate sand, too, if it were not for those wells of water. They make the carpet of greenness, and the flowers with their fragrance, and the lofty trees with their foliage and fruit and shade; they make possible the bird songs among the branches. And so, according to the thought of this Apostle, heaven was all summed up in Christ. He started from him, and whatever multitudinous life and joy might be there, all radiated from this center.

And, as Paul had found the life of his life—the nerve and joy of existence—in his companionship with Christ, and his partial conceptions of him, we dimly imagine the transfiguration which would take place when he should see him as he was. We dare to think of other activities and a higher service through which Christ would be interpreted more fully. Still, he must be interested in the old work. The man who is called from the battlefield to the king's court will be as full of panting interest for the success of the campaign as he was when he doffed his armor at the call of his lord. We think of Paul as still lifting prayers for the success of the cause he once fought in. For what does it mean in the Book of Revelations, when it speaks of the golden vases full of odors which are the prayers of the saints? No countenance there for the notion that we can pray to the dead or for the dead, but that this acceptable sacrifice goes up from apostles who fought and martyrs who died and holy men who labored—that seems to be indicated. The same spirit of Christ in which they lived does not forsake them there.

We need not insist upon that, however, but this we must insist upon: that all that we know of heaven is summed up in Christ. He is its interpretation to us—all that we will care to know if our relations to him are right. On that last night in the upper room, Jesus spoke to his disciples about his going away, and, perhaps in the way of a question, to draw them out, he said: "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." The place and the road to it—they understood all about it, did they not? One of the disciples immediately enters his protest—they know nothing about it; he implies a challenge to the Master to tell them all about these things he was so darkly hinting at. Here is the opportunity of the ages; now let Jesus draw aside the veil toward which men have strained their eyes in all the generations past and gone. Let him take the disciples to the window this night and show them the way by some one of those brightly gleaming stars; let him open the gates and give men a vision which will set all doubts forever at rest; let him tell us something about heaven. You know well his answer: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "I am the Road, and the Light on the Road, and the end of the Road; the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He is the Beginning, the Middle, and the End, the First and the Last. We can start with him, and, knowing his love, his wisdom, and his goodness, we have all the material for the creation of heaven. It is all that the poor immigrant cares to know of this land to which he is coming that a loved one is there. Of its mountains and rivers and lakes, of its soil and products, he knows next to nothing. But long years ago his boy went ahead of him, he went to prepare a place for him, and now he is going to that boy, and all the knowledge he cares to have for the present is summed up in that son

We send our loved ones away from our side—they leave us to come not again; they have gone into the other world—the undiscovered country. And in our seasons of meditation, when the night shadows gather around us, when we say our prayer at the family altar where they were wont to bow with us, when we sing our Sabbath hymn, we wonder where they are.

> "Traveler, in what realms afar,
> In what planet, in what star,
> In what vast, aerial space,
> Shines the light upon thy face?"
>
> "In what gardens of delight
> Rest thy weary feet to-night?'

We do not know. It is not necessary that we should know. We know this: they have gone to be with Christ, and that involves everything we could desire for them. And we know this, too, that the difference between us is that their knowledge and companionship is more intimate and deep, that we are in two parts of the one kingdom—the kingdom of heaven—if they and we are Christ's.

And this truth may remove from our own hearts all that is fearful and all that is chilling in the thought of the exchange we are soon to make. Soon we are to go upon a long voyage; we are to go to the land from which no tidings have ever been sent back. We are familiar with this life, but we draw back from those unrevealed experiences. Now, how shall we go fearlessly? How have multitudes gone fearlessly, saying with St. Paul, "Having a desire to depart"? Only as Paul said it, "To be with Christ." If to us it has been Christ to live, we shall count it gain when the doors shall be broken down which shall let in more illumination, which shall allow us to escape into a larger liberty.

But I will let Faber say it for us in his poem, three or four verses of which I will quote, expressing as the poem does our fear and our confidence. (I take the liberty of changing one word.)

> "Alone! to land alone upon that shore
> With no one sight that we have seen before.
> Things of a different hue,
> And the sounds all new,
> And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,
> Alone! oh, that first hour of being a saint!
>
> "Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
> On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
> Perhaps no shape of ground,
> Perhaps no sight or sound,
> No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
> But to begin alone that mighty change.
>
> "Alone! the Christ we love is on that shore,
> Loved not enough, yet whom we love far more
> And whom we loved all through,
> And with a love more true
> Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more—
> True love of Him begins upon that shore!
>
> "So not alone we land upon that shore;
> 'Twill be as though we had been there before;
> We shall meet more, we know,
> Than we can meet below,
> And find our rest like some returning dove,
> And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!"

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

Beneficence is a running stream. If cash flows out of a Christian man's pocket it will almost miraculously flow in again, just as water rushes into a channel whose waters have to gush out. Many a good man's purse is like a siphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—[Dr. Arthur Edwards.

The high mountains are barren, but the low valleys are covered over with corn; and accordingly the showers of God's grace fall into low hearts and humble souls. The more poor in spirit, the more self empty, the more earnestly we are desirous of spiritual things; and such shall be filled.—[Worthington

Simeon's words were the swan song of Judaism, but Anna's were the lark song of Christianity. Most Christians are mere Jews, like Simeon, wishing to get to heaven as soon as they themselves are saved. But Anna caught the true spirit of Christianity, for, instead of desiring to depart, she hurried away to communicate the good news "to all them that were looking for redemption in Jerusalem."—[M. G. Pearse.

A LETTER FROM KOREA.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

THE little kingdom of Korea has been brought before the American public very forcibly by the arrival in Washington of an embassy from the King of this country. Very little has been known of Korea until recently, especially in regard to her internal policy and the degree of civilization enjoyed by her people. In this respect Korea differs widely both from China and Japan, but especially the latter. Japan has been advancing in importance and wealth in a steady ratio for the last thousand or two thousand years. At that early period her people were mere savages. But with Korea the case is different. She is like some of the Western powers—Turkey, for instance. Her period of greatest glory and power has passed. By that I mean, not that she may not become more civilized and financially more prosperous and vastly more happy as a nation than she has ever been, but that she has not now, and probably never will have again, the prominence she once had among the Eastern empires as a center of art and civilization. As one enters Korea after traveling through Japan it is almost impossible to believe that Japan once looked up to Korea as being far in advance of her in the arts and sciences. It was only a few centuries ago that the Japanese hordes poured into Korea and carried away as one of the trophies of their conquest a whole colony of artisans who were engaged in the manufacture of an exquisite style of pottery, now extremely rare and costly. Japanese temples contain hundreds of trophies brought from Korea in those early days. But it is about the moral condition of the people that I wish to speak more particularly. Never was there a people more accessible to the teachings of the Scriptures than are these people, and for several reasons.

In the first place, the Korean character is not so light, fickle, and volatile as that of the Japanese, nor so conservative and self-contented as that of the Chinese, and they have vastly more dignity of bearing and of conversation than either.

In the second place, none of the religions of the East, Brahmism, Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism, have gained the controlling influence here that they have in the neighboring lands. Confucianism is the only one that has any considerable following, but the Confucianism is of a mild type, and simply enjoins the claims of parental authority and a reverence for the memory of the dead. And I would like to remark at this point that ancestor-worship, the fundamental tenet of Confucianism, cannot be truly said to be worship, excepting that it takes the place of all other worship. There can be no true worship unless there is the recognition of divine qualities in the object toward which or whom the act is directed. At least there must be the recognition of superhuman powers. Now, so far as I can learn from many followers of this so called religion whom I have met, I can find no trace of any ascription of divine powers to the spirits of ancestors.

There is no recognition of superhuman power. In the form of worship which these people use there is no *petition*, which is one of the forms of real worship, excepting that the spirit of the departed is asked to remain near the worshiper. There is no recognition of a power to bestow either temporal or spiritual blessings of any kind. In fact, not near so much power is ascribed to the spirits of the dead by the people of this land as is ascribed by the adherents of Roman Catholicism to the saints.

The custom then, of ancestor worship does not satisfy the religious instinct which Koreans have in common with all men. Korea may be said to be a land without a religion, and for this reason it is more open to the advances of Christianity than would otherwise be the case.

A third fact in reference to this people is the simple and almost childlike manner with which they receive the truth. There is none of that suspicious, hypercritical spirit which marks so many of the heathen peoples. The people are sanguine, not phlegmatic, in their temperament, and their artless, ingenuous bearing and speech render them particularly susceptible to the simple truths of the Gospel. Some people want complicated and subtle distinctions and forms, but these people are not of that stamp. The straightforward story of the life and suffering, the death and resurrection, of our Lord fastens itself upon their minds with instant and marvelous power. Among the little band of native Christians which gathers for services each Sabbath every prayer that rises bears the words, beautiful in every tongue, "Our risen" (in our stead)—the very kernel of our holy religion.

Korea is truly a wonderful field for work: twelve millions of people ready for the harvest. Now from the north, and again from the south, comes up the cry, "Send us teachers of the Word, send us more copies of the Scriptures." Within two days, two missionaries of the Gospel will mount their horses, leave behind them every trace of more civilized life, and plunge into the northern districts, and, after traversing *sixteen hundred* miles, will return to this city. Along their line of travel are villages where a foreigner has never been seen, but to which stray copies of the Gospels have found their way across the Chinese border and have been eagerly read, and scores of those readers meet together and discuss their contents, and send a man on foot to Seoul, a distance of three hundred miles, to ask that they be given instruction by the missionaries.

The attitude of the Government is by no means hostile to this work. Of course there is conservatism, which always looks with suspicion upon innovations; but the work has been going on, not openly to be sure, but without any effort at positive concealment. The work is known to the officials of the Government, but no note of dissatisfaction has as yet been sounded. There is a grand work to be done, but it is handicapped by the fewness of the workers. There are only three clerical missionaries on the field to-day—one under the Presbyterian Board and two under the Methodist. But there ought to be six times that number on the field to-day learning the language and getting ready for the work. The Congregational Church says she leaves the work here to the Presbyterian Board, or else that she wants Korea to be a field for Japanese missionaries to evangelize; but both these grounds are fallacious. The Presbyterian Board will do all it can, but it *cannot* man the field properly. And as for the other reason, any one who knows the historical relations of Korea and Japan, and the bitter antipathy which has existed for centuries, especially on the part of Korea, will readily see the futility of trying to have the work here done by Japanese. It is absolutely impossible except by miracle, and the Lord doesn't work by miracles when other means are at hand. Let the Congregational Church learn the responsibility which rests upon her, and examine well the reasons upon which she has depended in passing by Korea. As a member of that church I take exception to every reason that I have as yet heard urged in support of the present course. No one need ever fear that there will be too many workers here. There are one-third as many people in Korea as in Japan. Let there be one-third as many missionaries.

H. B. HULBERT.

SEOUL, Korea.

IS THIS CONGREGATIONAL?

Dear Christian Union:

THERE has been a bit of a stir in the Congregational Association of Southern California over the admission of the Long Beach Church. This church was organized in February, and a council was called to "recognize" it and to receive it with appropriate services into the fellowship of the churches.

On hearing the statement of doctrine and covenant—which I here inclose—various members of council objected to recognizing as a Congregational church a society with such a creed. Their objection was manifold, but chiefly *two*fold: first, that the statement of doctrine omitted "essential" things; second, that the candidates for admission were not asked to assent even to what was stated.

Council met at 2 P M, and it was expected by the church that it would finish its deliberations in an hour or two, and arrange for fellowship services in the evening. When, however, the council had not yet come to a vote at six o'clock, it leaked out that the council was saying some hard things against the statement of doctrine. But this statement of doctrine was dear to the church; they had given it careful study; they had purposely omitted what was omitted; they were in earnest about it; they desired a basis of simple loyalty to Jesus Christ as Lord and Master, and a basis upon which any good man or woman might stand with them. When, therefore, they heard that the council was not likely to recognize them, they became excited, and stood on their dignity and independence, and said many things to indicate a purpose to stand by their creed even if they had to stand alone.

When the council took a recess for supper—a rain having begun and the night being dark—the hall where the council met (the property of a private citizen, a leading member of the church) was ordered closed, on the ground that, the council not having yet come to a vote, there could be no public service that evening, and the people must not be allowed to assemble through the rain for nothing

When the council learned that the hall was shut, a few of them took it as "an insult," and were not moved to "sweetness and light," and were in favor of adjourning at once without further parley. But the majority prevailed to accept the offer of a room at the hotel, and they continued the discussion after supper till ten o'clock, without arriving at any conclusion save that a committee of three should remain in Long Beach the next day, and "labor with" the church to persuade it to insert in its doctrinal statement a clause to the effect that it is "in substantial agreement with the formulations of faith in use in our Congregational churches," and to "link its creed to its covenant" in such a way that candidates accepting the latter also accepted the other. That committee remained and accomplished the first part of their mission, but neglected to secure the "link."

The council, which had adjourned to the call of the Moderator, met, after two weeks, at Los Angeles. The committee reported, and a four hours' discussion again followed, in which some bitter things were said—to wit, that "the creed was utterly worthless;" that "it left out the Gospel;" that "it omitted *every* distinctly evangelical doctrine;" that "it would satisfy a Jew or a Unitarian;" that "what good there was in it was livery stolen from the court of heaven to serve the devil in," and the like. And the final vote was eleven for recognition to five against.

A committee of three was appointed to go down to Long Beach and hold a recognition service. The service was held, but it was not what it should have been, according to the feeling of the people; and the brethren of the committee, in trying to steer between the two rocks and not bump against either side, found it trying. And the people were not satisfied, as the whole thing seemed to place them before the community as, to say the least, a church "a little off," while they feel themselves that they are really standing for true Christian and Congregational liberty.

When the Local Association met, the matter of the status of Long Beach church came up for discussion, and it was resolved, with but little opposition, that the Long Beach church should not be admitted unless they at least linked their creed and covenant together.

The church accepted this, and at a special meeting of the Association it was received, with but three or four dissenting votes.

Now, it appears to the church at Long Beach that this action on the part of Council and Association is *un* Congregational. The Handbook of Congregational Churches of California, in its "historical sketch," shows how Congregational churches grew out of the fact that the "local church had no independent life. Its creed was enforced upon it by agents above itself." And it was to resist this encroachment of "agents above itself" that the congregation declared for independence. Yet here in California "agents above itself"—so they seem to count themselves—have endeavored to "force a creed" upon the local church.

Moreover, it amounts to nothing. The Long Beach church has not changed its creed in the least; it *was* in "substantial" harmony with all true Christian churches, and never dreamed of being otherwise. And while it would prefer its simple covenant in the admission of members, yet it has no serious objection to asking its new recruits to join with it in its confession of faith.

We propose to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and not be entangled with *any* yoke of bondage."

Following is the creed and covenant of Long Beach Church:

"STATEMENT OF DOCTRINE.

"Christianity is a spirit and a life. It cannot, therefore, be expressed philosophically in a creed. Giving life to many systems, it is itself not a system. Christ gives us ideas, not forms; he did not put his teachings into a form of theology, nor confine them to one unchanging practice. This absence of system gives to Christianity the power of adaptation to the peculiarities of an age, a nation, or an individual, and of expanding with the religious growth of the world. While we hold the faith once delivered to the saints, and are in substantial agreement with the formulations of that faith in use in our Congregational churches, we do not believe that any formal statement can be made of that faith which will command general assent. As we multiply definitions we multiply dissent, while the briefer and simpler forms of creedal statements furnish a bond of union for all Christians. We therefore confine our statement of doctrine to the following points, believing that upon the unchangeable basis of FAITH IN GOD, IN IMMORTALITY, INSPIRATION, and REDEMPTION, every church of Christ must rest.

"I. We believe in God as he is revealed to us in nature and in the Scriptures. We believe that he is one, but variously known to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. We understand by these that there is a Father's heart and will at the center of the world's mystery, and over all the race; that the Son declares and reveals to us this paternal relation of God, and is God manifest in the flesh for all purposes of self-revelation; that the Holy Spirit is God everywhere present, the interpreter of his Word, the awakener of the conscience, and of believers, through which they come into freedom and righteousness.

"II. We believe in the immortality of the soul, and in that eternal life which is infinite in duration and blessed in character; we believe that when life becomes obedient and true and loving, that 'it announces itself as an eternal thing to the mind and that by humility, by self-denial, by unworldliness, by spiritual thought, by devout aspiration, by silent communication with God, we grow into an abiding sense of eternal life.'

"III. We believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and in their authority. We believe that they are able to make us wise unto salvation, and that they constitute a continually unfolding revelation of God, which the discoveries of science, the facts of history, and the providences of life are to aid us to constantly and freshly interpret.

"IV. We believe in redemption from sin through Jesus Christ, and in that atonement which is Christ himself suffering for the race, so revealing a love which is divine; we believe that the revelation of Jesus Christ is that God sorrows and suffers for the sins of the race, and that the disclosure of his relation to a sinful race renders sin odious to every man who believes it, and that it is only through the presence and grace of this compassionate God that we can be delivered from the power of sin and made pure in heart. We believe that he who so revealed God to us is to be accepted, obeyed, and loved, that he is central in the truth which the Scriptures teach and in the life we are to live, and that the results and evidence of a true faith are good works and a righteous life."

ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

LONG BEACH, Cal.

[See comment on our editorial pages.—EDS. C. U.]

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE CHURCH.

AT the annual meeting of the Plymouth League, a social organization in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, held June 18, the subject of the evening being "Social Life in the Christian Church." General C. T. Christensen read a paper on this subject, in which he presented some views which will doubtless seem to those educated under Puritan influence pretty radical, but which, coming from a Christian of devoted piety, carried in the society to which they were read very great weight. After speaking of the social atmosphere which has always pervaded Plymouth Church, and of the special services, too little recognized, rendered by the ushers in making strangers at home, he spoke of the future possible development of social life in the church as follows:

"Since it has been your pleasure to re-elect me to the office of chairman of your Sociable Entertainment Committee, I would ask you all, ladies and gentlemen, whether you are members of my committee or not, to lend me a helping hand in making the next season as varied and attractive as possible; and if, during the summer months, you will give the matter some thought, you will doubtless be able to furnish some valuable suggestions, either original or gathered from your sources of information and experience. I have often wished that we could have some little variety from the now old-fashioned programme of addresses and recitations and songs—although they can always profitably form a part of every programme—in the shape, for instance, of something of a dramatic character, or some characteristic exhibition dance. Because evil has followed from some kinds of entertainment, which in themselves are harmless and even praiseworthy, that is no reason why Christians should not enjoy them and set a valuable example by showing what they ought to be. The Royal Theater at Copenhagen, where I was born, is a real art institution, and there fathers, mothers, and children gather of an evening, from 7 till 9:30 or 10, never later, and are amused and instructed in a refined way. The actors and actresses are trained for the profession from early youth—both in speaking and in posing—and compare favorably in their outside lives with the average of society around them. The censorship is very strict in permitting nothing of an improper character on the stage in word or gesture or innuendo. The audience leave their hats and wraps outside, which gives the impression of a large social gathering, and between the acts you promenade in the wide, cool, finely embellished foyers, greet friends, converse, partake, if you wish, of light refreshments, and altogether enjoy yourself in a rational and proper manner. Whether the theater here can ever be raised to such a standard—having no Government aid, as is the case on the Continent of Europe—is a great question. It is a pity if it cannot, for there is no more delightful and refreshing mode of passing a couple of evening hours than by witnessing an entirely unobjectionable dramatic performance—I mean one equally free from impropriety and stupidity. What are we all but actors on life's stage, trying to make the best impressions upon the audiences around us? And now I give notice that I shall give this matter earnest consideration throughout the summer, and hope to be able to concoct something that shall please and surprise you next fall. And if you find any good ideas knocking for admission to your brain, please admit them and communicate them to me. And now, if you please, let me say a word about dancing. In my dear old Denmark, family dancing is one of the prominent and favorite amusements during the long winter evenings, and as it is conducted there, not the most fastidious can find objection to it. There are no late hours, no expensive dresses (nor improper nor unhealthy ones), no indigestible midnight suppers, and no promiscuous intercourse with strangers. Dancing is part of the school education, principally as a means of health and of grace of motion, just as swimming and gymnastics. When our home by the park was built, I specially stipulated for a wide hall, where I could dance with my wife and daughters, and, if I could so arrange it in the League, I would like to secure the assistance of four young couples and show you how that most beautiful of dances, the lanciers, should be danced: in regular military style, both as to saluting and keeping time, not that drawling, slouchy gait which has become fashionable, nor with the long, solemn faces which the dancers wear, as if they were doing a penance. And I wish—though I fear you will consider me quite an extremist—that we could some time have a billiard table placed right in the center of this floor, and interest you, as I know you could not fail to be, by having some good amateur players give you an idea of the most beautiful and healthful of games. Beside our dancing hall I had our house provided with a cozy billiard room, and the pleasure it has given to us and to our friends cannot be overestimated. If young ladies knew how easily the game is learned, how beautiful it is, and how graceful they look when they take a real interest and become a little proficient in it, they wouldn't leave their fathers in peace until they had their table. But I fear I have drifted too far from the theme of the evening, although my remarks all tend toward making our social reunions more and more enjoyable. Will you kindly take to heart my request for your personal interest and co-operation in this matter of making our social meetings as attractive as possible by suggesting as many new ideas as possible? As a reward you shall all be appointed honorary members of my committee."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL METHODS.

THE following thoughts on Sunday-school work were gleaned from the principal addresses at the convention of the schools of this State at Rochester last week: In determining what the Sunday-school cannot do and what it can do, we must notice first its limitations; 1st, the limited time—one half-hour against the whole week of counteracting influences; 2d, the limitations arising from the voluntary nature of the work; 3d, the limitations arising from lack of authority. Three things the Sabbath-school can never do: it can never take the place of the home; can never take the place of the church; can never do the work of *personal effort* for the salvation of souls. But it has certain elements of power which no other institution possesses. Three of these elements are: 1st, it deals with individuals, for the work of bringing souls to Christ is individual work with a soul; 2d, the weapon is so mighty—the sword of the Spirit; 3d, it deals with the young. A weed outside the fence is a flower inside; the weed is uncared for, the flower is tended and cared for. A sinner is a saint uncared for. The work of the Sunday-school is to take up sinners and replant them: outside, a daisy; inside, a marguerite. *First* bring the children to Christ; second, indoctrinate them with divine truth; third, teach them to do something. *How?* With very simple but effective tools. 1st, *Believe* the Word of God; 2d, *Know* it; we teach too much *learned* truth; 3d, *Do* it; 4th, Love the work. *Why?* Love for the children; love for Christ, and for the glory of the Father.

"To train a boy, get at his thoughts, and turn his thoughts." Christian unity is in God's hand, and he is working it out. It may be seen in its object, "All for all;" in its methods, in its developments, and in its results—twenty-four thousand conversions from the Sunday-school this year. Our work calls for heroism, and a survey of it gives either heroism or despair. Christian work should furnish more heroes than all the combined secular influences that can touch the human soul. And yet what do the Christians of to-day do that should make them as heroic? Heroism involves a double idea—a worthy object, and devotion of life to it. Nothing touches so many motives as the Christian faith. Our devotion to Christ should call forth our deepest devotion. But what severe trials do we bear that mark us as heroic? Our Sunday-school or church work is no great tax upon us. Nothing very heroic in the clergyman who draws a comfortable salary, and devotes his life to the most delightful duties. And yet the world is full of heroes who have motives that are comparatively ignoble. Cowardice is losing us the Sabbath. More men starved and died in Andersonville for their country than have starved and died for Christ in fifteen centuries. There is a vast amount of sentiment in our religion that does not commend itself to men of common sense inside the church or out of it We might as well face this fact as to coddle ourselves and think how sweetly good we are, fancying that a wall surrounds us and saves us from contact with the rest of the world. What is needed is a faith leading to conquest. It is no wonder that thoughtful men are not converted when they see so little practical work done by the Church of Christ. The growth of the Church is not keeping pace with the increase of the population of the world. Christians should rush from their intrenchments to a warfare of conquest.

People pray that sinners may "flock in." They never will until saints "flock out" and bring them in.

J. A. T.

TEN-TIMES-ONE-IS-TEN ITEMS.

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

PUBLIC MEETING.—During Anniversary Week a public meeting of people interested in the many branches of 10X1 work was held in Boston. Dr. E. E. Hale presided, Mrs. Whitman read a brief report of work being done, and asked General Marshall, of the Indian Bureau, to give some information with regard to the expense of sending an Indian student to Hampton. Miss Farmer, of Eliot, Me., gave an interesting account of the work of the King's Daughters there. The Pundita Ramabai, as a member of the organization, appealed to the Lend a Hand workers for assistance in her undertaking; and the Rev. Mr. Gilman, of Concord, N. H., and the Rev. Mr. Abbott, of Lawrence, Mass., made spirited speeches.

OMAHA AGENCY.—From the Omaha Agency comes a touching appeal, to which it is hoped the Lend a Hand clubs will respond. These Indians need everything that Christian love and sympathy can give. Particularly do they need a hospital and hospital stores. Dr. Hensel, the missionary, pictures their great needs in "Lend a Hand" for July, and desires that contributions of money and stores may be sent to Mrs. Frank Wood, Alban Street, Dorchester, Mass.

PUNDITA RAMABAI.—As a King's Daughter, Ramabai goes to her Indian home ready to extend the welcome to her sisters there. She takes with her the silver cross for her little daughter, and soon we may hope to hear of a "ten" formed in India. The "tens" at home should not withhold their assistance from her school. She herself has made great sacrifices to carry out her object—the establishment of a school for high-caste Hindu widows. The Secretary of the Ramabai Association is Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, N. Y., and the Treasurer Mr. T. J. Coolidge, Jr., Bay State Trust Co., No. 87 Boylston Street, Boston.

CHICAGO ATHENÆUM.—This is one of the broadest workers of the 10X1 organization. Founded in darkness and desolation, it began by relieving the distress of houseless families, assisting those who by the terrible fire had lost their all, and striving to give fresh courage to the despondent. Then a homelike place was provided for young men. Evening classes and courses of lectures followed. Now a summer course or "vacation school" has been established. The ground covered is great, and men and women, regardless of sect, co-operate in this public good.

CORRESPONDENCE.—All persons interested in the formation of clubs, or secretaries of clubs, are requested to correspond with Mrs. B. Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass. Reports of clubs must be sent one month in advance of publication.

—At a meeting held in Philadelphia recently the Jewish Publication Society was organized. It has for its object the publication of works on the religion, literature, and history of the Jews, and the fostering of original work by American scholars on these subjects. Jacob H. Schiff has offered to give $5,000 to a Heilprin Endowment Fund in memory of the late Michael Heilprin, providing $50,000 were raised in one year, this fund to be used in furthering the work of the new society.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The first annual meeting of the Plymouth League of Plymouth Church was held on Wednesday night of last week in the Sunday school rooms. It has now a membership of nearly 1,000. There were addresses by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the pastor, General Christensen, and W. B. Tupper. A letter from the Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, was read. In it Mr. Berry expresses a deep sympathy with the church and its aims. He says:

"May Plymouth live again in a nation ennobled by its ministries, and in man and woman sanctified by its teaching I must not here and now speak of myself except to say that to me has come a larger ministry than any of which I ever dreamed, and that what is worthy in its spirit is due much to Beecher, and what is wide in its reach is due much to Plymouth. God bless you all."

These officers were elected: The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, President; Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, Vice-President; Dr. W. E. McCune, Secretary; W. A. Gillespie, Treasurer.

—The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America continued its sessions in Catskill, N. Y., last week. The Synod took action upholding the Evangelical Alliance in its efforts to expose the plots and to defeat the attacks of the Roman Catholic Church upon the common schools of the country, and to maintain the cherished American doctrine of "no connection between Church and State." The Synod also declared its protest against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in seeking to gain pecuniary and ecclesiastical favors and advantages through legislative enactment, neither sought by nor accorded to the Protestant Church. The Rev. Dr. John W. Beardslee was elected Professor of Greek and Hebrew Exegesis in Hope College. After a long debate, the official recognition and commendation of the Synod were given to the work of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. The report of the Committee on Catechetical Instruction was discussed in detail, especially regarding a new church catechism for young children, which has been prepared by order of the last General Synod. The work was commended and finally recommitted.

—The Wickliffe Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J., was dedicated last week. It is a handsome stone edifice, seating 600. W. Halsey Wood is the architect.

—The Rev. Dr. M. H. Pogson read a paper at the meeting of the Baptist ministers last week on the "Doctrine of Future Punishment." "The human mind," Dr. Pogson said, "had not yet risen so high as to make God its satellite. We cannot determine that it is morally wrong to condemn a man to eternal punishment. We cannot see from God's standpoint. But man by his own laws does all that he can to inflict eternal punishment on those who violate his regulations, by sentences for this life; and such punishments are regarded with entire approbation."

—The Rev. Thomas Douglas, pastor of the Congregational church at Sayville, L. I., preached his first anniversary sermon on Sunday of last week. It has been a remarkably prosperous year in every respect. He received ninety-eight persons into church membership, all adults but one, and ninety-two of them on profession of their faith. Benevolent contributions increased a hundred per cent.; congregations doubled, necessitating the erection of a new church, plans for which are in the hands of the architect; an old standing debt has been liquidated; a Y. C. P. E. Society was organized, and now numbers 126; the Sunday-school has increased forty-six per cent.; a men's meeting and two ladies' societies have been added to the working force of the church; complete harmony exists in every department of work. * *

NEW ENGLAND.

—The next course of the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching in the Theological Department of Yale University is to be delivered by the Rev. John A. Broadus, D D., LL D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

—The New England yearly meeting of Friends, in session at Newport, R. I., last week, adopted a memorial to Congress, praying that body, in the exercise of the authority vested in it by the Constitution, to regulate commerce with foreign nations, "to take prompt and effective measures to suppress the exportation of all intoxicating liquors to the continent of Africa, and to endeavor to secure the co-operation of other nations in this righteous act."

—The one hundred and seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut is being held at Putnam this week. The moderator, the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, was to make his address Tuesday afternoon, and Professor John E. Russell and the Rev. William Blackman to follow with papers. The *concio* was preached by the Rev John P. Hawley in the evening.

—The First Congregational Church of Franklin, Mass., celebrated its "sesqui-centennial" last week, having been founded in 1738. The pastor, the Rev. George E. Lovejoy, gave a historical sketch of the church, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. E. K. Alden, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Parks, and others.

—The Connecticut Valley Congregational Club held its June festival in Westfield last week Wednesday. "Pastoral Helpers in Church Work" was one of the principal topics of discussion. The Rev. Dr. J. W. Cooper, of New Britain, read the opening address. Professor C. S. Burroughs, of Amherst, and the Rev. D. A. Reed, of the Springfield School of Workers, also contributed papers on the subject. Mr. Reed gave the following list of qualifications for an efficient aid in church work: "The time is coming when the pastor's helper will be as much of a necessity as a foreman in a mill. As to the requisites of such a helper, he should have a common, and if possible a college, education, should be thoroughly instructed in the great fundamental doctrines of the Bible, familiar with the contents of the Bible, and taught how to use its teachings in personal work, and trained to teach teachers as well as classes. He should also be acquainted with the social questions of the day, and the general relations of the upper and lower social classes, and the relation of National, State, and local government to the church. He should be taught the science of church extension and the relation of the local church to the church in the world generally."

—The annual meeting of the New Haven Congregational Club was held in the College Street Church on June 11. The Rev. Dr. Twitchell read a paper on "Ancient and Modern Rome." Officers were elected, Dr. H. A. Carrington being chosen President.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—A course of lectures on "Body and Soul" is being given in the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, O., by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Sprecher. In the fourth lecture, which dealt with "Mind and Mechanism," he said:

"A few years ago it seemed as though the idea of mechanism in nature had run away with scientific thought. When men discovered how wide the domain of mechanism was, they straightway concluded that there was nothing else. Finding mechanism everywhere, they inferred that mechanism was everything; that there was no mind in the universe, and that this human organization was a mere machine, not the instrument of a personal spirit. Indeed, it would seem that faith in a personal God goes hand in hand with the belief that there is a personal, immortal spirit in man. And so along with the question concerning the spirit in man we have to consider the question of mind in the universe. There are some scientific men who still contend that there is nothing but mechanism in the universe. But it must be conceded that there are not many of the first rank, and 'they are not,' as Bain says, 'in the ascendant.' Those who are now in the ascendant are men who recognize mind in the universe, and speak of mechanism as only the instrument through which a higher power works; as Hermann Lotze says, 'Exceptionally wide in the universe is the extent, entirely subordinate is the mission, of mechanism.' Indeed, it is unfashionable now in the scientific world to deny that there are evidences of mind or spirit in the universe. Scientists are now speaking of the absolute necessity of attributing the atoms of matter to a spiritual source. Clerk Maxwell, Herschell, Tait, Stewart, and many others declare that atoms in their uniformity of constitution bear all the marks of being manufactured articles. Furthermore, it seems to be generally held that matter is infinitely divisible. If this be true, we are forced to assume mind or spirit as the source of the elementary atoms of matter, if we would have a beginning place to build the universe. Let us look at the atoms out of which we may suppose the universe to have been built. Are they matter? If they are matter they are divisible, and you have not yet the ultimate atoms. We go on dividing them and subdividing. Shall we stop? Have you the ultimate atoms yet? Not if they are matter, for you can go on dividing matter into smaller atoms. How then shall we ever come to the ultimate atoms? Never, if they are matter. But suppose they are mind or spirit. Then you have a beginning place, for the mind or spirit is indivisible. If then the ultimate atoms originate from spirit, are products of spirit, or positions of spirit, we have the beginning of the universe, and we find that it begins in spirit."

—The Episcopal Convention called to meet at Sandusky, Ohio, to elect an assistant to Bishop Bedell, of the Cleveland Diocese, last week, chose the Rev. W. F. Nichols, of Philadelphia. This is his second election to this position, and it is understood that he will now accept it.

—Lyndale Congregational Church in Minneapolis, Minn. organized not quite four years ago with thirty-one members, now numbering 185, dedicated a new house of worship June 3. Addresses were made by several city pastors. The building cost $17,000, is convenient, and in excellent taste.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—W. H. Bonnell has accepted a call to Pocatello, Idaho, and begun work there.

—Charles R. Seymour is supplying the First Congregational Church of Washington, D.C., through the summer months.

—Samuel McComb died in Waterloo, Iowa, on June 13. He was one of the first Congregational ministers to work in this State.

—C. M. Jones, of Eastford, Conn., has resigned.

—T. W. Sponswick accepts a call to Rockford, Mich.

—M. W. Tuck has accepted a call from Standish, Mich.

—E. B. Clemmer has received a call to Downs, Kan.

—C. E. Knapp was ordained in Bristolville, Ohio, on June 6.

—A. H. Amsden accepts a call from Gilmanton, N. H.

—H. A. Hanaford, of Middleboro', Mass., received a call from the First Church of Winchester, N. H.

—A. F. Keith, of the North Church, Providence, R. I., has resigned to accept a call from the church in Middlebury, Vt.

—J. E. Buchnell was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Rye, N. Y., on June 12.

—M. W. Fairfield, of Ypsilanti, Mich., has resigned.

—W. S. Bugbey, of Cheboygan, Mich., has accepted a call to South Haven.

—F. G. Webster accepts a call to the First Church of Passaic N. J.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Frank Chandler has been installed as pastor of the First Church of Asbury Park, N. J.

—Edward Beckwith, of the Union Seminary, accepts a call to Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

—S. E. Koons accepts a call from La Porte City, Ia.

—Sam'l Wyckoff has taken charge of the churches in Emerson and Bancroft, Neb.

EPISCOPAL.

—Francis Peck died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 14, at the age of eighty years. He was formerly rector of Calvary Church.

—G. M. Christian, of Grace Church, Newark, N. J., declines his election to the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass.

—J. M. C. Fulton has become rector of Grace Church, Aspen, Col.

—J. B. Robinson has resigned the rectorship of St. John's Church, Yale School, Conn.

Books and Authors.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.[1]

England's conquest of India has a significance far beyond its merely political import. Of peculiar and intense interest to those whose study is mankind is the meeting of these two sons of the Aryan family, within the shadow of the ancient homestead; the elder conservative, serious, lingering in unambitious ease in the moss-grown and crumbling portal of his fathers; the younger eager, aggressive, successful, returning from far lands laden with the treasures of fresh discovery in science and art, in philosophy and practical life. The East and the West have met together—nay, more, are "dwelling together in unity." It may be now too soon to mark the impression of each upon the other, to gather the fruits of this engrafting of Orient with Occident, and yet in the second generation of England's Hindu subjects we clearly perceive traits of thought and character which are the outcome of the twofold influence. Pre-eminently manifest are these evidences in him whom England, America, and his own country unite in calling "India's greatest son." The life and teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen exhibit in special distinctness the various and often opposing elements of thought and experience which compose the India of England's realm. Their conflicts are in the struggles of his mind and heart and the strange inconsistencies of his life; their harmonies are in his songs of worship and of peace.

From no hand would we so gladly receive the volume of his history as from that which we have once clasped in welcome to America, and which has ever been a right hand of fellowship to the man who, amid the shifting, surging tides of popular feeling, now overwhelming him with perilous adulation, now recoiling in a passion of dislike, must have rejoiced to feel the pressure of its constancy and strength. Mr. Mozoomdar, a kinsman of India's latest prophet, not only after the flesh, but after the spirit also, presents a sympathetic, but by no means blindly partial, treatment of his character and ministry.

We may venture the wish that in its form the volume were as attractive as in its substance, taking pleasure in a "goodly outside" for truth as well as fiction, and feeling reluctant to act as proof-readers when our services are of no avail.

Upon Mr. Mozoomdar's gift of graceful and vigorous expression and his command of the foreign tongue, of which he has already given us abundant proof, there is no need of comment; the Oriental picturesqueness of his style and the "glowing transcendentalism" of his thought are naturally less manifest in the present narrative than in his religious writings.

The record of the ancestry and early life of Keshub Chunder Sen is pervaded with romantic charm. The quaint and lovely village of Garifa, on the borders of the beautiful river of sunshine; the humble and hard-working Gokub, tracing his pedigree to the mythical kings and sages who stand like snow capped mountain-peaks in the far distant past of India's history, but tracing his thoughts upon the dry leaves of the wild banyan tree, which nature provides for "learning's impecunious votaries;" the noble career of his most gifted son, advancing from the narrow routine of an uneducated type-setter to the broad plain of culture, wealth, and philanthropy, winning from the development of "Hindu talents and potencies," under the influence of English thought, a character and a reputation which were the worthy inheritance of his even more illustrious grandson; the brief but brilliant life of Rane Camal's beloved son, the father of Keshub; his queenly and noble-hearted mother, whose tender purity and saintliness in the long, harsh asceticism of Hindu widowhood appeal to the heart with the grace and fragrance of the hyacinth, and whose gentle influence rested like a benediction upon the life of her famous son, whose early death she now calmly bears in unspeakable sorrow, wearing in her benign old age the crown of devotion from many hearts—all these pass before us, enkindling in the imagination vision after vision of that far-away Hindu life. Fervent devotees of Vishnu though these ancestors of Keshub were, our acquaintance with them draws us into closer sympathy with humanity and a clearer understanding of the remarkable character which was molded so largely by their own.

The traits of Keshub's boyhood are manifested in their maturer form throughout his life—the pure morality, the intelligence, the strong will and self-confidence, the fondness for novelty and for leadership. The tracing of his spiritual development from the excessive austerity of his youth, with its severe morality and "stern, stoical, colorless" religious experience, to the large and luxuriant life and exultant spirituality of his manhood—the passing, as it were, through the wilderness of preparation out into his soul's fair land of promise—reveals an influence which possesses the secret of his marvelous growth in truth. Prayer clasped the eager hand of this child of Hinduism and led him step by step out from the hideous temple of pagan idolatry, safely past the wilderness of atheism and the barren fields of Vedantic philosophy, to the very gateway of truth. As Moses upon Pisgah's summit, he from the sublime heights of Theism beheld the Holy Land of God's choosing, but entered not in; as Columbus lingered on the borders of a marvelous discovery, he paused on the threshold of the Divine Temple, reading in ecstasy its glorious inscription—The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Would that he might have entered its inmost shrine and beheld the ineffable love of God revealed in the sacrifice of his only begotten Son for the redemption of the world! This mystery of human experience—that great souls thus sometimes stand in the very presence of a complete revelation and behold it not, though the veil that hides it seems to tremble at their coming—must, perhaps, with many another, await for its solution the dawn of that celestial day when, in his likeness who is the Truth, "we shall be satisfied." It must be that some "shade of self" still dims the eyes of those who thus seem almost to behold the beatific vision; only in the hour of absolute self-surrender is the veil of the temple rent in twain. Certainly very precious is the testimony that "everything great and good which Keshub Chunder Sen achieved he ascribed directly or indirectly to prayer;" that "his life has produced one great result—he has undoubtedly taught a number of men the reality of daily intercourse with the Spirit of God;" not alone the "making of our requests known unto Him," but also the listening to the response of the Divine Voice within the soul.

This result will be of permanent and inestimable blessing to those on whom it has been wrought, and through them to the world. Are there other fruits of this prolific life which also "shall remain"? As a reformer of caste, of intemperance, of marriage customs, as a social reconstructor and an educationist, he laid noble foundations, but it is said that neither he nor other men have builded thereon such structures as shall afford abiding shelter and refuge. Not upon these, however, did he base his hopes of benefiting the coming generation, but upon the development of the Brahmo Somaj from the Vedantism of its earliest history into the eclectic Theism of the New Dispensation, which should become a Volapük among religions. To this object he gave his life—the founding of a Universal Church, wherein should be gathered, as in the Roman Pantheon of old, the creeds of the nations in complete harmony—Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christianity—where Christ and Gautama, Mohammed and Chaitanya, yea, also Confucius and Zoroaster, should alike be enthroned at the footstool of the Deity—whose scriptures should be Bible and Veda, Koran and Buddhistic lore. "All this," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "it will be readily perceived, brought him face to face with tremendous difficulties." And yet we have the right to believe that if this man of eloquence unsurpassed in India, of burning enthusiasm, and, above all, vital spirituality, could not achieve this work, which was the passionate longing of his life, it cannot be accomplished. Has he, then, wrought out this magnificent scheme? In the New Dispensation do we indeed find the universal faith of the future? His own words will tell us. In the days when the shadows of death were gathering about him, his deepest soul cried out, with infinite pathos, "Shall I regard my life and my mission as a failure? Tell me, my God! Comfort me with thine assurance that there is still some hope, and that I may yet achieve some success. Great God, for many long years thy servant has toiled and labored in diverse ways and various fields to establish a kingdom of love and forgiveness among thy people. In thy strength and under thy command I have struggled to pour oil over troubled waters and to reconcile differences. But *in vain*."

Mr. Mozoomdar confirms these sad words with his own: "The stern fact remains that his church has so far failed to be faithful to his ideal. We trust and pray that the God of the New Dispensation may yet open the eyes of its chief representatives, to follow the example set by their minister and rescue from impending ruin the cause for which he labored, lived, and died."

Where, then, may we find the fundamental reason for the failure of this mighty enterprise? Not merely in the insufficiencies of the character of its great leader—"all impulse," though he declares himself—and guided by an overpowering imagination, often utterly inconsistent in the eyes of men, and abundantly confident of self; nor yet in the brevity of his brilliant career, nor even in the inadequacy of his followers to enter into his labors, their apathy and lack of earnestness, their continual want of harmony during his life, and their "fatal disunion" since his death. Nor is the explanation to be found alone in certain peculiar and extravagant doctrines, which naturally "excited derision;" for example, that of the "pilgrimages to saints," according to which earnest devotees took spiritual journeys to hold converse with "Moses, Socrates, Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Chaitanya, and, finally, Faraday, Carlyle, and Emerson;" nor yet in that presumption, which, if intentional, would become blasphemy, which issues proclamations as coming directly from God himself, declaring, as in his own words, that which is assumed to be his will; nor yet again in the grotesque adaptation of those sacraments most precious to the followers of the divine Saviour, and their intermingling with curious and meaningless rites of Hindu idolatry. In all these we find not the primal reason for the instability of the great effort; they seem rather among the natural effects of that underlying cause.

A *sinless* race might rest in a religious philosophy of its own choosing; the human soul, with its infinite yearning for the presence of the Father, is powerless to throw off the chains of sinfulness its own hands have forged, and raise itself from the dungeon of its own depravity. The system, therefore, which rejects all necessity of mediation between the Most Holy and the sin-stained heart of man, which refuses the guidance of the pierced hand of the Redeemer and ignores his sacrificial death, fails to meet the vital needs of men, and must see its noblest service for their welfare crumble in the dust. The path to the throne of God human eyes, unaided by divine light, cannot discern, nor can man walk therein unsustained by the blessed grace of God. The words of India's gifted and heroic daughter, the Pundita Ramabai, have caught the secret of the great truth, as her consecrated life is showing forth its beauty: "I came to see that Christianity is a philosophy, teaching truths higher than I had ever known in all our systems; to see that it gives not only precepts, but a perfect example; that it does not give us precepts and an example only, but assures us of divine grace, by which we can follow that example." Moreover, the noble task which the great-hearted Hindu endeavored to achieve for the children of men is not only impossible to human effort, but also needless, since the universal religion is already established by the divine fiat.

It is not enough to honor Christ as the worthy prophet of a Western religion, to be enraptured with the perfections of his character, as an embodiment of a series of lofty ideas. The voice of God has summoned us from our philosophies and our theorizing, our creeds and our systems: "This is my beloved Son: Hear ye Him!" And as we listen, what is the claim which he makes upon our faith? "I am the light of the world." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "The bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Christ thus repeatedly declares himself to be the only Saviour of mankind: strange indeed is it that the inconsistency of lavishing honor on the integrity and beauty of his character, and at the same moment rejecting the truth of his statements concerning his nature and his mission, does not appear to those who would be liberal at so great an expense. The religion of Jesus is the divinely appointed system for the salvation and devotion of the human race, or it is not even a "cunningly devised fable."

May those who, following in the steps of Keshub Chunder Sen, are earnestly seeking, for the India they love, that faith which shall satisfy the deepest cravings of the soul, speedily find it where alone it may be found, beneath the cross of Calvary.

We take up a little pamphlet by the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost (*What I Believe*) with some prejudices of a contradictory character: prejudice in favor of the moral courage of a man who, for the sake of his convictions, will leave a comfortable and assured position and sail out into an open sea where all is, and must be, even to a sanguine nature, full of uncertainty; prejudice adverse to the intellectual balance of a man who, in a few weeks after leaving an orthodox pulpit, is not only preaching against orthodox doctrines, but, as it appears to us, totally misreporting them. The lack of sobriety of judgment which appears to us to characterize Mr. Pentecost's work is indicated by his disavowal of copyright in the Preface; his lack of intellectual caution by his statement that the book was written, "I might almost say at one sitting, since I wrote eight or ten hours a day upon them until they were finished." This lack of caution, and of what is ordinarily called "level headedness," seems to us to pervade the book, which is thoroughly honest in its moral tone, wholly free from that moral superficiality which comes from lack of earnestness, but not from that intellectual superficiality which comes from lack of cautious discrimination; wholly free from that cant of irreligion which characterizes so many representatives of the popular prophets of rationalism, but not from that misrepresentation which comes from a failure to perceive spiritual truth beneath formularies of doctrine. There is, as the author frankly confesses, nothing new in the book; but there is, what he does not apparently know, a complete ignoring of theological definitions and distinctions familiar to all theological scholars. Thus he apparently recognizes no distinction between inspiration and revelation, or any possibility of belief in inspiration that does not carry with it infallibility in all its utterances. So

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[1] *The Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen.* By P. C. Mozoomdar. (Calcutta: Printed and published by J. W. Thomas, Baptist Mission Press.)

he seemingly confounds the super-natural and the contra-natural; and after reading his chapter on Miracles we cannot but wonder whether he ever read Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," or appreciated its force and significance if he read it. As his mind is not discriminating, so it seems to us that his scholarship is scanty. Thus we have his assertion, with no authority to sanction it, that the Jews were not a monotheistic people till long after their release from Egypt, while M. Renan, who will not be accused of orthodox prejudices, nor denied a certain measure of authority as an Oriental scholar, tells us explicitly that the earliest religion of the Jewish people was purely monotheistic, so purely monotheistic that there was no room in it for mythology, and that only through the corruptions of a later age did either idolatry or polytheism creep in to corrupt its primitive faith. "The Semitic shepherd," says Renan, "bore upon his forehead the seal of the absolute God, upon which was written, 'This race will rid the earth of superstition.'" It would seem that we need only read the first chapter of Genesis to be sure that the earliest faith of the Hebrew people was in one God. We need not go on. We are, on the whole, glad that Mr. Pentecost has told us what he believes; we do not think that the creed which he offers us in place of the Apostles' Creed will get any strong hold on any considerable number of minds. It lacks the spirituality of an orthodox creed, which is content to sacrifice definiteness to comprehension of truth too large to be accurately formulated, and the precision of a Positivist creed, which is precise in its definitions by excluding all that realm which transcends definition from its horizon. In thus unconsciously endeavoring to preserve the charm of both, it loses all that gives either attraction, and will neither satisfy the scientific head nor the devout heart. (Published by the Author. 25 cents.)

Woman in the Pulpit. By Frances E. Willard. (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.) That Miss Willard is worthy of an audience when she speaks, no one will deny. She does not need a pulpit to influence her fellow-man or fellow-woman, for without it she has influence that many pulpiteers might well covet. Whatever her subject, her thoughts are worthy of regard, and when she gives her views on the question of woman in the pulpit it will not be difficult to know just where she stands—of course she favors the admission of woman to the clerical profession, and she maintains the right, the propriety, and the special appropriateness of such admission with a vigor and zeal worthy of a better cause. There are some places into which a man ought not to go; some positions which he ought not to try to fill. Why should there not be some from which women are naturally excluded? The testimony of women preachers as given by Miss Willard will not be as convincing to some as to others. When one lady preacher writes, "I never take vacations, and, excepting a very few Sundays when my children were born, have really lost no time; and yet I think it is conceded by my neighbors that my children are as well cared for as theirs, at any rate," many will feel that she was out of place, even if they believe in large liberty for woman. It is unnecessary for Miss Willard to think men jealous of their clerical rights, when they hold firmly to Scripture truths which they consider determinative. It will not do to say simply, "The letter killeth." The book contains the best words that can be said on the subject, and is very readable, whatever view one holds. An article by Dr. Henry J. van Dyke, Sr., in opposition to, and a reply by Professor L. T. Townsend in favor of, admitting woman to the pulpit add value to the volume.

Lovers of the marvelous—and the recent popularity of certain works of fiction would indicate that their number in nowise diminishes—will find abundant material to feast their appetite in the story called *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder* (New York: Harper & Bros.). As a tale of the impossible it is certainly original and ingenious, but there is not the slightest element of plausibility in it. In Haggard's stories there is always a certain stolid realism of narration, a joining of exceedingly matter-of-fact modern characters and details of prosaic life with miraculous creations like "She" and the witch at "King Solomon's Mines," so that one is insensibly led into a mood of half-belief toward the incredible. But in "A Strange Manuscript" the fertility of invention is wild and untrained; there is crudeness in style, lack of consistency in motive, and almost every literary fault. The wonders are hurried upon the reader's attention so fast that he soon ceases to be astounded, and, after a while, becomes, we fear, very much bored. It has been said that the tale is a *tour de force* of the late versatile and too-rapid story teller, Professor De Mille, who, it is reported, could, if he took a notion, write a serial in two or three nights, and that the tale has been long in the publishers' hands, being just now called out by the extraordinary popularity of certain other stories of the impossible. We do not vouch for the truth of this report, but it is certain that the novel has some of the faults of the author of "The Dodge Club" and "The Cryptogram," without a particle of the honest fun of the first or the clever sensationalism of the second.

Parish Lectures on the Prayer-Book. By William A. Snively, D.D. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) The standard question which confronts all ministers in their pastoral work—Which is the best commentary?—extends itself, in the Episcopal Church, from the Bible to the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Snively, in aiming to meet this supplementary need, has written a very desirable and well-proportioned little manual. Without going at all deeply into his subject, which there was no need to do, he has summarized in a familiar way the things best worth knowing about the Prayer-Book as a whole, and the various offices that make it up. As in most books of the sort, the tone is one of unqualified praise, with no dark shadow of criticism cast anywhere. In a book written for the express purpose of endearing their liturgy to the people who habitually use it, this is well enough; although, even in eulogy, a qualifying word here and there sometimes serves to heighten the effect. The book is not free from inaccuracies, both orthographical and historical. As instances of the former, there may be noted "Scuddamore," which occurs in the preface, and "*In Media Vitæ*," page 358. A graver error than either of these is the mention (pp. 40, 48 58, 76) of various features of what is known among Episcopalians as "The Book Annexed" as if they had been already authoritatively adopted and made part of the Prayer Book, whereas, in point of fact, they are still under discussion.

The Best Bread, and Other Sermons. By C. H. Spurgeon. (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) *The Golden Alphabet.* By C. H Spurgeon. (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) These volumes have all the characteristics of Mr. Spurgeon's work. "The Golden Alphabet" is a devotional commentary on the 119th Psalm, and is mainly extracted from "The Treasury of David" by the author. The sermons are full of bright and vigorous thought. The illustrations are often homely, but always apt. The strong evangelical spirit of the preacher pervades each sermon. There is little condensation in the style of Mr. Spurgeon. Sometimes the subject seems talked to shreds, the thought beaten out to a gossamer thinness, but the simple can thus understand, and the vast audiences are a sufficient testimony to the worth and power of the preaching. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, published by Carter & Brothers, make a homiletical library in themselves.

Tenting at Stony Beach, by Maria Louise Pool, is an unpretending little book that well repays a reading A fresh, unaffected spirit prevades it, and nothing could be more suited to a warm afternoon's perusal than this narrative of two independent ladies and "Max" The character sketches show decided talent and originality, and are refreshing after the tame models and tamer imitations which appear as portrayals of character in these days. While the style is slight, and intentionally so, a touch of tragedy and pathos here and there, as well as occasional light thrusts of sarcasm, discover a steady hand upon the pen of this ready writer. We hope that the author of "A Vacation in a Buggy" and "Tenting at Stony Beach" may have many more summer experiences of which she will tell us. Some of these chapters have appeared in the New York "Tribune," and, with additions, are attractively published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor. Edited by Edward Dowden. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co) This is really to be regarded as a supplementary volume to Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography," of which we spoke at length, giving some extracts, not very long ago. The letters given were selected with care by Sir Henry, and are admirably edited by Mr. Dowden. The list includes epistles to or from Wordsworth, Southey, Lockhart, Macaulay, Gladstone, Tennyson, James Spedding, Dr. John Brown, Swinburne, and other celebrities, besides many intimate friends. Sir Henry was a rarely cultivated correspondent, an easy writer, thoroughly well informed, unassuming and unaffected—at the same time a literary man and a man of the world. He made many friends worth the having, and the interchange of talk on literature, politics, and social life was unrestrained, and often of broad and enduring interest.

Irish Wonders. By D. R McAnally, Jr. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The author gives us a collection of tales as told by the old country people in which figure "ghosts, giants, pookas, demons, leprechawns, banshies, fairies, witches, widows, old maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle." The stories are racy of the soil, and were gathered from the talk of many bright-witted Irish peasants. The dialect sometimes drags a little in Mr. McAnally's handling, lacking the true dash and fire of Charles Lever's Irishmen, for instance, but the tales are full of ingenious conceits, and make a most amusing study of folk-lore and harmless superstitions. It is a phase of unwritten Celtic literature well worth the personal study the author has given it. There are many spirited drawings by Mr. H. R. Heaton.

Hints from a Lawyer. By Edgar A. Spencer. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) A simply written and concise compendium of legal advice, relating to the care of property, investment of property, and legal duties and responsibilities. The information is often thrown into the form of a dialogue between lawyer and client. The distribution of estates, duties of executor or administrator, legal rights of married women, law of notes and bills, execution and recording of deeds, mortgages, and leases, are among the topics treated at greatest length. A sensible chapter is devoted to good advice on when and how to consult a lawyer. The book is unpretentious, and will serve a good purpose.

We have received a new edition of *Romanism as It Is*, by the Rev. S. W. Barnum. (Hartford: Connecticut Publishing Co.) The 900 pages of this volume contain an immense amount of information about the origin, history, ceremonies, and methods of the Roman Church, described from the standpoint of one who believes that misapprehensions and prejudices ought to be corrected wherever found, and that a thorough knowledge of the facts is a necessary precedent to a sound opinion as to the danger to be apprehended from the growth and power of the Roman Catholic Church.

Better Not. By J. H. Vincent. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.) Here we have the new Bishop's old thoughts on certain social customs of the day, often perplexing the young Christian and disturbing the old. It is a clever, clear, and strong book. Wine-drinking, card-playing, theater-going, and dancing are very vigorously treated by Dr. Vincent, and he says emphatically, *better not* engage in them, and gives sound and sensible reasons for his advice. The chapters will furnish a good morning tonic for many each day this summer.

Mr. Bret Harte's latest story, *The Argonauts of North Liberty*, deals with an unpleasant subject, and pictures a morbid and morally repugnant character. To our thinking, Joan Demorest is neither a natural nor a consistent creation of fiction. As a specimen of literary art the tale is below the author's standard. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

LITERARY NOTES.

—Macmillan & Co. have published a paper-covered edition of F. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" in their neatly printed Summer Reading Library.

—An illustrated Chinese weekly has made its appearance in this city. Its editor is Mr. Wong Chin Foo, who wrote "Why I am a Heathen" in the "North American."

—The Scribners have issued as an announcement of the railway articles in their magazine an attractive folded card giving twenty questions and answers about railways.

—Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the well-known writer, traveler, man of the world, and religious enthusiast, whose present home is at Haifa, Palestine, is visiting this country.

—A third edition has just been issued of "The Amateur Photographer," a handy, clearly expressed and illustrated manual for beginners. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.)

—"The irregular, playful, fastidious, impertinent, and delicate spirit, half Puck, half Ariel"—that is how the critic of "Blackwood" characterizes Robert Louis Stevenson.

—The Scribners have published in book form Mr. F. A. Stimson's clever and amusing, but perhaps over-burlesqued, story, "The Residuary Legatee," which first appeared in "Scribner's Monthly."

—The increase in the sale of "Lippincott's Magazine," consequent on the publication of Miss Rives's "The Quick or the Dead," has been, it is said, more than one hundred per cent. There is a moral here, somewhere.

—It is said that Mr. Stevenson's "Outlaws of Tunstall Forest," now running in "syndicates" of American, English, East Indian, and Australian papers, originally appeared in the London "Young Folks' Paper."

—The managers of the Sheffield (Eng.) Free Library have adopted, in the interest of the public health, the plan of fumigating their books, after they have been out, for fifteen minutes with carbolic acid at a temperature of 150 to 200 degrees.

—The address delivered by the Hon. Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford, at the unveiling of the statue to General Putnam at Brooklyn, Conn., on Thursday of last week, was admirable both in matter and manner. Addresses which fit the occasion with such intelligence and wisdom are rare.

—The J. B. Lippincott Company announce as in preparation a "handy edition" in seven volumes of the Brontë novels. It will be uniform with similar editions of Thackeray and Dickens. The house has also in preparation the works of Shelley, edited and annotated by Richard Herne Shepperd Five volumes are devoted to this edition—two to the prose works and three to the poems. There will be a large-paper edition, of which only one hundred copies are to be printed.

—A new book by Robert Louis Stevenson is about to be published by the Scribners under the title of "The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses." Twelve full-page illustrations by Will H. Low and Alfred Brennan will be included in the book. We suppose this is the story now being published by a syndicate of newspapers under the title "The Outlaws of Tunstall Forest." It is a tale full of adventure and incident, but in literary execution not to be compared with Mr. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" or other best works

—The "Critic" says of Walt Whitman, who is now preparing for the press his new book, "November Boughs," that during the last five years he has received about $3 000 from the sale of his works, and that he "would have made more had not surreptitious copies of the 'Leaves of Grass' been put upon the market to the detriment of the genuine ones." Mr. Whitman has been ill, but at this writing is much better.

—Mr. R. H. Stoddard's literary column in the "Mail and Express" is always original and gossipy. In a recent issue he waxes irate over the fact that £50 was recently paid for a copy of "Pickwick" in the original parts. Says Mr. Stoddard: "We have not a word to say against munificent prices for rare editions of great writers: but we have a great deal to say—at any rate we think a great deal, and very seriously, about this ridiculous Dickens craze. It is not a taste for true bibliography which now rules the English book market—the auction mart—but a fraudulent demand which is created by unscrupulous dealers in order to supply it, and which victimizes the simple Croesus, who disburses largely that he may brag hugely about his 'rarities' among his moneyed kind. And he isn't confined to Great Britain, for he is springing up, like the millionaire mushroom that he is, in the United States—mostly, we believe, in the province of the packers of pork and the localities of the lords of lard. He is numerous, this Croesus-Midas, and he is buying the first editions of American writers whose last editions, as a rule, are substantially the same as their first, and who, if still living, would laugh at his folly. Buy good books, not to show them, in costly bindings, but to read them. And don't buy because the old dealers tell you that you ought to, but because you really desire to enjoy 'books which are books,' and to educate, so far as you can, your pork-packing, lard-ladling, shoddy substitutes for Mind."

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The New York "Sun," which is not only anti-prohibition and local option, but anti license, high or low, and anti-Sunday closing, or regulation of any sort, reports the following incident. As the object of this department of The Christian Union is to furnish light and not heat, we make no comment:

"HUBERT'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

"There is something very pathetic about the case of a lad who was arrested at Newark last Tuesday.

"It seems that his father is a drunkard who has impoverished his family by squandering his money in rum-shops. Therefore the son and another lad, whose father and grandfather are both drunkards likewise, have vowed to devote their lives to the extermination of the liquor traffic. In the pursuit of this purpose on Sunday night they tore from a saloon-keeper's window the metallic letters of his sign, and hid them away. Their intention had been to go further, and 'turn on the faucets of all the rum and beer barrels in the place and let the vile stuff run away;' but they were unable to get into the saloon.

"The lad who was arrested is named Hubert, and he made no effort to escape, though the other boy seems to ave fled in terror when the policeman appeared. Hubert tood his ground boldly, and did not hesitate to acknowledge his guilt, for he had been inspired by what he regarded as a holy motive, superior to the statutes of New Jersey; but while he was telling his story the poor boy burst into tears, though he did not flinch in his determination to spend his life in warfare against the rum traffic. It is gratifying to know that he was released on bail, and probably he has had all the punishment which he will receive for his offense."

The Anti Saloon Republican League has issued a circular showing that in the ten States which have voted on the question of prohibition since 1880, 1,211 000 votes have been cast in favor of prohibition and but 1 160 000 against it. The League presents these facts in order to urge Republican Conventions to take advanced positions.

The new law in New Jersey provides that the local option elections shall not be held within sixty days of a general election. In four or five of the counties the petitions for elections were presented in time for the courts to have ordered the elections to take place this summer, but in two of them ex-Governor Abbett, the attorney of the liquor dealers, managed to consume so much time in the examination of witnesses that the election had to be postponed. In one of these counties, Camden, public indignation ran so high that in the city of Camden the Council has increased the license fee from $250 to $1 000.

Last week Vermont and Missouri both held enthusiastic Prohibition conventions. The Missouri Convention refused to reaffirm the woman's suffrage clause of the national platform.

The utter demoralization of the jury system in the cities of Ohio is again shown forth in the attempts to enforce the new Sunday-closing law in Cincinnati. More than one hundred and fifty warrants were served on Monday last week upon saloon-keepers for selling liquor the day previous. So far, the issuing of warrants and the giving of bonds are the only forms of punishment inflicted for the violations of the law. Five trials have been had, with one conviction, two acquittals, and two disagreements of the jury. The convicted man was awarded a new trial. There is talk of abandoning all effort to prosecute, as it is found that where no testimony in defense is offered, and where the testimony for the State is clear and unmistakable, the jurors refuse to render a verdict of guilty. There is a proposition to take the cases to the Common Pleas Courts, where a different system prevails for selecting juries.

A Boston "teetotaler" writes us a strong letter condemning the Prohibitionists for urging compulsory teetotalism or nothing. He urges that while a majority of the people are in favor of closing the saloons, only a small minority are in favor of the national prohibition of the manufacture of liquors. He concludes by saying: 'To insist upon public and governmental action only along the line of complete total abstinence is to set back a rising tide of righteousness merely because it is not at once at the floodtide of Christian grace"

Mr. F. N. Barrett, of the "American Grocer," writes to "The Christian Advocate" a letter explaining his estimates of the National liquor bill, which were republished by the Internal Revenue Department a year ago. Mr. Barrett assumes $4.50 as the average cost of a gallon of whisky to the consumer. His argument against $6 a gallon assumption of some of the temperance people is certainly a strong one. The most interesting part of it is as follows:

"During a recent visit to the coal regions I found that the Hungarians were free consumers of wretched whisky, for which they would not pay over $1.20 per gallon. One walked up to a bar and called for a pint of whisky, which was handed him in a tin measure, the seller supposing that he desired it put in a bottle. He drank the entire contents of the measure, laid down fifteen cents, and left. At the Hoffman House bar, in this city, a drink of whisky is fifteen cents, which is equivalent to $9 per gallon, as barkeepers are usually held to returns showing an average of sixty drinks per gallon. The average of these two extremes (representing the highest and lowest grade of consumers) is $5 10 per gallon. Since the early estimate made, I find that from one-third to one-half of the whisky sent into consumption goes out from the retailer in bottles or demijohns. One firm of retail grocers in this city sold in that way last year one single brand to the extent of over seven hundred barrels. The largest whisky dealers in the country estimate that the average cost of whisky sold for retail purposes is in the neighborhood of $1.75 to $2 25 per gallon. It is, in my opinion, extravagant, in view of these facts, to adopt $6 per gallon as the retail cost of whisky."

Mr. Barrett makes the Nation's liquor bill $767,000,000 a year. From this estimate we are further willing to deduct $117 000 000 as the approximate amount which the Nation gets back in the shape of taxes. The $650,000 000 which remain is equal to the land rent of the entire country.

MUSIC AND ART.

Mr. G F. Watts, R.A., contributes a characteristic article on "The Aims of Art" to the June number of the "Magazine of Art." He says:

"No one questions the mission of poetry to elevate and even instruct while delighting; but, for want in modern times of association with religious and political life, it has come to be believed, and even asserted, that art should be nothing but a mere ornamental fringe on the social garment, should have no claim to honor beyond what is due to dexterity. But that it has higher claims will be denied by no one who remembers the Dresden 'Madonna.' An attempt to explain why this picture is so great would lead far beyond mere artistic considerations. It is not possible to regard the Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel without feeling that they are on a level with the noblest poetry, or stand amid the ruins of the Parthenon without experiencing the same set of sensations that are awakened by sacred music. The great 'Pallas Athené' by Pheidias was said to call up profoundly religious feelings. It is not by the subject alone being what is generally understood by the term sacred that this set of impressions is stimulated; a solemn awe belonging to the same class of sentiments is produced by the Sphinx, especially when its silent grandeur is seen by moonlight, and by scenery which has no particular association with any human circumstance. It is not merely upon association with what is usually implied by the term religion that effects of this kind must depend, but upon an appeal to the spiritual side of man's nature.

"It is not probable that any who have seriously wielded the pen, from Victor Hugo to Dickens, would deny the position of poetry as a religious cult. The outcome of the minds and labors of Pheidias and Michael Angelo cannot be placed in a different category. Of all the efforts man can make, those are greatest that are referable to the peculiar faculties with which he has been invested—the intellectual. Of these the greatest is imagination, for it removes him furthest from the animal world. In giving out the inspirations of this divine faculty he is at his best, and when he has been great in this he has adorned his epoch and made his country famous as no other human effort has had the power to do. Parallel with the poet's teaching it may be possible that occasionally a stronger appeal through art might be made to some minds by impressive symbols of the mysteries that surround human life from its beginning to its close, and be more efficacious to keep alive simple faith than the accumulation of dogmatic utterances. Self-flattered by the rigid observance of arbitrary regulations, it is not unusual to become indifferent to more simple principles, their very obviousness, perhaps, by giving them the look of common things, serving to divest them of that mystic air with which many minds find it necessary to surround all they would consider sacred.

"Not that it is to be asserted that the fine arts are only to be exercised in a solemn manner and for consciously serious purposes. All that is beautiful and graceful appertains to poetry, art, and music, and will overlap lines of limitation; they cannot be restricted in their utterances. At their noblest they are aids to what is highest in man's nature, but below this exalted range they may be well exercised to cheer, or simply to amuse. A great teacher of our day, one truly among its prophets, has said: 'The discernment of sacred truth and beauty is perpetual.' Furthest removed from the ordinary conditions of animal nature, and belonging chiefly to that divine gift imagination, the great arts are not merely to beautify and rejoice man's being, they are absolutely necessary to its balance and completion. To the discernment of truth and beauty, to the arousing of man's imagination, to the widening of the span of this celestial region, should Art be mainly dedicated, for this most truly is its mission."

"Were Americans and Europeans more familiar with the legendary and historical background of Japanese art," writes Mr. Griffis in the April "Harper," "it would not soon become a thing of the past, as some think it already is, but would take a new lease of life. All artists of high grade in Japan detest the cheap, unmeaning, or stereotyped figures now in vogue on degenerate and hastily made work for foreign markets, and cling to the old traditions and designs in decoration. He who will unlock the treasures of Japanese mythology and legend will open a new avenue of beauty to lovers of the quaint and curious art works of this far-off Orient that lies nearest to our West."

Mr. Alden Weir took the sole prize offered this year by the American Art Association, and now the winners of the gold medals are announced. The landscape honored with a medal is Mr. C. H. Eaton's; the marine is Mr. J. Nicoll's; the figure piece is Mr. Percy Moran's, called "A Forgotten Strain," and the sculpture is Mr. C E. Dallin's, called "Indian Hunter." The painters are workmen of sterling merit who deserve recognition, but the sculptor shows in his "Indian Hunter" a figure so wretchedly posed, so ugly and inartistic, that it ought never have been exhibited.

At Brooklyn, Conn., last Thursday was dedicated a heroic equestrian figure of Putnam, which represents the old hero in full uniform. It is the work of Sculptor Karl Gerhardt, and stands on a plain but handsome pedestal of granite, the only ornamentation of which consists of a bronze wreath of oat leaves encircling the upper rim, and a bronze wolf's head on either side at about the center of the shaft. The inscription, which occupies a broad slab on the face of the pedestal, was written by General Joseph R Hawley It is as follows:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ALL THE BRAVE MEN OF BROOKLYN WHO FOUGHT ON LAND AND ON SEA FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

The statue, as well as a soldiers' monument, dedicated the same day, is the gift of the Hon. T. S. Marlor.

A stained-glass window in memory of President Arthur has recently been completed by the Tiffany Glass Co., for Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass. The design is Byzantine in character, the top being semicircular. In the center of the arch is a seven-branched candelabrum, and in the center of the main panel is a golden yellow cross, ending below in a ball. Below is a dark red panel, surrounded with amber jewels. Painted on the upper portions of the window are four doves perched on a grapevine in fruit. The effect is simple and harmonious.

"The Masters of Wood-Engraving" is the title of a new and important art work by W. J. Linton, the famous English engraver. It is issued only to subscribers. Only five hundred copies will be issued (at £10 10s.), and an *édition de luxe* of one hundred (at £21). The ordinary edition will form a single volume, containing 229 pages of text, with nearly 248 page subjects. The second edition will be on paper large enough to admit of its containing certain important engravings entire, such as Harvey's "Dentatus" and the cuts from Dürer's "Apocalypse" and "Greater Passion." In addition will be given Dürer's most important work in wood, "The Triumphal Car of Maximilian," seven feet four inches long, with a height of eighteen inches. The Dawson fac-simile processes will be used. Mr. Linton's address is 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, London.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of this city, last Sunday night preached a sermon on the Salvation Army, which is reported as follows in the "Tribune:"

"'Let all things be done decently,' was his text. 'The Salvation Army,' he said, 'is a popular delusion of Christianity, and as such should be condemned. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and in the Salvation Army there is great need of both. It is hard to have to criticise a thing which contains some elements of good, and we must recognize the little good accomplished by the so-called Army of the Lord. The Salvationists are like the great religious bodies of centuries ago, who made pilgrimages to the Saviour's tomb for the purpose of saving it from the desecration of infidels—they are engaged in useless and profitless work. They should be placed on the level of such frauds and follies as Spiritualists, mind-curers, and Christian Scientists. There are, no doubt, some good Christians in the Salvation Army who believe that they are doing some great good in becoming as dirty as the people in the gutters. It is purely practical only in its efforts to drag all to the level of the masses.'

"Mr. Virgin said that the Army was a popular delusion for several reasons. It was antagonistic to the Word of God and Christian activity. Their whole manner lacked reverence. It was a delusive form of Christianity, because it was anti-church and anti-ministry. The policy of this pernicious form of work, Mr. Virgin said, was against the Christian ministry. Again, it was delusive because it was a great ecclesiastical tyranny. It grew out of the ambition of one man, who had all his life craved for great influence. General Booth was, he said, vested with such vast power that he might well be envied even by the great Church of Rome. The Army was thoroughly un-American, and could not succeed here, because there were no defined classes. Instead of raising the needy and degraded, it sought to bring down to their level all who were above them, socially, morally, or otherwise.

"In closing, Mr. Virgin said: 'I earnestly pray that the day is near at hand when we will see the last of these shouting, drum-beating, cymbal-playing people driven from our streets.'"

FACT AND RUMOR.

An English naval officer estimates that there are $200,000,000 in gold and silver under the sea which could be reached by good luck.

At a religious meeting in Portland, Me., an Englishman led the services, a Frenchman offered prayer, an Irishman conducted the singing, and a Russian was the leading speaker.

At the hacienda of Rio Florido, in Mexico, there lives a man 120 years old. His wife is in her 111th year. The owners of the hacienda and the people of the neighboring plantation anticipate the pleasure of giving this aged Indian couple a great many presents on the 100th anniversary of their wedding day.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Archbishop of Paris has refused to allow Verdi's requiem to be given in Notre Dame, on the ground that ladies of the opera would sing in it. The Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Culien, afterward Cardinal, some years ago invited a whole Italian opera troupe engaged at the old Theater Royal to sing in the cathedral choir, and five shillings was the entrance fee.

The quaint inscriptions on tombstones, especially in old cemeteries, show as clearly as theological books written now, and centuries ago, the change in religious thought. The bright, hopeful inscriptions found in the old Roman catacombs, and the dismal, doleful ditties found in our old New England graveyards, are in striking contrast. In these modern days, however, we are coming nearer the days of the holy saints in this respect. We found, a few days ago, in a rural cemetery, one of the most practical inscriptions ever read by us. It was under the name of a young lady who had died at the age of twenty. "Reader, if your friend breathes too frequently, however mild the other symptoms, rest not easy under the fallacious idea that 'it is nothing but a cold.'" That tombstone certainly makes a wise "appeal to the living."—[Exchange.

That is a good story which the Rev. Dr. Rush, Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells of the Annual Conferences, before which he presents the claims of his Society. A young negro in the South had been converted, and at once wanted to preach. His elders thought he was not fitted for the important work; but he well-nigh staggered them by relating a vision in which he had plainly seen the letters, "G. P. C."—which could mean only, "Go preach Christ." A white-haired negro preacher slowly arose and told the ambitious young brother that, while he had no doubt seen the letters in a vision, he had failed in the interpretation. They probably meant, "Go pick cotton," or "Go plow corn." This settled the matter. A preacher in the New York Conference, when the story was told, remarked to a friend sitting near: "I wish we had men in our white conferences sharp enough to explain away as satisfactorily the arguments by which our young incompetents try to convince the committees that they have been called to preach the Gospel."—[Advocate.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

The evils which affect our political system are but the natural results of the corruption of society and the individual members of the body politic. In all our great cities are localities which are the breeding-places of crime—cesspools toward which the vice of the surrounding country drains—and from these sinks of iniquity arise the poisons which eat out the moral life of the nation. Broadcast over the land—thick as dead leaves blown by the autumn winds—fly printed leaves from the tree of evil knowledge. In them crimes are gilded; lawlessness is valor; murderers, thieves, and criminals are the heroes. The man or woman or child who peruses them goes to the State prison, the gambling-house, and the brothel to find the companions of his leisure hours, the personages who will dwell in his thoughts when his hands are busy. Courage, independence, heroism, and a spirit of self-sacrifice are qualities which have become antiquated and obsolete. Argosies of fancy and of fact, which wove spells of tenderness and honor around the lives of the great and good men and women of times gone by, have been allowed to go down into the abyss of out of-print; and in their stead we have a Babel of dialects, a hodge-podge of criminals and detectives, a pemmican of adventure—bear and Indian and scout and trapper and cowboy boiled down to the dregs of condensation.

All the quaintness and innocence of childhood—its originality, its tenderness, its sprightful tricks, its infinite, unconscious drollery, the serious earnestness of its fun, the natural religion of its plays, the delicious oddity of its sayings—all, all disappear when the child has fed its mind upon that pernicious literature which the great cities spread over the country.

It is next to impossible to reform those who have lost all faith in the sincerity, honor, or goodness of human nature—who believe that people in general are all bad, who have been taught that all criminals are heroes. In such hearts there is a reservoir of rage and vice, invisible save when some flame, hotter than usual, bursts momentarily forth. And if our national life is growing worse, if society is growing more corrupt, it is because our young men and women, who are growing into manhood and womanhood, have in childhood fed their minds on pernicious literature.

Childhood is the time when the ideals of life are formed. In the dreams of childhood are found the germs of many a man's career. The seeds sown in the mind of the child will germinate into the character of the man and ripen into the pleasant fruit of good deeds or the Dead Sea apples of sin. And so, if we would have citizens capable, by voice and vote, of wisely governing and directing the affairs of the nation, we must see to it that the children of the land are early taught to be manly and honest, pure and true.

But, apart from these considerations of the worldly power and prosperity of the nation, there is a higher duty which we are called upon to fulfill—a duty whose performance or omission must be accounted for when the great Judge of all men puts to us the question, "Where is thy brother?" Think you that the old, old answer with which humanity has so long stifled its conscience will suffice then? Shall we be absolved from blame if we give the answer of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" When eyeballs glaze and ears grow dull—when the golden cord that binds the soul and body together is frayed and breaking and life is ebbing away—what will it matter to us then that we have been clad daintily, that Science has been our guide, or that Art has surrounded our lives with all that is fair and pleasant? Better far if, out of the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we hear a voice speaking to us words like these: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—[North American Review.

THE BEAUTIES OF CRAMMING.

For the last week, writes a correspondent to the "St. James's Gazette," my lot has cast me into the company of a student whose "exam" comes off in a few days. He came straight from a tutor, and is, I understand, so "beautifully crammed" that he cannot possibly hold any more. His crammer is confident, our host (we are in the country) assures me, that none of it will escape before the eventful day; but the young man is uneasy in his mind himself, and I am personally of opinion that he has been got ready a fortnight too soon.

All that was asked of him when he was sent down here for his health was to keep what he had got. He was also to take exercise, and not "get into a funk." We happen to be the only guests in a house where our host is busy during the day, and, as a result, we are flung together more, perhaps, than either of us might wish; for he would be freer to go over the reform bills of four hundred years—which he has in thirty lines of doggerel—if he was alone, and he annoys me with the far-away look with which he receives my remarks. For a great part of the day—at breakfast, walking, riding, or in the smoking-room—his eyes have a glassy look, and his lips move as if in prayer. At such times, of course he is thinking possible questions over. The most casual remarks on my part sets him off. If I happen to mention Wellington, he murmurs to himself — sometimes I catch a word here and there—"In 1815, I tell you, Napoleon lost at Waterloo." He has all the Latin rules in couplets, such as "Ater envy, spare, obey, The dative put, remember, pray." After the "exam" is over, and he has forgotten his rules, I fancy he will be a sociable and amiable youth, but at present he is even more a misery to himself than to those with whom he comes in contact. He tells me that his memory is at its best when he wakes in the morning. His custom is to pull up the blind as soon as he does so, and then, returning to bed, to run rapidly through the subjects on which the examination is to be held. With the assistance of his crammer, he has, one might say, reduced all human knowledge, as recognized by examiners, to a few rhymes and about a hundred questions and answers. There are, I think, half a dozen subjects, including two languages and mathematics; and in the morning, when he is in "good trim," as he calls it, he can run straight through them from beginning to end in an hour and ten minutes. As the days wear on he becomes confused and loses his grip of things, often having to run up to his bedroom to consult his note-book. So far as I recollect, he is to have two hours for each subject when the great day comes; and you might think from this that he has plenty of time. But, as he points out, should his tory questions be given he can only arrive at the answer by going over a long rhyme from the beginning, repeating this process for each question. In this way some time will be lost. Still, it is noteworthy that in little more than a hour a young gentleman of twenty can con over everything he knows. This, no doubt, is what the tutor means when he says that my friend is "beautifully crammed."

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

The argument against woman suffrage because women cannot back up their ballots with their fists nor with military weapons seems a curious one for The Christian Union. It might be said that they could "strike," if they chose, in ways quite as effective; but I thought it had been settled in this country that there are to be no more revolts by a beaten minority. And as for the school-teacher illustration, I submit that the good-will and power of the community are needed by the male teacher nearly as much as by the female. In our land, fitness for teaching does not depend on fist-development; and neither does legal fitness for the suffrage. Neither ability nor willingness to serve is required, as a matter of fact, and history shows that democratic suffrage has not depended on liability to fighting service, but rather has grown as the latter waned. Suppose the Peace Society already triumphant over war, would the present voting system be at an end?

But even if it were true that any kind of service was the basis of suffrage, could not women present a claim at least equivalent? Not to dwell upon their work or sufferings in great emergencies, at all times woman bears the heaviest loads. She cannot be a soldier, you say. But must not the State ask her for every soldier or servant it gets? She gives men to the world, at the risk of life, at the cost of sufferings such as to be made, in all ages, in all scriptures, the types of extreme anguish. It is told of the late reverend Professor Tayler Lewis that once, when hearing students read Greek, they came upon the lines in which Medea says: "Thrice would I rather bear the spear in battle than bring forth one child." "Yes, yes!" cried the wise old man, "you cost more than you are worth, every mother's son of you!"

I will not say that of *every* son, but surely it behooves the sons to be modest, since they owe to women, in some capacity, not only existence but the first essentials of all training. If, then, "the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," should not that hand be skilled and steady? Will the boy make a poorer citizen if his nurse can tell him nobler tales than those of Mother Goose, and is able to teach practical patriotism and morality, as a conscious partaker of public responsibility? The wider education would be thus a double profit. There are not many *bad* women; the great feminine fault is shallowness, and frivolity in action. It is against this emptiness of mind that the proposal for woman's voting is directed. The average woman now says, "What is the use of informing myself? I can only become disgusted with the abuses and corruptions everywhere; I can do nothing to mend them." But if she knew that she might count one in favor of the better side, would she not try to find that side? She would be encouraged to have a mind of her own, and her private "influence" would be more effective, too, if it were recognized that she has a stake in the country and not thought a strange, exceptional thing that she should care about it. A practical interest in public affairs would help both the farmer's wife worn out with tedious toil, and the fashionable dame sick of bustling idleness. As it is, some gifted women force their way to usefulness and influence, but even they feel hampered without the ballot. When such mighty workers as Mrs. Livermore, Miss Willard, and their company, make this demand, it means more than the silence of unawakened millions. That such women cannot vote, while any worthless male creature can—that they may be business managers or financial pillars of the town, yet have less voice in imposing taxes than the most weak-minded, superannuated male inmate of a poor-house—that a woman inheriting love of country from those who have made our land should be helpless to oppose its unmaking by those who neither know nor care for its cost—are not these shameful absurdities? I am not fond of "shrieking sisterhoods," but this is enough to make all the sisters shriek.

True, things are not as bad here as they might be. Doubtless many fine Hindu gentlemen disapprove of Ramabai for her unwomanly objections to the ancient, manly arrangement for widows—which the Indian women like, else why have they endured it so long and quietly? (Why, indeed, are women and animals so unreasonably patient?) Ramabai fights for the right to education and moral development; here the strife is rather for the chance to make our acquirements tell as they ought to do. It is a later phase of the same struggle.

Men are, indeed, by nature, broadly speaking, more inclined to politics than women, and it is likely that they will always be more prominent in administration. But why should this exclude woman wholly from man's kingdom, any more than the fact that she is chief house manager makes him a nonentity in hers? Few have any real objection to voting. The weaker sort dread being called strong-minded (small danger!), and think it deliciously feminine to give a little scream at the idea of those dreadful polls. It is a bugbear almost equal to the mouse! But there are women—in spite of Mr. Howells *et al.*—who fear neither mouse nor ballot. They may not say much; but I know of none whom on ordinary grounds I could call intelligent who do not feel that this thing ought to come and will come.

Nevertheless, I must suppose there are hosts of "intelligent Christian women" in opposition, having heard of them on good authority—that of conservative religious papers chiefly; and always it is said that a shameless minority of their sex is trying to bind burdens upon them. But who wishes to bind burdens? Is it the hard-working women who ask relief from disabilities that hinder them, or those who object to their being relieved because *they* do not care for freedom? Nobody wishes to make them vote. "Oh, but," we are told, "they are so conscientious they would feel bound to vote if they could." Then, surely, we must ask them to put away their scruples, for we have found a public treasure—a class of possible voters large enough to turn every scale, and *so* devoted to duty!

But look again. This protest implies that the sisters would think it their duty to vote, if the brothers' arbitrary will did not stand between. So they cry to them to go on playing the petty tyrant, to keep up the defense against the dread approach of duty seen before hand! Did ever laziness and selfishness seek such folly? Can there be any such women? As for the self-distrust the Union speaks of, really, our ladies are too modest! Have the polls been so carefully guarded hitherto? "Fools rush in"—thieves, paupers, gin-shop keepers—to our Temple of Freedom, which has scarcely an outer court for women. Is the average daughter of America less fit for "the kingliest act of freedom" than the ex-slave of savage ancestry and brutalizing experience? Yet upon him the gift was thrust; and it might be added that feminine legislation could hardly have made a greater muddle than is shown by his case. *

ANSWERING INGERSOLL.

It has seemed strange to me, as I have read the numerous criticisms upon and replies to Mr. Robert Ingersoll, that such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Field, and others, should waste time and words in argument with him.

I now see, however, that each article has had its use and has done much good. No thoughtful mind, though possibly an admirer of Mr. Ingersoll, can fail to see a vast difference between his writings and those of the other gentlemen. His bright, magnetic manner, brilliant metaphors, polished sentences, fine rhetoric, and so forth, blind many of his hearers, and some of his readers, to the fact that he is a thorough sophist. To the thoughtful student and reader the fact is apparent, and to none, it seems to me, more so than to Mr. Ingersoll himself. How can he, with his intellect, fail to see the slipperiness and fallacy of many of his statements? He throws out these statements in brilliant, meteoric showers, and, dazzled with the sparkle of his wit and genius, many do not see the untruthfulness of a large proportion of them.

No one of those who have brought forth replies from him has been able to pin him down to a logical, straightforward answer to their arguments or statements, but he jumps all around or entirely over such obstacles, and dances in mid-air like a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. A perusal of the writings of both sides must have shown to all who have read them (that is, the thinking portion) the utter shallowness of his tenets. This, no doubt, was the real object in view of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Field, and all others, as none of them could have had any idea of convincing the man himself. The Bible saying, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone," seems applicable in his case.

How trifling, how small is his reply by the side of Mr. Gladstone's grave, soul-stirring article!

How lightly he tosses off his statements, as if they were bubbles blown from a pipe in the mouth of some little one; and how carefully weighed, how seriously uttered, are the sentences of Mr. Gladstone!

His ebullitions of temper as he dashes against the rock of truth remind us still more forcibly of the sea froth, and as it sinks away into the mighty waters of the ocean, so will his utterances sink into forgetfulness in the mighty ocean of time.

Not so God's Word. Mightier minds than his, and apparently more earnest and honest ones, have attacked it before, and still it stands, like the everlasting rock in mid-ocean, little disturbed by the foam at its feet.

L. A. N.

A TRADITIONAL CONSCIENCE.

My Dear "Laicus:"

I do not see why you should call the conscience of the minister's wife who did not "feel" like crocheting on Saturday evening a "traditional conscience." I do not see how either of the ladies could have done differently, unless, indeed, one considers it proper to crochet in any part of the Sabbath, which I suppose is not your meaning.

I was born, and for twenty-five years lived, in a family and neighborhood where the Sabbath was reckoned after the Jewish count, from sunset to sunset, and perhaps for that reason enter more fully into the matter of the conscience. The neighborhood was divided as to the custom, but we always respected each other's way, and never thought of intruding or criticising. To me, then, Saturday evening was as sacred as Sunday, and, though my habit has changed as to the time, I have still the same respect for a "traditional conscience."

F. L. P.

A STRUGGLING CHURCH.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

PERHAPS you will kindly give me space for a word or two to bring before your readers the work being accomplished, by the First Congregational Church on Rockaway Beach some of whom may contemplate spending a portion of the summer at the Beach, and may not be aware of the existence of a church there.

It is probably eighteen months since a few earnest Christians conceived the desirability of such an institution, and about a dozen commenced to assemble for public worship in the schoolhouse, under the spiritual care of the Rev. Mr. Kilby, of the Baptist denomination.

Slowly but surely their number increased, until at the time of their organization, some months later, they numbered twenty or thirty. Mr. Jamieson, of the firm of Jamieson & Bond, a consecrated Christian man, undertook the erection of a building, with faith in God that the necessary means would be forthcoming as the work proceeded. In February of this year the church was dedicated, and through the kind and valued co operation of Mr. James, pastor of the Woodhaven Congregational church, something like $1,500 was pledged to the work. There are to-day over forty members in regular standing, worshiping in a very pretty little church, which seats 180 persons. They are at present without a pastor, Mr. Kilby having resigned because of ill health and not feeling it to be God's call to leave his own denomination. The services of a layman have been secured until September 1 next, and the attendance has been and continues to be gratifying, growing as the season advances and boarders come from the city.

J. E. T.

STUDENTS' VACATION WORK FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

SEVERAL college and seminary students who are inspired with the missionary spirit stand ready to do what they can, during their summer vacation, to advance the cause of foreign missions. They are prepared to visit churches, colleges, Sabbath-schools, and young people's societies, with two objects in view: first, to try to enlist new volunteers who shall devote themselves to the foreign work; and, second, to suggest methods for inciting a new interest in foreign missions and raising means to send workers already pledged into the field. They are to be supported by friends of the movement in New York City, and are ready to work in churches or young people's societies of any and every denomination within their respective territories. Their plan for raising missionary funds has been heartily indorsed by many leading ministers in the different denominations.

I believe these young men have chosen a vacation work in which they may be very useful, and I hope that from many churches will come invitations to speak, and that the time of these workers, not only on Sabbaths, but on week days, may be fully occupied. Our churches, and especially our young people's societies, cannot become too thoroughly informed upon the subject of foreign missions.

I give below the names of those intending to engage in this work, the time they can give to it, the territory they can most conveniently cover, and their addresses. Those who desire can put themselves into direct communication with them, and I shall myself be glad to answer any inquiries.

1. Robert P. Wilder—during June, Michigan, 88 Maybury Avenue, Detroit; from July 1 to 15, Northfield, Mass; after July 15, 50 East Seventieth Street, New York.

2. N. W. Graham—July 15 to August 15, Iowa; Box 299, Dubuque.

3. D. I. Camp—July 1 to September 1, Sundays only, New Jersey, especially Monmouth County; Box 327, Ocean Grove.

4. W. W. Smith—July 15 to August 31, New York, New Jersey, and Eastern Pennsylvania; 411 West Fifty-first Street, New York City, "Kenilworth."

5. A. N. O'Brien—from date to middle of September, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska; Vinland, Kan.

6. J. P. Stoops—from date to end of September, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio; Coultersville, Pa.

7. Charles E. Eckels—July 1 to August 15, Central and Southeastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland; 84 South West Street, Carlisle, Pa.

8. George P. Pierson—from date to August 15, New Jersey and Eastern New York; 426 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

9. J. A. Terhune—August 25 to September 10, New York and New Jersey; Saddle River, Bergen County, N. J.

LEE S. PRATT.

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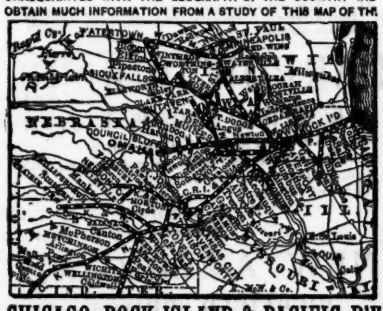

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COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

At Princeton this week the new President, Dr. Patton, will be inaugurated. We shall give next week a special account of the proceedings. On Sunday President McCosh preached his last Baccalaureate sermon. His text was, "God requireth that which is past." In the course of his sermon he said:

"In the instructions we give by lectures and ecitations we do not subject religion to science But we are equally careful not to subject science to religion. We give to each its own independent place, supported by its own evidence. We give to science the things that belong to science, and to God the things that are God's. When a scientific theory is brought before us, our first inquiry is not whether it is consistent with religion, but whether it is true. If it is found to be true, on the principle of the inductions of Bacon, it will be found that it is consistent with religion, on the principle of the unity of truth. We do not reject a scientific truth because at first sight it seems opposed to revelation. It will be remembered that the late Dr. Alexander defended Kant and Laplace's theory of the formation of the earth (substantially true, though it is now shown that it has overlooked some agencies of work), which was supposed to be inconsistent with religion. I have been defending evolution, but in doing so have given the proper account of it as the method of God's procedure, and find that when so understood it is in no way inconsistent with the Scriptures."

The class exercises took place Monday. The class oration and poem were by James H. Pershing, of Pennsylvania, and Fred. L. Drummond, of New Jersey, respectively. E. O. Wagenhurst delivered the salutatory.

The Rev Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, preached before the graduating class of Cornell last Sunday on the theme, "Each One Has a Divine Mission." He closed with an eloquent reference to the death of the German Emperor. The Shakespeare prize offered by Mrs. A. S. Barnes has been awarded to Miss Clara French, A.B., of Smith College. Mr. E. B Barnes receives the prize offered by the New Shakespeare Society of London. Professor Corson's Shakespearean course is probably now the most extended in the country. Professor Brainerd Smith's prospective course in practical journalism is exciting great attention and approval. Professor Smith has been for many years a newspaper man, and is familiar with every branch of journalistic work The course as described in a circular just issued by President Adams is as follows:

"Lectures on different phases of journalism; practical instruction in the beginning of newspaper work and reporting; treatment of the different classes of news; preparing copy for the printer, and much of the detail that is slowly picked up by the reporter in the newspaper office. The Professor, who has had experience in metropolitan journalism, organizes the class on the plan of the city staff of a large newspaper, and the student is set at practical work."

The Board of Trustees have decided to build one of the largest and finest library buildings in the country. It will cost nearly $250,000, and will be 185 feet long by 165 wide.

The 134th Commencement of Columbia College in this city was held on Wednesday of last week; forty-eight young men received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The degree of Bachelor of Arts in the collegiate course for women was also conferred upon Miss Alice Louise Pond, the only woman who has ever taken the full course at Columbia. When Miss Pond, a delicate girl of twenty, came upon the stage alone from the left wing to receive her degree, the applause was deafening. Three times in quick succession the graduating class gave their college cheer, and this example was followed by every undergraduate in the building. The winners of the Seligman Fellowships were Charles Lincoln Johnson, Warren E. Sammis, Stephen B. Stanton, and Washington Irving Taylor. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the School of Mines was conferred on John Isaiah Northrup and on Henry Bedinger Cornwall. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of History and Art in Havard University.

The University of the City of New York held its fifty-sixth Commencement in the Academy of Music last Thursday. Degrees were conferred by Vice-Chancellor H. M. MacCracken, in the absence of Chancellor John Hall, who is in England, on ten Bachelors of Arts, twelve Bachelors of Science, eight Civil Engineers, two Masters of Arts, two Masters of Science, and seven Doctors of Philosophy.

The following honorary degrees were conferred:

D.D.—The Rev. David Gregg, of Park Church, Boston; the Rev. W. W. Atterbury, Secretary of the New York Sabbath Association, and the Rev. John Reid, of Yonkers.

L.H.D.—E. A. Johnson, LL.D., Professor of Latin in the university for fifty years.

LL.D.—W. J. Gibson, D.D., editor of the "Church Eclectic," Utica.

Vice-Chancellor MacCracken said in his address that a lady had applied for admission to the undergraduate course, and that the council of the University is meditating on her case. The announcement was received with enthusiastic applause by the undergraduates. At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association John E. Parsons, Esq., was elected President of the ensuing year, and Ernest H. Crosby Vice-President. Mr. James Stokes and Mr. Thomas Cochran opened the discussion of the subject, "The Advantages of an Education in a City University." Mr. Cochran said that the twentieth century would solve in the city life the problems of the sufficiency of religion, the success of our form of government, and the social and economic questions of the day. For this reason education in the city was an advantage. Living in a city like New York was in itself an education.

The anniversary exercises of Johns Hopkins University were held on Wednesday of last week. The ceremonies were quite informal. President Gilman made a brief address in which he referred to the progress made by the university during the year. The congratulatory address was made by Professor B. L. Gildersleeve. It was short, and consisted mainly of Greek and Latin quotations. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon fifty-nine young men; fellowship appointments were given to seventeen candidates. The Bruce fellowship, yielding the income from an endowment of $10,000, was awarded to Henry Van Peters Wilson, of Baltimore.

At Vassar, at the meeting of the Board of Trustees, John D. Rockefeller and the Rev. Edward Judson, both of New York, were elected members of the Board to fill vacancies caused by the death of S. M. Buckingham and the Rev. William Hague. The female members of the Board re-elected are Florence M. Cushing, A.B., of Boston; Elizabeth E. Poppleton, A.B., of Omaha, and Mrs. Helen H. Backus, A.M., of Brooklyn. The general sentiment of the Board was to offer prize inducements to enter the college to students from various schools throughout the country. It was in the shape of a resolution which was adopted. Professor Maria Mitchell was tendered a home in the college the rest of her life and the free use of the observatory. Among the subjects treated by the Commencement speakers were "Tenement-House Reform in New York," "An Intellectual Aristocracy," and "Modern Sensational Journalism."

Baccalaureate sermons were preached last Sunday at Harvard by the Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody; at Smith College, by President Clark Seelye; at Iowa College, by President George A. Gates; at Wellesley College, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott; at Beloit, by President Eaton; at Hamilton, by President Darling; at Amherst, by the Rev. Charles S. Walker; and at the College of the City of New York, by Dr. McChesney.

At Carleton College the address before the Alumni, which was to have been delivered by the Rev. F. W. S Gunsaulus, D.D., was delivered by the Rev. G. R. Merrill, Dr. Gunsaulus being unable to be present. Dr. Merrill's subject was the "Evidential Value of Christian Missions." The missionary address was by Professor H. M Scott on "The Dignity of the Work of the Religious Teacher." This college graduated thirteen students this year.

NOTES.—The Trustees of Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas, at its recent Commencement, conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. Francis T. Ingalls, President of Drury College, and that of LL.D. on Judge D. J. Brewer, of the United States Circuit Court.——Among the Yale men who will receive degrees at the coming Commencement are four Japanese students. One of them, who is a resident graduate, will be made a Doctor of Philosophy. Another, the son of a Japanese nobleman, now a Minister of Finance, will graduate from the Law School. A third, who graduates from the same school, is one of the brightest men in his class, and a contestant for the John A. Porter prize. The most interesting of them is Shinichi Shegimi, of the Scientific School. He is a typical Japanese, four feet tall, and weighs ninety pounds. He came to this country without money or friends, drifted to Yale, was taken in charge by President Dwight and members of the faculty, and now graduates with honors.——Professor Malcolm McNeill, Assistant Professor of Astronomy at Princeton, has accepted the Professorship of Astronomy at Lake Forrest University. Taylor Reed, ex Fellow in Experimental Science, has been appointed in his place. Dr. McCosh is preparing a set of lectures on "Fundamental Proof," which he intends to deliver to the graduate students next fall.——The Rev Augustus W. Cowles, D.D., LL.D., President of Elmira Female College since its foundation, thirty-three years ago, and an instructor of reputation, yesterday tendered his resignation to the Trustees, impelled by advancing age.

PET PROBLEMS OF THE ANCIENTS.—Among the problems with which it pleased the ancients to perplex themselves was one which bears in an instructive manner on the doctrine of limits. It may be thus stated: The swift-footed Achilles started in pursuit of a tortoise which was 10,000 yards from him, Achilles running 100 times faster than the tortoise. Now, when Achilles had traversed the 10,000 yards, the tortoise had traveled 100 yards; when Achilles had traveled these 100 yards the tortoise had traveled one yard; when Achilles had traversed this yard the tortoise was still 100th part of a yard in advance; when Achilles had traversed this 100th part of a yard the tortoise was the 10,000 h part of a yard in advance; and so on forever—the tortoise being at each stage in advance of Achilles by one hundredth part of the distance Achilles had traversed in the preceding stage. The tortoise, then, remains always in advance of Achilles by some distance, however minute, and therefore Achilles can never overtake the tortoise. But we know that Achilles, traveling faster than the tortoise, will overtake it. Therefore Achilles will and will not overtake the tortoise; which is absurd. The ancients were strangely fond of problems of this sort. Thus there was the famous problem about the ass between two exactly equal bundles of hay, at exactly equal distance. "This ass," says the sophist, "will attempt to eat neither bundle; for, by whatever line of reasoning it could be shown that he would turn first to one bundle, by a line of reason precisely similar it may be shown that he would turn first to the other. But he can not turn first to both. Therefore he will turn to neither." Another of these problems was thus worded: "Epimenides, the Cretan, says that the Cretans are liars. Now, Epimenides is himself a Cretan therefore Epimenides is a liar. Therefore the Cretans are not liars. Therefore Epimenides is not a liar. Therefore the Cretans are liars. Therefore Epimenides is a liar. Therefore," etc., *ad infinitum*. Others stated the problem in a more simple form, thus: "When a man says I lie,' does he lie or does he not lie? If he lies he speaks the truth, and if he speaks the truth he lies."

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FINANCIAL.

The foreign market for money hardly changes, unless it is that money in London is accumulating, and open rates are down to about one per cent. Our shipments of gold this week were on special account, and were independent of rates of exchange—they were made to Germany and not to England. Sterling bills are still below gold shipping points, and, as a matter of commerce, specie shipments would result in loss. Our own money market has developed greater ease, and the ruling rate is nearer one per cent on call than one and one-half per cent. The flow of funds is continuing from the country, and the banks are accumulating. Greater ease was scarcely ever known. The Railway Commissioners of Iowa, who were elected for the first time last year at the polls, having been for years heretofore appointed by the Governor, have undertaken to fix rates for the railway companies in their State, and last week they suggested a schedule of rates that if enforced would ruin half the roads in the State. The managers of the various companies interested immediately arranged a conference with the Commissioners, and have succeeded in securing an important modification of these drastic figures first suggested. Yet the schedule finally agreed upon is said to be a trying one for the roads. The fact is that these Commissioners are politicians, and are wholly unacquainted with railways or railway management. They have violently and arbitrarily interfered with a question that should be left to the natural demands of trade and competition to regulate; rates always have been elastic, and the whole tendency of railway charges has been, in this country, toward lower and lower figures, so that the people never were served so well and so cheap by the carrying companies as to-day; and this result is without any outside interference, but the definite outcome of healthy and active competition. Of course this fact will be understood some day; but it is not wanted now to be understood by politicians, who would like nothing better than to gain and hold a commercial or negotiable power over railway property. This action of the Iowa Commissioners, though now partially remedied, has had its natural effect on market values this week. The modification, however, of the first suggested rates has eased the violence of the first effect, and stocks finally closed only slightly below last week's quotations, with some prices distinctly higher. The death of the German Emperor did not have any perceptible effect either in the European markets or in our own; for the event has been so long anticipated as something soon inevitable that, commercially and financially, it has been discounted.

Several companies have declared dividends this week: the Oregon Navigation Company its quarterly dividend of one and a half per cent.; the Manhattan Company only one per cent. quarterly; the Western Union Telegraph Company one and a quarter per cent. quarterly; the Northwestern one and a half per cent quarterly on the common, and three and a half per cent. semi annual on the preferred; and the Richmond Terminal Company two and one-half per cent. semi annual on its preferred. The payments for interest and dividend to be made on or near July 1 will be very large this year, and, together with the Government purchases of bonds, which have been nearly three million dollars this week, will throw large sums of money in the market for investment. The bond market is strong as a rule, the good and fair bonds are being absorbed, with an increasing demand for speculations. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$5,510,300
Specie, increase	2,701,700
Legal tenders, increase	477,000
Deposits, increase	8,100,000
Reserve, increase	1,152,850

The feature is the heavy increase in deposits, which reflects large imports of funds from the interior. The city banks' surplus reserve is now about $38,300,000.

WALL STREET

A REBUKE.

An incident which happened at a dinner party of gentlemen recently is worth setting down for the reflection it suggests. One of the guests was known to be a dipsomaniac, although after a severe struggle he had succeeded in breaking away from the dreadful habit of intemperance which had come from dissolute ancestors. His only safety lay in total abstinence, and although on this occasion wine was abundant, he did not taste it.

At length it occurred to the host that a practical jest would be amusing, and by his direction the waiter filled the tumbler of this guest with gin instead of water. There being no difference in the appearance, and there being no reason for suspecting evil, the dipsomaniac raised it to his lips. The instant he tasted it he comprehended what had been done, and, without a word, he set the glass down and left the room. His nearest neighbor, astonished at his unceremonious leave-taking, turned to see what was the matter, when the grins of the waiter directed his attention to the still full tumbler. He took it up, examined the contents, and, understanding in turn the cruel joke that had been played, he followed the example of the victim, and with only a glance of indignation by way of farewell to the host, he, too, left the room and house. His neighbor in turn sought and found the explanation of this singular breach of etiquette, and the action of the others having furnished him a clew to the sharpest method of expressing the indignation any right-minded man must feel, he, in turn, contemptuously left the table.

To cut the matter short, every guest in turn, amid a silence so impressive that the host lacked either the nerve or the presence of mind to break it, departed in utter silence, until the giver of the feast was left to digest as best he might this bitter but most richly merited rebuke upon his outrageous conduct. It is a satisfaction to be able to add that the dipsomaniac had the courage and presence of mind to get into a carriage and drive home at once, where he remained until he had conquered the cravings excited by the taste of alcohol he had unwittingly taken.—[Boston Letter to Providence Journal.

AN OVER WISE DOCTOR.—A French physician named Bernard one day found an old Abbé, a stranger to him, playing at cards with one of his patients. He had no sooner seen him than he exclaimed with much vehemence, "What do you here? Go home, get bled immediately! You have not one minute to lose!" The Abbé remained motionless in great alarm. He was conveyed home. M. Bernard bled him in the usual unstinting fashion, three or four times, drenched him, of course, with drastic drugs, but found him not one whit the better. On the third day, everything having been done that medical science could devise and everything having failed, the sick man's brother was sent for from the country. He arrived in haste, and was informed that the Abbé was dying. "*Of* what disease?" he inquired. M. Bernard assured him that, without being at all aware of it, his brother had been seized with a violent fit of apoplexy; that he had fortunately discovered it by seeing his mouth drawn awry; and had treated him accordingly. "Why, sir," quietly replied the martyr's brother, "his mouth has been awry these sixty years."

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J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE CO.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS; or
New York Mang'r, HENRY DICKINSON, 310 Broadway.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888.

A NO-RENT MOVEMENT.

The Christian Union believes in co-operation, and it does not hesitate to say that the most successful form of co operation yet devised is the Building and Loan Association. These associations are anti-poverty societies which not only abolish land rent, but house rent also. What is more, they abolish it now. It is not necessary to wait until a majority of the people of the United States are converted to Henry George's theory.

The Christian Union has in times past described the Building and Loan Association of Philadelphia and New Jersey The movement is going on. Last week the Publisher saw a long account of its success in Rochester, New York. Here the movement began in 1852 but the first association was not well organized, and yielded only moderate profits. A second attempt was made in 1871, with similar success. In 1882 a new start was made. An old association was reorganized on the plan which experience in other cities had shown to be the best From the time the reorganization took place its success was phenomenal, and other organizations were immediately formed on the same plan with similar success. The report says:

"At this date there are no less than seventy-four associations in active operation. It is estimated that the associations of Rochester have invested in bond and mortgage $4,000,000.

"During the past year these societies loaned $1,795,894, or $315,000 more than all the savings banks in the city. One thousand seven hundred houses were built in the city during the last year with money furnished by these societies. Rochester, through her loan associations, is becoming a strong competitor for that distinguished title of 'The City of Homes,' now so proudly held by the city of Philadelphia.

". . . One great advantage in a loan from an association is the ease with which it is repaid. The borrower is not required to pay a large sum of interest or principal every six months, but each week pays a small amount —a sum that he can easily spare from his income—and in a few years his entire mortgage, principal and interest, is canceled, and he has not experienced the least inconvenience in paying it.

"The system of weekly payments instills in the member habits of thrift, industry, and economy, building up a character that will carry him successfully through life."

SIFTINGS FROM THE MAIL.

THE MISSIONARY FUND.

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Home Missionaries have thus far been presented with one year's subscription to The Christian Union. We want to make it

500.

Who will help?

LETTERS FROM THE MISSIONARIES.

WATCHED FOR WITH IMPATIENCE.

Gentlemen:

I have wondered who the friend was who paid for Christian Union.

It is so welcome, and I am very thankful for it. I watch for its appearance with impatience weekly; it brings me rich food for thought and work. With many thanks to my unknown friend, Yours truly, J. A.

KEARNEY, Neb.

AN INTRODUCTION ALWAYS APPRECIATED.

The Christian Union Co.:

SIRS,—The Christian Union will be very acceptable, and please give my thanks to the generous friend of Missionaries who gave you my name.

I will introduce it to my church and congregation. Fraternally, D. T. J.

ARVONIA, Kansas.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Pub. Christian Union:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 9d inst., reached me to day by way of Milbank.

Many thanks to the generous friend of missionary work who has paid a year's subscription for me to you for the Christian Union. have in times past been a subscriber to your valuable paper, but for financial reasons was compelled to stop it. I shall gladly welcome its visits. Please change the address from Milbank, Dak., to Canton D. T., and oblige

Yours, REV. J. L. G.

CANTON, Lincoln Co., Dak.

NOTHING MORE ACCEPTABLE.

Pub Christian Union:

I am highly delighted with your valuable paper. Convey my best thanks to the friend, whoever he is, and tell him there is nothing more acceptable than The Christian Union.

I read it nearly all through every week.

I remain yours truly, E. G.

ASHLAND.

LATE, BUT FIRST-RATE.

Your paper is so interesting, and I am so fond of it, I can't help reading nearly everything in it, and there is so much in it that I have time to read little else, and even then I am always two or three months behind with the papers. But I can't skip one. "Faint yet pursuing" is my motto. But being so far behind, I never saw your offer about the mottoes until two days ago. It is too late to compete for the prize I see, but I have some such things that are very good, so I send some anyhow, and you can use them if they suit, or throw them away if they don't. I had copied them off before I saw the time set for them to be in, so I won't destroy them, as some, I am sure, are good.

I hope you will reduce the size of the paper again this summer, as that gives a body a chance to catch up and keep up. Your paper has been one of the forming influences of my life since I have known it, my only drawback being your dislike for and deep prejudice against the South.

I am very low-spirited about Plymouth Church. That seems a work to absorb one man wholly, and The Christian Union the same; so I fear it is the beginning of the end for the senior editor's connection with the paper, and there is pain in the thought to me. You see, a writer or author has a feeling for his readers and admirers, but it's a sort of wholesale feeling —a regard in the lump, as it were. But each reader has for the author a very special, personal, individual regard, and keen sense of loss a losing him—as that of a personal friend.

SAVANNAH, Ga. M. C. H.

"Belief may wander all about,
But loving and forgiving
Will work the solemn problem out
Of dying and of living."

"Ape no greatness. Be content to pass for what you are; a good nickel is better than a counterfeit dollar."

"For one man who reads the Bible, ten read us."

We can't keep foul birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Purity is the law of strength for body, intellect, and heart.—[Phelps.

NO CHANCE FOR BOYS TO LEARN TRADES.

[The trades-unions are doing a great work for their members, yet they are often as selfish as the corporations they antagonize, and are injuring American children by their attempt at monopoly, in restricting the number of apprentices. The case is strongly put in the following newspaper clipping.—PUB C. U.]

One day last week three newsboys of Chicago were arrested on their own request and brought before one of the police courts of the city. When asked what they wanted they stated their wish to be sent to the bridewell. One who acted as spokesman delivered himself as follows:

"Well, yer see, I went out dare in der winter time. De coppers pinched me for cracking a dago stand. Dey showed me how to make chairs, an' dey gave me better grub dan I can get here. I was let go an' didn't get tru learnin' de trade, an' I want ter go back so I can make a livin' some way besides shinin' or sellin' papers. Dese yer fellers wants to learn de trade, too, so dat's why we wants ter go out." The justice kindly imposed a fine, and they were sent out as they desired to be.

This brings forcibly to mind an incident in the experience of the writer. Some years since, when in charge of a branch of the benevolent work of Chicago, there one day came in a middle-aged gentleman with a bright boy, some fifteen years old, whom he introduced as his son. He said the boy had just finished his course in the grammar school, and had passed his examination for the high school, but that instead of going through the high school he preferred that he should learn a trade. He said that he commenced life as a clerk and was a clerk still; had not been able to accumulate any property; was liable to lose his situation any day, and was approaching the age when he must expect to be superseded by younger men, and when that time came he had nothing to fall back upon. Said he: "I want my boy to learn a trade that will always be something he can fall back upon for a livelihood, even if he does not wish to devote his life to it." Now," said he, "what and where is the best chance for him to learn a trade? We replied: "Let him commit some crime or misdemeanor that will send him to the State Reform School, and there he will be given the chance to learn a trade. This is about the only chance we know of, since all mechanical pursuits are in the hands of trades-unions whose members are interested in keeping the number of skilled mechanics at the minimum in order that wages can be kept at the maximum, and so have adopted rules so limiting the number of apprentices which may be employed by any employer that American boys are practically excluded from all chance to learn trades, and the ranks of skilled labor in this country are recruited by foreign born and trained artisans, who are admitted to the labor unions as soon as they arrive here, taking the place in the ranks which should have been filled by boys from our public schools, who, lacking the opportunity to learn a trade, are obliged to take up with the occupation of newsboys or bootblacks, or other transient employment, while multitudes, failing of any employment, rapidly develop into the criminal element, filling the city, county, and State prisons, and becoming a curse instead of a blessing to society."

This presentation of the case completely astonished our visitor, and he could hardly believe it possible that such things could be. He was given suggestions and the names of some parties on whom to call, in pursuit of a chance for his boy to learn a trade, and requested to call and report results. A few days later he came again and said: "You were right, though at the time I could not believe it. I have made a thorough canvass of large numbers of shops, without finding a place where my boy could be taken in to learn a trade, and, as the next best thing I could do for him, have placed him in a school to learn telegraphing."

VOID OF A FENCE.

BY ONE WHO DOES NOT VOTE.

It is beautiful to look at a street with no fences, and a long stretch of smoothly shaven lawns.

In cities it may be desirable, where the lawns are on avenues, and a wide space between the palace homes makes it impossible to neighbor from house to house.

But for country and suburban towns I protest against the moral effect of no fences!

I am living in the midst of the experiment, and feel sometimes as if I were living in a house with no window shades.

It *might* do if there were no children or dogs. But so long as it is not absolutely out of fashion to have children, and so long as people will keep dogs, let us have fences to define the property line for the benefit of both.

Who wants one's best nasturtiums torn up by a neighbor's darling? Or who wants the bones of a neighbor's Sunday chicken strewn over his front lawn by a neighbor's dog?

These are petty grievances.

"Keep off our grass!" is notice of the smallest importance.

I know a lady who lives in one of a cluster of delightful houses. She tells me she can stand in her back door and count thirteen washings on laundry days. This means there are thirteen back yards where servants can exchange greetings, borrow ideas, and retail gossip of the dinners and doings of the homes which harbor them.

You say fences do not annihilate distances. *No Fences* do invite familiarity, and dissipate the reserve which should hedge in every household. And so the claim is justified, The moral effect of open yards is bad. Everything that makes a home private, personal, and pure should be cherished, and built about it—*even to a fence.*

[Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the Tory statesman, has said that he is in favor of woman's suffrage, "because all the women would vote Tory.' The conservatives and reactionaries (Ultramontanists) in France in a similar way profess that woman suffrage in their country would be the bulwark of conservatism. The votes on the all-important subject of the fence seem to indicate that they are right. All the votes in favor of a progressive change have come from men. Is this an accident, or are the women all conservatives?—PUB C U.]

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TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS, YOUNG MAN!

To begin with, it does not look well when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure 8 of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house.

How would the girls look, all turned into 8's and leaning against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands! While you are loafing, they are the hands that sew and bake and stew and fry and sweep and darn and nurse, but she does not sink them in her pockets and then loll against a building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe handle and scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about the spade, trowel, and wrench.

Besides, pocket heat is not profitable. Have you money there, though? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasure, and your hands the bolts that secure the safe door? Money may be there today, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming.

Take your hands out of your pocket, young man! You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets!—[Exchange.

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AN EDITOR'S JUDGMENT.

The Christian Union represents advanced theology in the Congregational denomination with great ability. It is a thoroughly well-edited paper in all of its many departments, and its corps of contributors include some of the best writers of the country. It is one of the wonderful successes of religious journalism, and also keeps a wide-awake, intelligent eye on secular affairs.—[Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.

Opened for the Season.

On Wednesday, the 27th, the popular hotel and cottages, "Fort Griswold on-the-Sound," opposite and two miles below New London, Conn., opens under the same popular management as last year, Messrs. Matthews & Pierson, of the well-known Sturtevant House, New York. Their table and entire service last year was beyond criticism. Spacious grounds fine beach, intersperses the rocky shore. All rooms overlook the water. There is no better summer resort, as mosquitoes are absolutely unknown Send for announcement, with plans of rooms on each floor. If you go via New York, drop in at the Sturtevant.—[Evening Post.

The College Boat Races

take place next week on the broad Thames River, at the mouth of which, on the eastern shore, stands the well known and popular summer resort, Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound A steam launch from New London will take visitors down in ten minutes. It is a charming spot to spend your summer vacation.—[Courant.

Teachers during vacation, farmers' sons when work is slack on the farm, and any others not fully and profitably employed, can learn something to their advantage by applying to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1,009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.[1]

[The following poem was written by James Ballantine, of Edinburgh, and (Mrs. William Wood Seymour says) was suggested by the following incident: "A poor widow was getting together a few things with which to open a little shop, when a neighbor said to her, in a very discouraging way, 'that there were already owre many shops in the clachan.' She was not disheartened, but cheerfully answered, 'Aye! but Providence is kind! Ilka b'ade o' grass carries its ain drap o' dew.'"]

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Though press'd and hemm'd on every side, ha'e faith and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een;
Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' summer, when the clear an' cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parched an' dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest, 'mid fortune's sunshine, we should feel o'er proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,
Some wee, dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence na how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

[1] Printed by request.

NOT ONLY YOURSELF.

By Archbishop Trench.

You thought, by efforts of your own,
To take at last each jarring tone
Out of your life, till all should meet
In one majestic music sweet;
And deemed that in your own heart's ground
The root of good was to be found;
And that, by careful watering
And earnest tendance, we might bring
The bud to blossom, and the fruit
To grow and flourish from that root;
You deemed you needed nothing more
Than skill and courage to explore
Deep down enough in your own heart
To where the well-head lay apart,
Which must the springs of being feed,
And that these fountains did not need
The soil that choked them moved away,
To bubble in the open day.
But, thanks to heaven, it is not so;
That root a richer soil doth know
Than our poor hearts could e'er supply;
That stream is from a source more high:
From God it came, to God returns,
Not nourished from our scanty urns,
But fed from his unfailing river,
Which runs, and will run on forever.

THE WANDERER.

By Austin Dobson.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,
He fain would lie as he lay before—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old love that we knew of yore!

Ah! who shall help us from over spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt in our hearts once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

A PARADOX.

She is so fa'r! her dimpled cheek,
Her bright, deep eyes, that almost speak,
Her slender gure full of grace,
The sweetness of her fair young face,
Her soft brown ha'r,
The contour of her rounded arm,
All have for me resistless charm—
She is so fair!

But when at times she plays croquet,
Or billiards, as she did to-day,
Or in that game of love takes part
In which she knows I've staked my heart,
I must beware!
She's just as lovely, just as sweet,
But if there comes a chance to cheat—
She's not so fair!
—[Somerville Journal.

A gentleman of this city observed his little son attentively studying a map of the world. "What place are you looking for, Willie?" he inquired. The small boy knit his brow and traveled a circuitous route with his forefinger before he answered earnestly, "Twin' to find Chrisendon."—[Detroit Free Press

POETRY OF ANIMATE NATURE.

Since nature, writes Edith M. Thomas in the June "Book Buyer," is so broad and so deep, so general and so particular, so infinitely great and so infinitely small, we do well to remember that the warmest, most constant lover is limited in his capacity for knowledge and appreciation. Nor can we be quite sure that man's intelligence toward nature is at every point superior to that of his humbler fellow-creatures, the dumb animals. By how much were we gainers could we but come at the private observations and reflections of those privileged but silent pensioners of nature, the beasts and birds! Who could read us so sweet a prelection on the pastoral fields as the gentle, Juno-eyed creature who ruminates in them from sunrise to dew-fall, and all through the night hours to daylight again? How I would love to hear the bobolink speak out boldly, and tell us about the delicious privacies of the June meadow, in which he has his undiscoverable nest, and whose floating superficies is made up of panicled grasses, fringed daisies, buttercups, with a dash here and there of dappled gypsy lilies! Who could give so well the inventory of the cabinet curiosities on the lake beach as could that toiling little specialist, the tip-up, who is forever patrolling and peering along the wet shingle? I am not ashamed to own that I would like to know what truth the crawfish finds at the bottom of his well in midsummer, or what cool, liquid, never-rolled contemplation dwells in the breast of the water-rat whom I lately saw swimming with a sheaf of green stuff in his mouth, and phenomenally disappearing under the creek bank. O for a half-hour's intelligent eavesdropping at the beehive, or to overhear the golden speculations of the humming laborers who work all day in the mealy drift of the maize-flower! If the chipmunk would but open to us his budget of arboreal gossip! and then, if we could but learn from the bill of the hermit-thrush the diviner secret counsels of the forest!

Whistles.—The primary idea of a whistle lies in the making of a column of air to vibrate, in whatever condition. As there is no lack of means or methods for doing this, the infinite diversity of the forms of the apparatus for producing the vibrations and the resultant sounds is a matter of course. The most general form is the human whistle, which one can make sound—after a fashion—without much preliminary training; but many musicians have made themselves masters of its intonations to such a degree that, instead of the usual inharmonious and unmethodical discords, they can render with it the most difficult passages of elaborate musical notes. I shall not dwell upon the means that may be employed to make the sounds sharper and to modulate their tones. Every one knows what effects are produced by inserting the fore and second fingers so as to turn the tongue slightly back as the column of air passes over it, or by sending the blast over the outside of the bent fingers.

If we seek other primitive whistles we have them in the hollow-barreled key, the terror of authors and comedians; the famous willow whistle, cut when the twig is most sappy; the green dandelion stem, split along its length; the nutshell between the fingers; the cherry stone, which school boys grind down so patiently on the soles of their shoes and bore with a hole; the buckhorn, and all the other things which we are fond of contriving in our early youth with which to split the ears of our parents and teachers.—[Popular Science Monthly.

The Human Heart.—In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about 70 beats per minute. These beats are frequent, as a rule, in young children and women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons owing to the peculiarities of organization. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from 60 to 65 or 75 to 80 per minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organisations, and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form. In animals the range is from 25 to 45 in the cold-blooded and 50 upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heartbeat, only 40 strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of raising 5 tons 4 hundred-weight one foot per hour, or 125 tons in 24 hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 60 strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150 880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.—[Medical World.

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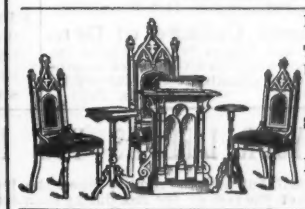

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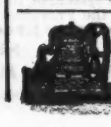

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H. C. HOPKINS, President; JNO. J. DONALDSON, Vice-Pres't and Treas.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WAREROOMS,
827-829 Broadway, New York.

Branch Houses: 199 Broadway, New York (Western Union Building) and 366 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

We ask especial attention to our Sanatory Woolen Sheets and Summer Blankets! These delicate, white cashmere, and light, soft, woolen Sheets, and our light, camel's hair, warmth preserving Summer Blankets, are two especially important features of the Jaeger System.

At the sea shore, on shipboard, in the mountains (in Summer), in a word, everywhere where cotton and linen sheets absorb and hold moisture to the great discomfort and peril of the slumberer, these Camel hair Summer Blankets, also these Cashmere and Woolen Sheets, are never cold, clammy, or chilling, but are always *grateful to the touch*, and eminently preventive of the *colds, chills, rheumatic and pulmonary affections* so seemingly inseparable from the use of cotton or linen bedding in moisture laden atmospheres.

We solicit personal examination of these peculiarly meritorious articles, without which it is impossible to obtain an adequate idea of their extraordinary excellence. They are partially described and illustrated in our *Catalogue*, which will be sent free by mail on application. Samples of material also sent by mail.

Orders for goods, by mail or express, and letters of inquiry, should be addressed to

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.
827 & 829 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE
ATLANTIC
Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887		1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums		$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,331 21	
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 25	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	788,846 38	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks		$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at		474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank		218,192 40
Amount		$12,337,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders hereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. D. JONES,	CHARLES P. BURDETT
W. H. H. MOORE,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,
A. A. RAVEN,	CHARLESH. MARSHALL,
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INSURE YOUR LIFE AS YOU INSURE YOUR PROPERTY,

Each year by itself, but with the right to renew the insurance as long as you live, by payments adjusted to cover the cost of the risk during each term selected and paid for. You can do this by taking a renewable term policy in the

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York,
HOME OFFICE, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York City

The safest, most economical, and fairest system of life insurance attainable.

Among all life insurance companies the Provident Savings shows the largest ratios of assets to liabilities and the smallest ratios of payments for death claims and expenses to amount insured.

WM. E. STEVENS, Secretary. SHEPPARD HOMANS, President.
CHARLES E. WILLARD, Manager of Agencies.
Send for prospectus. Good Agents wanted.